

*The Australian*

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 31, 1955

PRICE



THE LUCKE FAMILY — more pictures page 23



# Drying skin



Even before 25, the natural softening oils of the skin often start to decrease. Before 40, the skin can actually lose up to 20% of its own oil. You can see the warnings of dry skin—tiny dry lines begin to creep in, especially around your eyes and mouth, roughness starts to coarsen the skin texture. But the real shock comes when you suddenly notice that your face looks lined, older.



**Don't give in to dry skin!** Keep your skin smooth and young-looking with this special treatment cream designed for dry skin. It's extra rich in lanolin—the "restorative" oil that makes skin soft and supple. And the lanolin is homogenized for faster, deeper softening. Pond's Dry Skin Cream is so effective that more women use it than any other dry skin care. Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss says: "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is the quickest way to smooth dry skin. There's just no dry skin help to match it!"

Smooth away these "getting-older" lines with the cream that's **RICH IN HOMOGENIZED LANOLIN**



**Dry frown creases**—Smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream up from between eyes, out over brows. Extra-rich in lanolin, it smooths dry lines quickly.

**Crinkled, crepy skin**—Gently tap in Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Its lanolin is homogenized to soften deeper, keep dry skin dewy, young-looking.

**Ageing mouth-lines**—In upward curves, work Pond's Dry Skin Cream out from nose to mouth. See dry skin literally drink up this cream's richness.

## HOW HOMOGENIZING INCREASES THE LANOLIN BENEFITS OF POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM



Un-homogenized cream has large, coarse globules. This coarser texture makes it difficult for the cream to penetrate to the under-surface of the skin. Homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream has a fine even texture. Because its lanolin is homogenized, your skin can absorb its richness, deeper... faster.



You can **FEEL** its lanolin richness! You can see your dry skin drink up this richer-textured, satiny cream.

**EXTRA RICH IN HOMOGENIZED LANOLIN**

PD51

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 31, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 14

## SCIENCE AND KANGAROOS

**THE** Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation is now turning its attention to kangaroos.

*No one would decry the great value of the work done by the organisation in many fields, but have the scientists considered the full implication of their latest project?*

Have they read what has happened to Denmark's stork population?

Scientists there say that the birds, depleted in numbers, are disappearing behind the Iron Curtain.

*They explain that this is because the swampy nesting places the storks return to every year have been reclaimed into neat fields which do not appeal to storks.*

It could be that the storks were annoyed by the scientists, who, eager to get stork statistics, peer into nests, taking censuses, counting eggs, and wanting to know if grandpa is still alive, and has he given up the baby delivery business?

Night-long vigils by scientists have revealed that cows are not really contented. They are martyrs to indigestion and cannot sleep for 15 minutes.

There is also the sad case of the marked mutton bird which migrated from Tasmania to Japan wearing a C.S.I.R.O. band. Before he even sighted a cherry blossom he was popped into a museum by a delighted Japanese scientist.

In slipping knock-out drops into wells and waterholes patronised by kangaroos at Port Hedland, W.A., and then marking the unconscious creatures with reflector tape, the C.S.I.R.O. may have gone too far in their desire to know how many drinks a kangaroo has in a night.

*Mark our words, the next thing will be a line-up of taped kangaroos at Darwin Airport inquiring how many hops to Vladivostok.*

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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## Our cover:

● A record in color of the first family gathering of the Luckes, of Bundaberg, Queensland. Photographer Bill Carty has made a notable success of his picture, catching the pride of typical Queenslander Arthur Lucke in his wife and babies. More pictures on page 23.

## This week:

● On pages 26-27 we announce details of the quest for young beneficiaries under the terms of the will of the late Peter Mitchell. Last year the quest was conducted for young women only, but this year young men also will benefit.

## Next week:

● Lilly Dache, exclusive New York milliner, famous for her hats, but more interested in selling glamor, tells how to make it last for a lifetime.

"No man understands it," she says, "and that is what makes the whole thing more fun. With it a woman can get almost anything she wants out of life. Without it she may still achieve a certain success, but it is much more difficult."

Three pages packed with information will tell Lilly Dache's glamor secrets.

● The cover and two color pages will be devoted to prize-winning portraits in our £2000 Art Prize contest, which attracted entries from many overseas countries and all over Australia. A number of husbands and wives each entered portraits, but many of the wives who are artists will have a new sympathy for models. They said they got very tired sitting for their portraits.

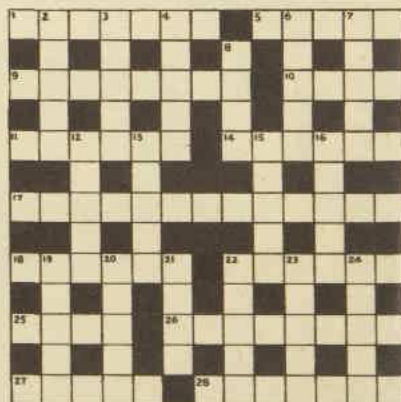
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- To make it short, let the fly stay on the French cheese (7).
- Good place in front of the cattle, but not when the dog is in it (6).
- Prophet who could be human (5).
- Brought in by the devil or Edward (6).
- Small cube when singular would expire (4).
- Sirlet when articulated is away behind (6).
- Reverse the total amount with a feline to produce a tasty wine (6).
- Outward exhibition of a saint when placed between an evil spirit and his daily allowance (13).
- Good enough though the end of it is very little valued in the U.S.A. (6).
- Smack when friends are turned (4).
- Errors the content of which is below (8).
- Begin the holy skill (5).
- Make a mistake in a broken rime and get more mirthful (8).

Solution will be published next week.

APPLEDUMPLING  
E A I O U  
LOVED NOURS  
U E O M E N S  
D R O L L A I D E A  
C O K Y G E N  
C H A M P O E G R E T  
A S T R A L N  
I T W I L L O E  
S C A R N A L B E R T  
H A C I R  
K E E P T H E C H A N G E  
Solution to last week's crossword.



### DOWN

- Honfrosts if turned are more than just half (5).
- Poem of a seed-vessel in case (5).
- Language noticeable in a flat in Sydney (5).
- Mountain range in South America (5).
- It was a small coin for those who spoke the language in 4 down (5).
- Victim of a fruity temptation (4).
- A young boy on a Shakespearian character (5).
- R-r-r for cooking or shooting (5).
- Edict of Russian Government outwardly for use (5).
- This harmony must have him inside (5).
- Assign to all (5).
- He who opens his mouth wide has a monkey inside (5).
- Dress can be a bore (4).
- Stone fruit introduced by a doctor (5).
- Chief product of Somerset (5).
- Some are dry, some are wet, some for babies, some for the sick (5).



How lucky he was that she was already  
engaged to a nice young man

# Bachelor in distress

By VERA JOSEPHINE GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

SHE was small and dark. She wore fitted toreador pants and a white sweater. She was what every bachelor needs—to keep away from.

"Please let me in!" she said urgently. "He's coming up in the elevator."

Brent Taylor hesitated. In choosing bachelorhood, a man automatically selects his feminine companionship. Preferably women with absorbing careers and small tolerance of male foibles.

Women who can take a man or tearlessly leave him in his sixteenth-story eyrie. In this eager, heart-shaped face, Brent read a large tolerance of male foibles and utter conviction that all men should be in suburban houses surrounded by picket fences.

While he battled his apprehensions, she ducked into his apartment.

"I knew you had the instincts of a gentleman," she congratulated him.

Brent nervously smoothed his smooth blond hair. Husbands, in Brent's mind, were bachelors betrayed by the instincts of gentlemen.

With a warning glance, he left the door open the full two inches permitted by the safety latch. She laughed, and her laughter was as disconcerting as—as the rest of her.

She slipped in front of him to peek out the door. Brent backed away from her.

"I'm Louise Muir. I took Jean Stevens' apartment next door," she tossed over her shoulder. "Been wondering about your new neighbor?"

"People come and go," said Brent coolly. "I was rather hoping for a duck hunter."

"To replace Jean?" Louise Muir asked, and laughed again. "I just moved in. That's why I look a fright."

"You don't!" said Brent, and bit his tongue.

She looked up at him with treacherously soft eyes. "I'm already spoken for!" she said gently.

He gasped. "I didn't—I merely—"

"It's all right!" she said with quick sympathy. "I know how it is. I have a bachelor uncle who confides in me. Uncle Timothy's really quite attractive. But unlucky! Girls adore him, for an extra man, but when they become serious, it's always someone else."

Louise raised her hands in a hopeless gesture. Her violet eyes were full of sympathy for Uncle Timothy, and, Brent recognised with shock, for himself.

Brent's mouth was open. He had lifelong acquaintances who had never seen his jaw drop. Louise peeked out the door again and quickly released the latch. Catching his hand, she pulled him forward with astonishing strength.

Just as the elevator doors slid open she said warmly, "Goodbye, Brent! It's been fun! Your hi-fi's wonderful."

Brent stared over her head at a bushy-haired young man who stepped off the elevator and stared back sullenly.

Coming to his senses, Brent firmly closed his door, and, somewhat shaken, returned to his living-room. Selecting his own wire-recording of a festival performance of Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico, he fiddled with knobs until his ears were bathed in full, rich tones.

Then he picked up a magazine and settled down in a made-to-order chair designed to make a tall man as comfortable as short men expect to be.

Even that mentally retarded girl could surely recognise male paradise. Paradise won contrary to the plans of more women than you could shake a stick at, including the former occupant of her apartment. Paradise won by—

It was the most tantalising aroma he had ever sniffed, rich, warm, and spicy. It suffused his apartment. It nudged him out of his chair. It propelled him into his kitchen.

He wrenched open the refrigerator door, and stared at a can of beer and a half tin of cold lobster. Weakly, he closed the door and dressed to go out. In a nearby hotel dining-room he ate a substantial dinner, without enjoyment.

It was strange, after six years of triumphant single existence, to long for his mother's cooking. Particularly when his mother was a notoriously poor cook.

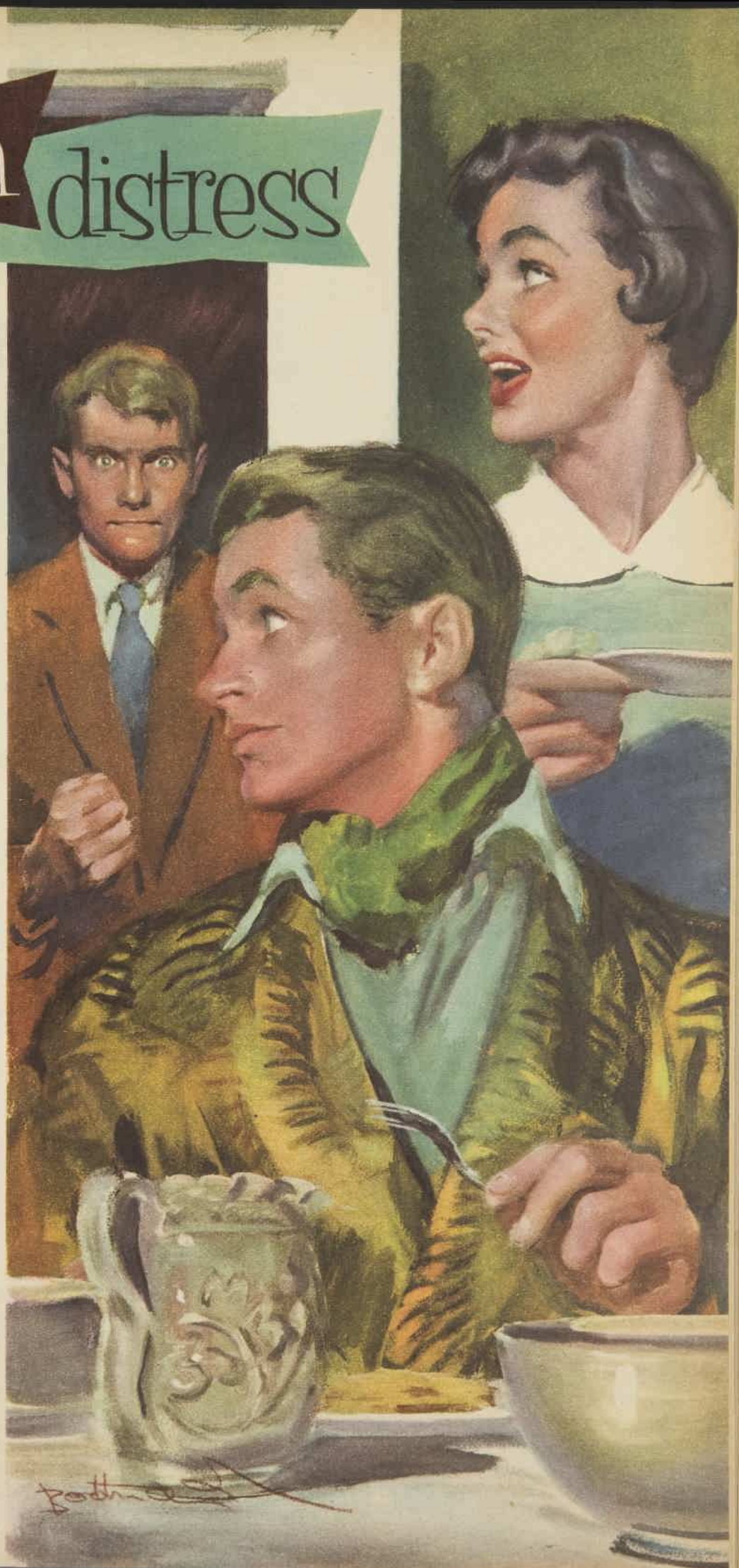
His phone was ringing when Brent let himself into his apartment. Probably Carol Fisher. Carol was a brilliant interior decorator who shared Brent's passion for high-fidelity music, outdoor sports, and long stretches of self-discovering solitude.

Carol was beautiful and gay and absolutely convinced that marriage is the suicide of the individualist. Brent eagerly picked up the phone. It occurred to him that it should always be ringing when he re-entered his apartment.

"Come right over!" The excited voice belonged to Louise Muir,

To page 38

There was an outraged gleam in Ronnie's eye as he rushed into the room and saw Brent at the table, but Louise seemed quite calm.





# Luxury Nylon

ON A BUDGET.

Rich and glamorous nylon tricot with the enchanting new embroidery encrusted nylon voile exclusive to Osti — yet look at the unbelievably low prices for matching slip, half slip and nightgown. Briefs and scanties, too, are available.



311. Full slip nylon tricot with embroidery encrusted nylon voile: approximately 59/-.

312. Half slip to match, approximately 49/-.

313. Nylon tricot trousseau nightgown to match, approximately 79/-.

# Osti

**Luxury LINGERIE**

AT ALL LEADING STORES



Instalment three of a six-part serial by **MARCIA DAVENPORT**

## MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

A STRANGE and moving story unfolds as records, taken from an old rubbish-filled house where the bodies of two recluses were found, are gradually pieced together.

Even as adults, SEYMOUR and RANDALL HOLT and their mother, LILY, cannot free themselves from the effects of the domination of iron-willed GRANDMOTHER HOLT.

The old woman's will ties up the large family fortune and compels them to remain in the hated old house where they have always lived.

Randall, though a promising musician, is too timid and inhibited for a successful career. He has to leave Vienna, where he has gone to study, and come

home precipitately when a mischievous woman involves him in a stupid love affair.

He collapses when Lily contracts pneumonia and dies after a wild illusion that he was to give a recital at Carnegie Hall.

Seymour, trying to devise some means of counteracting the effect their upbringing has had on Randall, faces a new and agonising problem when he is threatened with blindness.

Later, while working as choirmaster and organist at St. Timothy's Church, Randall meets the frivolous but attractive soprano RENATA TOSI. Fearing another dangerous entanglement, he resolves to put her out of his mind. NOW READ ON:

NEXT morning Seymour appeared early for breakfast, full of unusual good humor. Randall was distracted and glum. It was a beautiful morning and he went to the bay windows to raise the blinds. He had put the coffee pot on the round table and was filling the jug with hot milk when Seymour drew the blinds partly down again.

"Why do you do that?" asked Randall. "Isn't this place gloomy enough for you?"

"I'm sorry," Seymour's voice was unusually gentle and Randall paused, his hand on a blind, and looked over at Seymour, who was just sitting down. He had turned his chair as much as possible to cut off the light and still sit facing Randall. Randall left the window and walked across the room and put his hand on Seymour's shoulder.

"Brother," he said slowly, "does the light hurt your eyes very much?"

Seymour laughed a little. "Oh, it's nothing."

Randall sat down, still looking closely at Seymour. "Do you know," he said, "I have a feeling as if I've been awfully stupid

about you lately." He leaned forward. "Tell me something, Seymour. Are your eyes getting weaker? Are you worried about them?"

Seymour said, "Of course not! Don't imagine things. You know my eyes have never been very strong, and I suppose the light seemed brighter than usual this morning."

Randall raised his brows suspiciously, but said nothing more on the subject. Instead, he asked, "When do you get your automobile?"

Seymour beamed. "Today!"

"You must be awfully excited," Randall ate some bread and jam, and then said with his mouth full, "What about driving it?"

"I've been learning. When you order a car they send one out with an instructor for a few days to show you what to do."

"I'd be afraid to try."

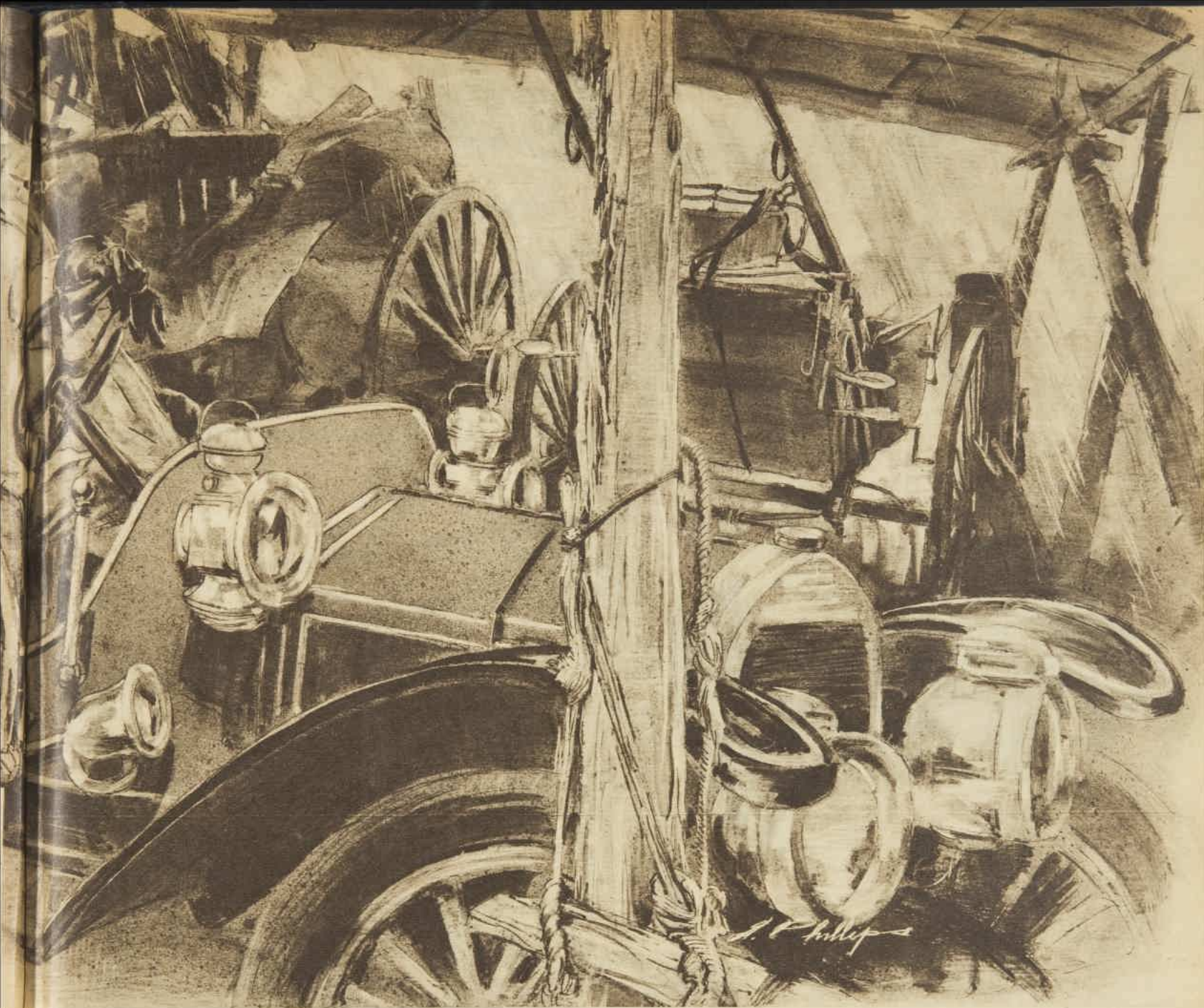
"I don't think I'd let you. The thing you have to watch out for is horses shying. Sometimes there's quite a mess."

"I'm not even sure I'd ride in the thing with you."

"You haven't been invited yet," Seymour changed the sub-

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ject then. "How are you getting on, by the way? How's your lark?"

"Leaving for Italy in a couple of weeks." Randall discovered a sharp wish to keep his concern with Renata well concealed. He said, keeping his tone as casual as possible, "You were right about the hot-tempered Latin. He's there and that's the end of it."

"Too bad," said Seymour judiciously. "She sounds amusing. What would you bet she'd rather stay here? He's pretty awful, I take it?"

Randall described Baldini.

"Can't you save her from that?" said Seymour, shuddering.

"Certainly not. Stop talking nonsense. Among other things, she doesn't want to be saved. She likes him."

Seymour stood up with a mocking sigh. "Wasted opportunity. No initiative. Couldn't I help?" he asked, swinging round.

Randall stopped himself short of a brusque reply. He was aware that any word of this conversation could prove to be a snare; Seymour was trying to catch him off his guard in some admission of interest, or even involvement, with Renata Tosi. Randall knew he lacked the skill to parry this any further and he was distinctly surprised to find how strongly he felt about it. He only laughed, with the best imitation of Seymour's cool derision that he could manage, and changed the subject again. "We've simply got to find another cleaning-woman," he said.

"Yes, I suppose we should." Seymour's mood changed. He moved his shoulders as if the thought made him uncomfortable. "It's a nuisance, some woman poking and prying about the house."

"If we tell her she's not to go anywhere except this floor and the halls and the drawing-room—"

"How are you going to prevent her?"

"Oh, I guess we'd just better lock all the doors, all the ones that aren't locked already. Unless we really pitch in and go through the house and sort everything out."

"Why?" Seymour asked. "It would be tiresome, and what are you going to do with all the—oh—you know—Mama's things and—"

"I know. It's more trouble to decide what to do about each thing than just leave it the way it is."

"Especially since we're sure to get out of here in another year."

"Oh, let's lock the doors and forget it. We'll just tell the woman to clean wherever the doors aren't locked."

"It might be a good idea to find somebody who doesn't live right in the neighborhood," said Seymour, trying to keep a tinge of uneasiness out of his voice. "That McBane woman—"

He paused. "She's cracked," he said.

"They gab, don't they, people like that. About anyone who's the least bit different."

"I don't want any gab about us," Seymour spoke gruffly. "Remember that."

"Oh, I don't want it either. I'll find somebody or other. Aren't you going to the office now, before you go for your automobile?"

"I should." Seymour's mood changed swiftly and he grinned. "But I'm not going to."

"Why, Brother?" There was not only surprise but anxiety in Randall's voice. More and more often recently he had noticed Seymour's absences from his office.

No matter what the reason, Randall found this hard to understand. If Seymour were becoming lazy and irresponsible, the consequences would soon enough have to be faced; but Randall doubted that. Seymour liked his work and was good at it. He seemed to be on the best of terms with the members of his firm. His absences from the office apparently caused no criticism. Then what was going on?

At times lately Randall had succumbed to his uneasiness and turned a more inquisitive eye on his brother than he would have dared admit.

All he had learned was that Seymour spent more time than

*Urged on by her companions, Renata, in her most reckless mood, sang song after song, while the rain pelted about the old shed.*

formerly down in his workshop in the basement, so Randall had made the only possible conclusion: Seymour must be designing something as a model rather than on paper. Well enough; this morning's truancy must be sheer excitement about the new motor car.

Randall put aside his disquiet and said lightly, "I guess anybody could be too excited to go to work today. You're lucky they don't seem to mind, though."

"Oh, they love me," said Seymour, with sufficient irony to raise fresh questions in Randall's mind. "Why don't you come along with me now, Ran? I'm going shopping."

"What for? Why should I go?"

"You might as well get motoring clothes, too. You'll need them."

"My word! I hadn't thought of it. Won't just clothes do?"

"Of course not! Come on, Ran; leave this mess for the time being; let's walk over to Stern's and look at these dusters." Seymour pointed to the morning's advertisement in the "Times"—fine crash dustcoats for three dollars and a half.

"Come on!"

Walking west on Twenty-third St., Seymour said suddenly, "See here, why don't you and I take a couple of girls out to dinner one evening? How about Friday?"

"Sorry," said Randall, "I can't." He took a deep breath of resolution and lied stoutly, "I've promised to dine with Dr. Fitzhugh on Friday."

"H'm." Seymour looked slyly at Randall from behind his thick glasses. He, too, had stopped to take note of the week's

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Make this a **FATHER'S DAY** he'll never forget

Give him a  
**Remington "60"**  
**ELECTRIC SHAVER**  
—he'll thank you every morning!

You can save him from soap-and-scrape slavery — free him from old-fashioned shaving methods — with a new Remington. He'll get closer, faster shaving with a Remington — no mess, no fuss, whether he's in his best suit or his bathrobe. Because he can shave anywhere — in less time — with a Remington, he won't need the bathroom for shaving when you want it! And in the evening, when you're going out, he'll find it easier to have that extra shave for perfect late-night grooming. Remember, only Remington Shavers are fully slotted for closer, faster shaving — as close as any blade will shave!



Let's all chip in — only the best for Dad!



Start him off — now — to a life of shaving pleasure with his new Remington. Available from better stores everywhere — if Dad already has one, ask your retailer about the generous allowance offered for any old Shaver traded-in for a new Remington "60". Every Remington is fully Warranted for 12 months. Service is available throughout Australia.

REMINGTON... A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL GIFT — FROM £12/12/-

### The **Remington Contour**

Combining all the famous features of its big brother, the Remington "60", the Contour is budget-priced!

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD MORE REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS ARE SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE — MORE THAN 15 MILLION, SO FAR!





# Song of Summer

A short story complete on this page

By PETER RYLANCE

MIKE was the kind of man I liked, big and friendly, with a ready smile and a robust laugh. He owned a milk-bar called the "Dairy Queen" right across the road from the Mooloolah River and not too far from the surf.

I used to spend a lot of time every summer in the "Dairy Queen," talking and joking with Mike and slowly sipping his "super" milk-shakes. It was pleasant just to be there, for he created an atmosphere in that place as cheerful as the summer outside.

It all started one lazy Saturday afternoon when most of the people were down at the beach watching a surf carnival. It was hot on the beach and I'd come away for a cool drink.

The "Dairy Queen" was deserted except for its genial owner. Mike gave me a vanilla shake and I sat looking out the window towards the slow-moving river and its white boats being rocked by the gentle hand of the afternoon breeze. That's when I first saw her.

She was running up from the river as hard as she could go. She stumbled forward and her unruly blond hair fell across her face.

As she pushed the hair out of her eyes I thought I saw her lips move. I laughed, and she ran on, heading straight towards the "Dairy Queen."

As she breathlessly neared the door I realised that we had on our hands a case of blonde in distress. A beautiful blonde in distress!

"My boat . . . it's drifted . . . away . . . could you . . . please . . . help me . . . would you?" she gasped as I threw off my shirt and started past her. No dragons to slay; no lions to face; no mountains to scale; nothing more than a strayed row-boat to swim after. Ah, me! Such is gallantry!

As I dug the anchor firmly into the beach Janice sat on a log and told me how the boat had got away from her. She'd found out my name was Malcolm and I'd discovered hers was Janice.

"What's the matter?" I asked her. "Can't you swim?" Swimming, I considered, was something like walking or eating—a natural.

"Well, not very well," she admitted with the correct degree of coyness.

"I'll have to teach you," I suggested hopefully.

She smiled and thanked me, saying she'd love it. I felt like telling her that seeing her smile was all the thanks I needed. It wasn't strictly true, but that's just how I felt. What I did say was, "Come on. I'll buy you a milk-shake."

Mike whipped up two of his "supers" and said they were on the house for the conquering hero. Sometimes I felt like killing him!

The radio in the corner was giving forth with Guy Lombardo's dreamy rendition of "Song of Summer" as Janice and I sat on high

*"Hello, Malcolm! Remember me?" said a vaguely familiar voice. An attractive blonde was smiling at me.*

stools and "talked of many things," as the man says.

As she talked I studied her, and everything I saw I liked. For instance, the way she ran her long, artistic fingers through her soft hair and the way she tilted her head when she turned and smiled at me. Ah, man! I thought, this is IT. Overboard, and for once I didn't care about swimming.

Mike came along and asked her if she'd be at the beach concert that night; and we told her how we would be doing a little skit. She said she'd see me there, then said she must go. I watched her leave and turned round to say something to Mike. He was standing there grinning with one eyebrow raised.

Mike and I did our act early and it went over well with the crowd. I was the stooge and Mike got all the laughs, but I enjoyed it and acted up as much as I could. I knew that out there in the dark SHE would be watching.

I found her at the back of the crowd and she told me how funny she thought we were. She threw in one of those disarming smiles and I sighed and lay back on the sand, looking up at the stars.

Before the end of the show Janice said she had to go. I offered to take

her home, but she said I mustn't. This was where I got curious. I shouldn't have done that, for then I learned about the OTHER MAN.

"He wouldn't approve," she said, "but I'll see you tomorrow at the river."

Next day I began teaching Janice to swim and she picked it up fast. She told me I was a good teacher, but confidentially I think she knew more about swimming than she let be known. From then on I would meet her every morning at the "Dairy Queen" and we'd go down to the river for a swim.

We always ended up with one of Mike's rich milk-shakes. Mike never said much to me about Janice. Sometimes, though, he'd raise one eyebrow and grin. He knew!

The only flaw in this almost perfect summer was that I never saw her in the afternoons or evenings; the shadow of the OTHER MAN hung over us! Soon, I felt, the end had to come. I never thought about it much, because for the moment there was too much plain happiness to enjoy and so much impossible dreaming to do.

Suddenly it happened and she was gone! We were basking on the surfing beach away from the crowd. Just lying there happily in the sun,

not saying much. Janice sat up and said softly, "Malcolm." I opened one eye.

"Malcolm," she went on, "I'm leaving here this afternoon."

I sat up. "I'll see you in Brisbane then?" I asked, my heart almost audibly skipping a beat.

"No. I'm afraid not," she said rather finally and went on to tell me how she was moving to Cairns very shortly.

It seemed that HE was in the banking business and was being transferred to Cairns. Naturally she was going with HIM. A cloud passed across my sun and I felt utterly flat. Cairns! The other end of the world!

I think it rained that afternoon. Maybe it didn't but that's just how I felt. I didn't go to the "Dairy Queen" much after that, and I remember I was glad to return to Brisbane at the end of the week.

That summer was eight years ago now, but I've never forgotten those carefree days and that simple, wonderful love. Then, just last week, something happened that brought it all back to me.

It was a perfect summer day and I was humming to myself as I stood at the corner of Queen and Edward waiting for the lights to change. A

vaguely familiar voice beside me said, "Hello, Malcolm! Remember me?"

I turned and looked. A very, very attractive blonde, about twenty I'd have guessed, was smiling at me. My heart took a jump, but I had to admit to myself that I just didn't know her. I also had to admit that I'd liked to have known her.

But there seemed to be something about those eyes I remembered . . . what was it? Where, oh, when . . . wait a minute . . . then she tilted her head and laughed. That did it!

"Janice!" I almost shouted, "is it really?"

"Yes, really," she laughed. "I almost thought you'd forgotten. I can still remember that summer so long ago at Mooloolah. I must have been . . . let's see . . . twelve years old and you were fourteen, and I was so worried because I thought Dad wouldn't approve. Then he was sent to Cairns and I thought the end of the world had come."

"It almost did," I told her, and we both laughed. There was nothing funny really, but we laughed. That's just how we felt, I guess; happy and gay like the summer-time.

"Come on," I said. "I'll buy you a milk-shake."

(Copyright)





**It was quite obvious  
to Edie that her  
husband must  
have fallen under  
the influence of  
some spell.**

# Double

**W**HEN the cablegram came, Edie Conlon was tying up the new Paul Scarlet against the wrought-iron screen of the terrace.

She moved along the flags with her ball of fine green cord and scissors, singing under her breath as she went, a small, slim woman in her thirties, with sleek fair hair and round blue eyes that gave her a surprised and somehow appealing look.

Les would like the idea of roses along this edge, she thought, turning to smile at the telegraph boy as he came up the pretty curved path. Her eyes lingered over the small rock-garden and the thriving, frilly anemone plants that spilled over it, all of them set out while Les had been absent on this trip to the islands.

And he'd be home next week. She reached her hand for the envelope with confidence. This would be merely confirming his date of arrival. Dear Les. As though they hadn't counted every day already, even before he left two months ago. But she loved his thoughtfulness just the same. She loved, in fact adored, her husband Les.

"No answer," she said to the boy. "At least—I'll probably send one later."

She slit the envelope neatly with her gardening scissors.

The telegraph boy, slap-happily swinging the gate behind him, turned in alarm at her gasped exclamation. He hesitated, and came back. "Not bad news?" he asked awkwardly. "I mean, it isn't, is it?"

She stared at him dumbly, shaking her head. Then turned and went into the house.

The boy watched her, then walked through the gate and slowly mounted his bicycle. Queer. Lots of people were queer. Perhaps somebody was dead.

Inside the house, in the big window that overlooked the sea, Edie Conlon was returning over and over to the cablegram on her lap, her mind a whirling chaos of worry and disbelief. It might be a mistake; only it wasn't a mistake. It might be a joke; only the last thing in this world that Les would ever joke about was this subject.

The only other possibility was that Les had gone a little strange. What was it they called that strangeness—"Island Magic." It could be "Island Madness"—or even a touch of the sun.

Nobody in his right mind, away on a two months' trip for his firm, albeit in the glamorous Pacific Islands where standards are different and customs strange, could send a message like this to his wife and mean it.

Edie looked at it again. "ARRIVING SATURDAY. BRINGING TWIN GIRLS FOR ADOPTION. YOU'LL LOVE THEM. LOVE, LES."

Edie walked to the telephone and dialled Olympic Airlines. Maybe Jeff Mason would know whether Les were well or not. You couldn't ask your husband's boss if that husband were still in his right mind, of course. Particularly when the said husband was abroad at the firm's expense. But you could ask a few questions.

"Jeff," she said brightly into the telephone, "isn't it a wonderful morning? I've been thinking about Les."

"No," he drawled. It was a standing joke in the firm, the devotion of Les and Edie. Actually this was their first separation, and only the move to the new house had kept Edie home when the islands trip had cropped up so unexpectedly.

Edie giggled obligingly. "Well—just for once. Er—I was wondering if Les is well. They say," she hurried on, "it's pretty hot in the islands this time of the year."

"I'll say," Jeff said cheerfully. "But you're not worrying about that tough old customer of yours, are you? Why, he's fit as they come."

"Oh, yes," Edie said. And couldn't think of another thing to say.

"Actually, I was speaking to him for a minute last night. He's fit all right. Got a great surprise for you, he tells me."

Edie choked.

"Are y' there?" Jeff called. "Oh, funny noise in the phone. Yes—old Les seemed high as the sky. Didn't tell me what the surprise was, though. You'll have to wait."

"I will," Edie managed. And then, putting some gaiety into her voice, she added, "Well, that'll be grand. Saturday, he said."

She put down the receiver and tottered back to the window seat.

Twins!

It was not often that Edie let herself think about twins. In the nine years since the day she had come home from the hospital where she had spent seven weeks instead of two, and had packed away all the things that might remind her of those weeks, and of the months before, Edie had thought of anything else, quickly, rather than be reminded.

For her it was the only way.

Even Les rarely mentioned the twin girls they had had for just a few hours. There were, they had both agreed at the time, so many other things in life, and many compensations even in this, their bitterest disappointment. They had their home and good friends. There were holidays, and the garden that had always been their delight.

And in these last years, when Les had done so well in the firm and had wanted a boat and a more elaborate home overlooking the sea, they had been so busy planning. And so happy.

Twins!

Edie had never, even in her most soul-searching and thoughtful moments, known or suspected that Les was missing a family.

Perhaps, she told herself, she wasn't really the maternal type. Though she had grieved so long and so secretly, after a while she had accustomed herself to their life without children.

Anyway, for a few years she had still hoped for another child. Certainly she had never thought of adopting anyone else's baby, dearly though she loved small children, her friends' children in particular.

And now this. Well, she couldn't agree. Not now. She was thirty-five and it was too late.

The children, whoever they were, could have a holiday here and go back. She would tell Les. Anyway, he would probably realise it for himself, once he was away from the strange, absurd influence of the islands.

The island of Sai Tali Lau reminded Les of the pictures on Olympic Lines travel brochures. He had always admired those pictures, glossy and colorful. As a publicity man he heartily approved of them. But he didn't believe them.

And here was Sai Tali Lau, enchanting, catching at Les' own heart from any angle, in any light, just as the whole islands scene had done from the moment he had flown over the outlying islands and in to Suva.

But here, with the sweeping curve of cream-gold sand running up to the lush green of trees and gently moving palms, with the clear, purple-splashed water of the lagoon wearing its ruff of white lace where the surf broke lazily over the reef; with deep blue ocean rising and falling away beyond... Yes, it was more lovely than any picture.

Lazing on Ned Fowler's verandah, Les was imagining Edie in this setting. Edie, who cherished flowers as God's own jewels, wandering along these tracks where hibiscus and frangipani and the lovely star-like convolvulus turned every corner into a stage setting. Oh, Edie would love it. If only he could bring her some time soon.

He became aware that old Ned Fowler, his host, was waiting for an answer. "Sorry, Ned," he said. "I was dreaming a bit. Guess that's what the islands do to you."

Ned nodded, lazily waving towards the tray of drinks on the wickerwork verandah table. "Maybe that's why I never went back. Stayed right here in the islands."

"It's paid off," Les said, thinking of the prospering timber-yard and sawmill, the spreading, comfortable house, the launch, and, more than anything, the pleasant, untroubled life that were Ned's.

"A fluke," Ned told him. "I didn't stay here to make money. It just turned out that way. But I was telling you about my sister. She's been gone three months now, and we're no nearer anything for the girls."

Les listened, trying to pick up the conversation he had missed earlier. "Yes," Ned said again. "The girls. If they could stay here—but they can't."

"Your sister's girls?" Les asked. "And your sister?"

"Dead," Ned said. "Peritonitis. Dead in a week. If we could've kept them here—" He stopped, shaking his large, shaggy head. "But Della wouldn't have 'em brought up in the islands. She called it a sinful way of life."

His amiable blue eyes were puzzled. "You wouldn't think anyone'd be narrow as that. Yet Della made me promise they'd be brought up 'in civilisation.' Not that

she wanted me to bring 'em up at all. No, sir, Della didn't trust her old brother. She wanted me to send 'em home to Auckland, to Bill's people. Bill was her husband."

Les listened, sorry for Ned with his problems, but scarcely seeing how he could help unless—"Did you think perhaps I could see them safely back?" he asked. "How old are they?"

"Nine. But they're not going back," old Ned said thoughtfully. "Those kids are fine kids. They're not going anywhere the folks don't want 'em."

Les had the strangest feeling. Twin girls. Nine years old! "They don't want them?" he repeated, while his mind set off alone, it seemed, taking strange journeys back to nine years ago for him and Edie, and then weaving around to these small girls, and to the people in Auckland who, though related, didn't want them. And to Ned.

"I guess an old bachelor uncle isn't the best for a foster-father," Ned was saying. "Yet I reckon I could bring 'em up in the right way."

"I'd like to see them," Les said.

Ned laughed. "You will. You'll probably see too much of them. All the same, they're nice kids, Anna and Tiare."

Les knocked his pipe, still with the strange feeling upon him. "Then your sister didn't mind a native name?"

"That was Bill. Bill had a feeling for the islands. Della said that was what ruined Bill."

"And he died?"

"He was killed. Accident at the mill."

"I see," Les said. His mind was bringing new and lovely ideas back from its vagrant journey. A great happiness and something of the soothing, languorous quality of the islands was in his voice as he said, "Something will work out, Ned; it always does."

Ned agreed. "I've found that, too. Often you fluke it when you least expect. A sort of magic, you'd think."

It was late afternoon when Anna and Tiare returned from their trip to the other side of the island. Sally, the native nurse from Suva, brought the canoe in to the beach, her long paddle dipping gracefully into the clear water.

Les thought he would never forget his first sight of Tiare and Anna, their arms full of glowing flowers and their eyes shining with the delight of their day, running up the beach to greet Ned. And then, more shyly, but still with the sweetest smiles, himself.

"Mr. Conlon," Ned said, "flew all the way from New Zealand."

"We might go there," Tiare, the one who reminded Les of Edie, said. "One day." She smiled at Les and added, "If Aunt Rose will have us."

"I don't think she will," Anna said gravely. "Patty Travers said Aunt Rose doesn't want us."

"I'll skin Patty Travers," Ned growled. Then he said, "Patty Travers doesn't know a thing about it. Trouble is, your old uncle wants you to stay with him."

"And I want you to stay with me," Les put in impulsively. The girls stood before them uncertainly. "Why," he went on, "everyone wants you. It's a matter of who is to do without. Twins are special, you know."

It was in mid-flight on the return journey to New Zealand that Les first realised he had had no reply to his joyous cable to Edie. That was strange. He would have thought Edie would cable immediately.

Still, she would be busy getting things ready for their new family. He himself had been busy. There had been all sorts of arrangements and formalities to complete before he had finally boarded the plane, with Tiare and Anna wearing Sally's brilliant leis and clutching their dolls, walking up the gangway ahead of him.

He looked at them fondly, sitting together in the seat opposite. They were enchanting. No wonder old Ned had had a suspicious moisture in his blue eyes at the last.

Ned had insisted on the three months' "holiday" for the twins before things were finalised. "Just in case you don't click some way," he had explained. "It can happen. Temperament and so on."

Now Les found himself praying silently that Edie would love them, just as he himself had loved them on sight. Equally, he prayed that they would love Edie. He knew, he reflected with a mixture of great wonder and humility,

To page 67



# Magic



An unusual short story  
**BY JILLIAN SQUIRE**  
ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



The twins, Anna and Tiare, were happily playing with Nimrod, the black cat, who was devoted to them.



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## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for  
the best letter of the  
week as well as 10/6  
for every letter published on this page.

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

"NO one would take you and John for an old married couple," a friend said to me as we got off the bus. "You didn't notice me and I was watching you—you looked like a pair of young lovers." Surprised at her remark, obviously meant as a compliment, I tried to remember what we had been doing: holding hands, gazing wistfully at each other? My friend laughed. "Have a look some time," she advised, "and see how few husbands and wives seem really to enjoy talking together in public." Now whenever I notice a couple sitting in stony silence, or apparently bored and only half listening to each other, I feel sorry for them because of what they are missing. And I feel thankful that our years of married life have not lessened but increased the pleasure and interest my husband and I still find from talking over our thoughts and experiences together.

£1/1/- to "The Two of Us" (name supplied), Mt. Albert, Auckland, N.Z.

SOME regular churchgoers think that to be a good Christian member of the community one needs only to go to church. Churchgoing itself is a very nice and informative custom. It teaches us the higher principles of life, and tolerance towards one another in everyday life. It is, however, a sad fact that a few of those "Christians" learn nothing of practical, everyday Christianity by their regular church attendance.

10/6 to "Observer" (name supplied), Melbourne, C.I.

I WAS brought up very strictly. Until I was fourteen, I had to be up in the mornings by seven o'clock in winter and 6.30 in summer. Later, I was never allowed to go to the pictures and never went to dances. I vowed when I got married that if I had children they should enjoy their youth better than I did. I have kept my vow; my 17-year-old daughter is allowed every freedom and has never abused or misused it. She never keeps anything from me, whereas as a teenager myself I had to be very deceitful at times. I have proved in my own life that what is known as a "strict" upbringing does not make for happiness.

10/6 to A.G. (name supplied), Woollahra, N.S.W.

WOMEN seem to have acquired the reputation of being greater talkers than men, but is this really true? If you work with a group of men for a while you will quickly change your view. Men enjoy a gossip just as fervently as women, and can be just as catty about one another, too. A period of being a lone woman on a male staff convinced me that men's tongues can be even more dangerous than any woman's.

10/6 to E.M. (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

AS a young male teacher glowing with modern ideas, I was surprised at a recent criticism offered me by the district inspector: "The teacher might consider the effects of suitable dress on the dignity of his profession." My school is another of those unbearable one-teacher organisations and my home is three miles distant down a bush track, named for the benefit of Southern visitors a "road." I wear tailored shorts and shirts with long socks and golf shoes through the week to school. Am I expected to wear my expensive suits or sports clothes along that track for the express purpose of impressing pupils whose parents could hardly be listed among the nation's fashion leaders? And are shorts undignified for a teacher?

10/6 to "Clod Hopper" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

HOW lucky we are that we live in an era when bright colors are popular. It is lovely to drive through the streets and see houses brightly painted, many white with touches of other colors, some blue, green, or pink with white trimmings. What fun to walk into a room with different-colored walls, cheerful curtains, and colorful cushions. I'm so glad I don't live in the days when everything was serviceable, houses cream and brown or dull brick, inside walls all white or stone with dark woodwork, and drab curtains whose only virtue appeared to be that they didn't show the dirt. Splashes of fresh color make everyone happier.

10/6 to Gillian McKerihan, East Maitland, N.S.W.

A WIRELESS set can cause much disharmony in the home when the man of the house and the teenage members are ardent fans. Nothing is more annoying to me than having to eat the evening meal in silence while the family listen to the news sessions and the serials that follow. When the family are all seated at dinner is, in my opinion, the time for friendly discussions on the doings of the day. But no, black looks or frowns are given if anyone speaks. Sing-songs round the piano are no more now, either.

10/6 to "Had It" (name supplied), Dunkeld, Vic.

WHY do so many women pass unflattering remarks to the prematurely grey-haired woman? I have been deeply hurt by remarks, although I try to pass over them lightly. I am only in my early thirties and possess a neat, slim figure and have a young face. In desperation I tried the dye pot with dire results to my appearance.

10/6 to "Silver" (name supplied), Melbourne.

## Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

HAVING been left a widow with three very young children, the burden of the housekeeping fell on me for many years. Ten years later, with two of the teenagers working and one still at high school, and cost of food and accounts rising out of all proportions, I still found I was carrying more than my share of the burden.

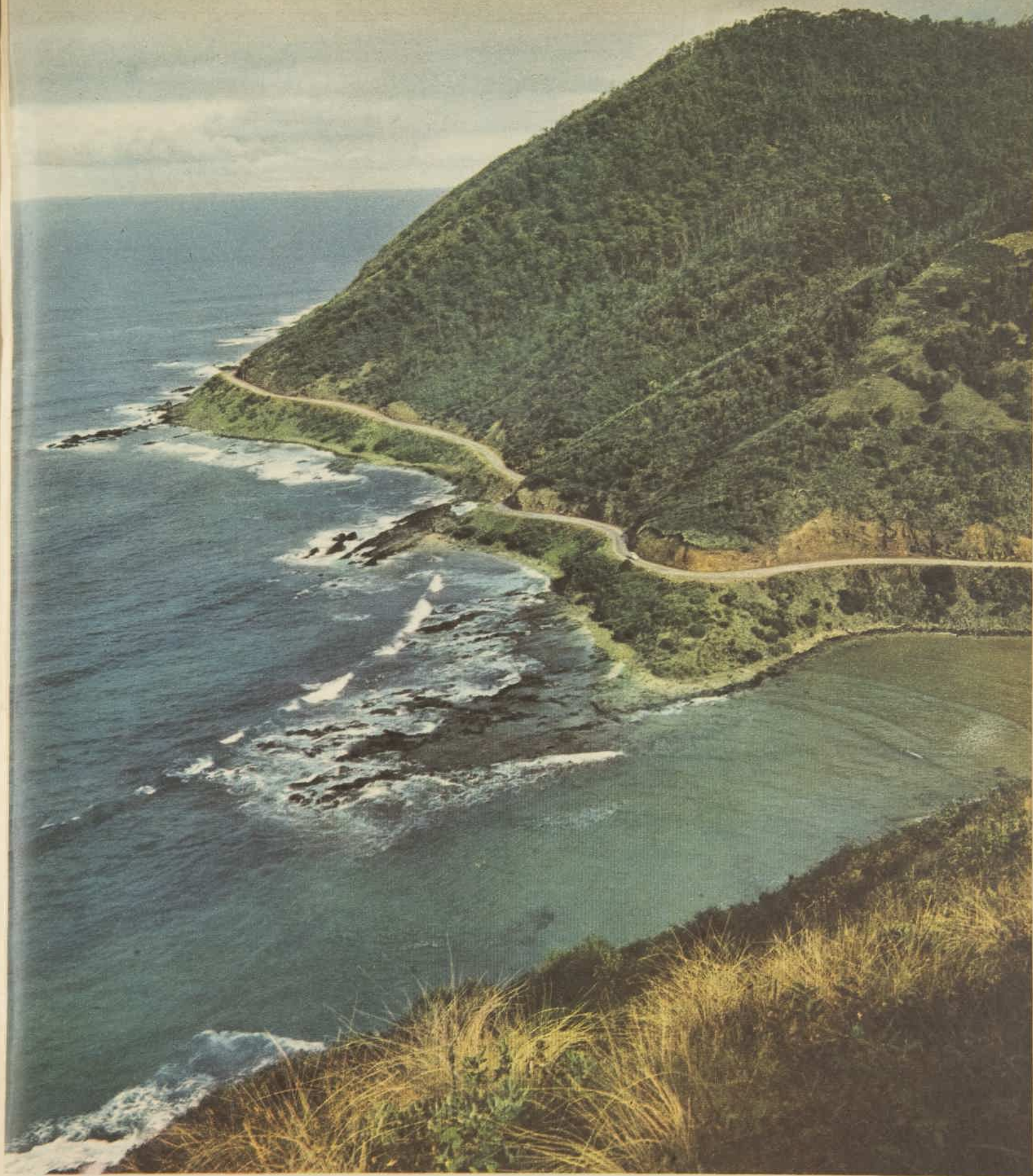
I proposed to the children that we each pay equal board, with me paying my schoolboy son's share. As well, I suggested we each contribute an equal share to a "house account" fund, the whole scheme being based on community house-keeping.

The "house a/c" fund was to provide for things necessary in the home, with anything over available for entertaining.

The scheme works well. It relieves me from the financial burden of making up differences in board and bills and the children are proud to think we are all equal and take an interest in keeping costs down.

£1/1/- to J.N. (name supplied), Eastwood, N.S.W.





## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

VICTORIAN COASTAL SCENE taken from Teddy's Lookout, above Lorne, well-known southern resort. The Great Ocean Road can be seen winding around the coastline towards the Wye River and Apollo Bay. The inlet at the right is the mouth of the St. George River. The Great Ocean Road is primarily a tourist highway, and is the alternate route to Mt. Gambier and Adelaide, South Australia. Lorne is 83 miles from Melbourne, and many Melbourne residents have weekend houses in the district. Picture by Warwick Hockley, South Yarra, Victoria.

See page 49 for "Beautiful Australia" gift book coupon.



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## MONEY FOR PEANUTS



THE MAGNUSSEN FAMILY sit on bagged peanuts in front of their locally designed and built thresher on their Kingaroy, Queensland, farm. They are, left to right, Ralph, parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Magnussen, Arnold, and John. The Magnussens changed from dairying to peanuts a few years ago, and found a new era of ever-increasing prosperity.

## Industry brings dust to Kingaroy but housewives don't complain

By  
GAVIN CASEY

Whether you were housewife, saleswoman, office girl, factory worker, barmaid, or anything else, peanuts would pay most of your bills if you were one of the 5000 people who live in the town of Kingaroy, Queensland.

THE surrounding district of South Burnett produces corn, some wheat, and various other crops. But they are mostly the ones that can be alternated with peanuts to the benefit of the land.

As a woman you'd complain, if you lived there, that a brown, oily dust, infinitely pulverised and capable of penetration through the smallest cracks, settled over

everything and kept you busy cleaning up.

But you wouldn't complain too much or too loudly, because you'd know quite well that the huge storage silos of the Peanut Marketing Board of Queensland, which towered over your town and spread the dust far and wide, also spread the money the town would never have without the peanuts.

There'd be other than cash angles, too. If you were middle-aged, happily married,

and the mother of three big, handsome boys, like Mrs. Frank Magnussen, who lives on a farm where about 220 acres of nuts and 120 acres of corn were recently harvested, you'd credit the peanuts with having kept the family together.

The Magnussens used to be dairy farmers in the district, and that is hard work anywhere. On the not-very-rich land around Kingaroy it was endless toil.

The sons, Ralph, Arnold,

and John, as country boys so often do, grew allergic to cows, which demand attention several times a day seven days a week.

Peanuts came to the rescue.

Farming the nuts is a highly mechanised business that interests young men with a knack of handling machinery, tractors, planters, the Kingaroy-designed and built "Victory Pullers," and the locally made threshers that deal with the harvested crop.

It is also an occupation that leaves weekends free (you don't have to milk peanuts), except when some seasonal emergency makes haste imperative.

And for one or two short seasons of the year you can leave the nuts to grow and content your inquiring mind with a close look at the seaside or the cities, or the other parts of the country where some quite different regional rural industry supports the towns and the farms.

"We changed over to peanuts for the boys," said Mrs. Magnussen. "But it's been good for all of us. We're as prosperous as we ever had cause to hope we might be, and, though we work hard, we have our proper leisure."

The family of five owns three good motor cars and would be building a modern home to replace their present gracious and roomy but old-fashioned one except for a season this year in which there was drought at planting time and excessive rain when sunshine was needed to dry the stocks of harvested peanuts.

This latest unkindness of



NO SUB-STANDARD PEANUT gets past these women who work on the conveyer belt at the Queensland Peanut Marketing Board's silos at Kingaroy. The reputation of Kingaroy peanuts is based on perfection and brings premium prices on overseas markets.



# Farmers gather a golden harvest



**STANDING AMONG THE STOOKS** on the Magnussens' farm and sewing up the forty-five-pound bags of peanuts is pretty Leonie Lakeland, a nurse who is on holiday from a nearby hospital. She uses a protective leather "palm" and a big needle.

Nature, the Magnussens agree, was a setback, but by no means a disaster—part of the risk that every farmer, whatever his crops, takes each year; and one that he can feel happy over as long as it prevents him only from building a new homestead and doesn't force him to mortgage the old one and the land.

Queensland produces almost all Australia's peanuts, and Kingaroy's share of the State total is about three-quarters—last season it was nearly 16,000 tons, grown by 863 farmers.

Figures are not complete for that crop, but the previous year they got 11.2 pence a lb. for their output—money which, in anybody's language, adds up to "more than peanuts" for families like the Magnussens.

As Mrs. Eddie Scofield, wife of a Commonwealth civil servant, said: "You have to keep wiping the dust from the silos off the walls, doors, and furniture, but who worries? The people here smile at you because they're all doing well, thanks to the peanuts."

Mrs. Gertie Steer, licensee of the popular Broadway Hotel in Kingaroy, does much bottle-polishing, but doesn't mind. Her customers can afford to buy what's in the bottles, and, in the manner of men who are doing well and are without major worries, they tend to drink moderately and for fun, rather than desperately to forget the probably horrid future.

Mr. Max Buchanan, who left Kingaroy 20 years ago and returned only half-way through 1954, is staggered at the change peanuts made in his absence.

"It's a different town," he said. "I went away because there were no opportunities for a young chap in my day,

when they were just getting going with the peanuts. If any of the boys left now, that wouldn't be the reason."

From a woman's point of view, peanut-farming might involve taking tea and cakes to the menfolk at "smoko" time in addition to the normal housework.

But in the old dairying days before there were many milking machines, any wife who couldn't or wouldn't milk a dozen cows a couple of times a day, as well as doing the cooking, cleaning, washing, and all the rest of it, would have been considered a handicap to a hard-working farmer.

But the girls tend to be still countrywomen, as was shown by the nature of the teams

## Peanuts change town's destiny

in a recent Junior Farmers' Club debate between Kingaroy and Wooroolin, a nearby centre.

Two of the three Kingaroy debaters were girls, and their leader was Miss Joy Adersmann, daughter and secretary of Mr. C. F. Adersmann, M.H.R. for Fisher. There was one girl in the Wooroolin team.

The subject was that "life on the land offers better opportunities for advanced and gracious living," and Kingaroy won, supporting the contention.

The townswomen are active, too, in the thick of the peanut dust at the Peanut Marketing Board's silos.

There they sit over conveyer-belts, sorting the nuts and tossing aside the bad ones, earning, with overtime, £10 or £11 a week.

They are "key personnel," for it is the Kingaroy boast

that the customer never finds a bad nut in a bag from the district, and responsibility for maintaining that standard rests with the girls.

The peanuts go all over Australia, and occasionally to the United Kingdom and New Zealand, where they are so esteemed in those markets that they bring premium prices above the current ruling rates.

Australia has, however, only recently caught up with the local demand for peanuts and all their by-products, and only small quantities go overseas.

In Kingaroy the nuts are grown, cleaned, sorted, and stored, and sent to distant cities to be sold raw, salted, roasted, chocolate-coated, and in nut bars, to be used as cake dressings, squeezed for their valuable cooking-oil, to play a part in margarine manufacture, and to help give Australians an appetising and balanced diet in various other ways.

Stalks, roots, leaves, and general residue left after threshing help feed the pigs and other stock, so that almost nothing of the entire peanut plant is wasted.

The little nuts, which bear the perhaps more dignified and suitable name of "ground nuts" in South Africa, have played a big part in bringing the South Burnett area of Queensland from "wilderness to wealth," to quote the title of a book compiled about Kingaroy and surrounding districts for the Nanango Centenary and South Burnett Historical Committee, and published in 1950.

And nobody knows it better than the women, whose lives have been made, as the Junior Farmers decided in debate, "more gracious and advanced" by leisure and the many amenities of life the peanut money pays for.



**KNOCKING-OFF TIME AT THE SILOS** means the end of a hard day's work for these important members of the industry. They spend their days beside moving conveyer-belts, and their quick hands discard any and every peanut below standard in the endless supply. Local soil and climate give Kingaroy peanuts their flavor.



**WORK IN THE PADDOCKS** is not often done by women, but they can take over the machines in an emergency, as Mrs. Frank Magnussen does. Her husband and three sons last season formed 220 acres of peanuts and 120 acres of crop. The family now owns three cars, and only a bad season this year prevented their building a new house.



What in the world shall we give him???

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# Parents are lucky people

## Bringing up their children honestly improves their personality

Parents are luckier than childless people because their children help make better people of them. A description of a good parent is a description of a good person.

WHEN you begin to rear children you become a philosopher. You become one the moment you begin to ponder on the future you will carve for the new-born infant creation has brought into your life.

The nature of the philosophy varies. You may be too confused to do anything but marvel at the wonder of your child. You may go overboard in sensing the responsibility.

You may set about it determined that you will be a better parent than your parents.

That approach has little value to the child. It merely sets him a negative pattern.

To set out not to make mistakes is an obsession. It is not creative child-rearing.

You might set out to give your child some of the opportunities you didn't have. That, too, is negative.

One might say, tend your children as you do your garden. But it's not so simple. Personalities are not part of plants.

If you are merely raising kids who will be happy and useful and develop into whatever the original seed has the capacity for developing into, then you can be content with whatever happens.

### Your prize

IF you have a preconceived notion as to what should develop from the seed, if you are bending all your efforts toward making it an outstanding prize specimen, then you will be even more disappointed than many gardeners.

A gardener can graft new shoots on to his plant. You can't. You have only about 15 years in which to produce something that lasts for some 75 years, and of those 15, about five or six are the most crucial.

Rate yourself. What kind of parent are you?

Your rating as a parent is probably your rating in all relationships in which you are in a position of authority.

Child-rearing is the greatest discipline an individual has to undergo, because the temptation to be a dictator is so great. Nowhere in one's life can one be so completely a dictator as in parenthood. Nowhere in one entire existence is one given the opportunity to say, "You'll do what I say" without being questioned.

The less adequate the personality, the more tempting it is to be the domestic Hitler. This type of parent lacks humor about himself and about life in general or he'd see himself as the pitiful character he is.

Probably the greatest scourge to parenthood is the self-sacrificing parent, the

martyr who can never understand why his children dislike him intensely. The children of these parents live permanently on emotional charity. Can you blame them for wanting to sever the connection?

In relationship to your child, you have a fine opportunity to check your own personality adjustment. This is especially obvious in your methods of discipline.

A rule for deciding the wisdom of your procedures is to ask yourself, "What difference will it make 20 years from now?"

The best training for parenthood that has yet been devised is the capacity of accepting another human being with all of his weaknesses and still loving him. That is also the best training for being a good person.

If you are the kind who tries tricks on your children, you probably also try them on your friends and should know that they don't work, at least not for long.

Just be yourself. Just as you differed from your parents, your child will differ from you. Try to understand him, accept him, and love him. The training will not only help your child but it will develop you.

All children are not problems, but all children have problems. All children have the tremendous job of facing life and learning what it is all about.

You can help a child face his problems and bear them. You can teach your child to say "so-what" when he is tenth in a class of 25. But you must first learn to feel "so-what" yourself.

Don't expect your child to get academic honors to suit your ambitions while you

spend your spare time playing cards. If you think academic achievement is so important you'll have to go out and get it.

The child who lives in an atmosphere where his parents continue to educate themselves emulates their example.

The important thing to remember about child-rearing is that it depends upon the kind of person you are.

Kids make heroes of parents they love. Are you the kind of person you want your child to be? In making yourself a hero to your children, you invariably become a finer person.

The good parent is a real person. Regardless of what his

By **LEE R. STEINER**,  
consultant psychologist,  
in her book  
"Make the Most of Yourself"

faults may be, he is honest and forthright. He dares to be a whole person with his child. He makes no claim to excess virtues. He criticises himself as freely as he reprimands his child. The good parent has a sense of humor about the whole proposition, and, above all, he likes his kids in a genuine, wholesome sort of way.

It is important that you accept and understand your child's personality limitations in order to be natural and relaxed. A parent can't be relaxed when he's playing tyrant.

It is a fact that some parents don't like their kids enough really to enjoy their company.

Your children don't want a martyr or a slave for a parent. They merely want a human being who can be natural with them.



**HAPPY TODDLER** secure in his mother's safekeeping enjoys a swing. Emotional security is equally important, and comes only when parents themselves are emotionally well adjusted.

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### Basic formula

MENTAL health and democracy are the same—the kind of atmosphere that teaches: "I am as good as the next fellow, but no better." That is the basic child-reasoning formula.

- Anything you do which creates the illusion in your child's mind that he is better than the next fellow is to his detriment.

- Anything you do which creates the illusion that he is not as good as the next fellow is just as disastrous.

- Anything you do which encourages the child to grasp beyond his capacities cripples him.

- Any way in which you show that you have not accepted your child as a whole person gives him an apology to life.

If you want your child to have emotions that function freely, give him all the freedom he has the judgment and maturity to handle.

What everyone should be seeking as a goal in child-rearing is the same as in his own character development. So one must first concentrate on making oneself the kind of adult who trusts people; who has a sense of his ability to handle his own affairs without feeling separated from other people; who has the capacity to love in the deepest meaning of the word and who has the full use of his creative abilities.

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# OPENING THE SPRING SEASON IN PRINT



● Hardy Amies' jacket ensemble made in gauze satin printed with blurred flowers in varying shades of peacock-blue and black. The shapely jacket has a standing, curved-from-the-neckline collar and below-elbow-length sleeves.



● Coat and dress ensemble (left) from the Manquin spring collection. The blue linen coat is worn over a blue-and-white printed silk dress. A white turban completes the ensemble.

Page 16

**H**ERE are some of the newest prints from Paris and London spring collections. Numbers of the most beautiful are a riot of blurred and misted flowers; others have a calculated brilliance of color against sharp white backgrounds.



● "Rose de Paris," by Pierre Balmain (above), is a magnificent ball gown in white satin printed with stylised red rose embroidery. The dress is worn with a dramatic satin cloak.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955





● "Valse," by Madeleine de Rauch, a one-piece made in misted rose-red printed silk. The figure-moulding bodice has a shawl collar; unpressed pleats fan out a wide sweep of skirt.



● Christian Dior's delectable ankle-length, tiered-skirted evening dress is made in an Oriental-inspired floral print featuring pink, red, and gold. The dress is worn with a matching stole, heavy gold necklet, and drop earrings.



● Victor Stiebel's olive-green velvet afternoon coat (left) is lined with deep crimson silk. The coat is worn over a feminine flower-printed dress.

● "Coralie," by Carven (above), features one of the freshest daytime color combinations — coral and white. The coral coat matches the hat.



He said my make-up was a mask...



...now he's in love with my 'three-flowers'  
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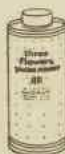
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Let's leave the puppy in the car. We'll only be gone a minute."

MOTHER



"I'm trying to REASON with them."

# It seems to me

THIS holiday I forgot to take my fishing rod. There it was, in its canvas cover, right in the hallway, ready to greet me on return.

It was a strange omission, especially as it is listed in the packing notebook under the sub-heading "Holiday."

I hope you're impressed by the term "packing notebook." This, even if it does fall down occasionally, is a fine flower of the listmaker's art.

I come from a long line of listmakers. Indeed, I can always picture one section of my ancestors jotting down, "Order haggis" and "Don't forget dirk," before setting off on an expedition.

The other set of forebears were, I think, more casual. They probably just picked up their shillelaghs and departed.

On this mixture I blame my habit of making lists and then forgetting to look at them. But the original clerical work is enjoyable, especially when it concerns a holiday.

Besides, in the long run it really doesn't matter. I borrowed a fishing rod and it turned out a lot better than my own.

★ ★ ★

EVERY time I go fishing I long to return with a story that begins, "So I was just reeling up to go home..."

I throw in for the last time, usually as the dusk is falling, and sit there waiting for this thrilling anecdote to materialise. It never does, you'll be relieved to hear.

The odd thing about fishing is that you can spend an hour preparing to set out, walk four miles with your companions to a destination, and then exchange no more than two words with them all afternoon.

The two words are, of course, "Any bites?"

★ ★ ★

SUCH fish as were about showed a preference for a bait that in the more refined of old-time fishing notes used to be called "tug tellum."

Call it anything you like, but it doesn't smell any better. Bream are especially fond of it, but I have come to the considered decision that they can all stay in the sea before I'd go within ten yards of the stuff again.

If anyone would like another name for it, why not "Lady Macbeth"? All the perfumes of Arabia won't sweeten the little hands that use it.

Another bait, or perhaps it should be called a bait-sauce, which I heard about for the first time, is kerosene. It isn't new. A fisherman friend tells me that years ago he had a mate who used to soak green prawns in kerosene.

Evidently fish are just as queer as the people who fish for them. It strikes me that it's time somebody experimented with something more pleasant.

Next year I must see if I can make history by catching bream with pipis soaked in eau-de-Cologne.



Dorothy Drann

A HOLIDAY always ends for me the day before it ends. On that day I feel obliged to find out what's going on in the world. This time I was rewarded by learning that Miss Marilyn Monroe is applying for a visa to Russia.

As news, the item appeared to set the seal on the Big Four conference. Miss Monroe, it is reported, wants to study Russian plays. The Russians, presumably, will be happy to study Miss Monroe.

It is hard to picture her in Tchekov, but time will tell what effect Russian literature has on her and what effect she has on it.

History books usually omit the entertaining details that enliven big events. When the historians get to work on sorting out the Cold War, its causes and results, its intense periods and its easing, they will have so much to say that they will probably omit Miss Monroe.

Pity!

★ ★ ★

CERTAIN other items from the outside world impinged occasionally on the holiday blankness. One of the most astonishing, published in our own paper, was the news that this season's Paris fashion line has neither waist nor hips nor bust.

I thought a good deal about this, reading it while attired in jeans and a hang-out blouse. This effect was shapeless, but not, I decided, what the designers meant.

A celebrated fashion-writer once expounded the theory that a lot of the world's famous designers really disliked women and spent hours chuckling to themselves while thinking up ways to make the girls look horrid.

Certainly the new line appears to be rather savage. I mean, one doesn't mind doing without a bust or a waist, or even hips, one cur at a time.

But to be required to shed the lot makes one ask, "Are we women or are we ectoplasm?"

★ ★ ★

A CANADIAN millionaire, Mr. Cyrus Eaton, has turned over his old family home in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, to the thinkers of the world. He believes that thinkers need the right surroundings to think.

While admitting the value of thinking, and happy to reap its fruits.

Its practice, in my opinion, is one of those rare pursuits.

A millionaire's peace and quiet is a highly desirable state.

But most of us, given such chances, would merely vegetate.

Our minds, like birds in a garden, flutter from tree to tree.

Or, that, to be perfectly honest, is always what happens to me.

And anyhow, what does it matter? There's a fact that is hard to blink—

If you want to be happy and cheerful, it's better not ever to think.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955

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**SYDNEY ARTISTS.** Judy Cassab, who won the £500 award for the best portrait submitted by a woman artist, talks with William Dobell. The exhibition is being held at the National Art Gallery, and will continue until September 18.



**PRIZE-WINNER** Jack Carington Smith with (from left) Mrs. Philip Berry-Smith, Mrs. Carington Smith, and Mrs. John Bovill at the official opening. Carington Smith's "Arrangement in Green" is in background.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS AT THE ART GALLERY



**PORTRAIT COMPARISON.** Sara Hordern compares William Dobell's portrait of Johnnie Russell with Johnnie himself. Sara wore a short, fleecy white coat over a slim navy wool dress to the official opening.



**PRIME MINISTER** Mr. R. G. Menzies and Mrs. Frank Packer, wife of the Managing Director of Consolidated Press, applaud during one of the speeches. Mr. Menzies opened the exhibition at the National Art Gallery.

**ARTISTS** Jack Carington Smith and Judy Cassab were among the most feted and excited people in Sydney late last week.

As winners of our portrait prizes, they were the centre of admiring and congratulatory groups at the National Art Gallery when the portrait prize exhibition was officially opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies.

Judy was elegant in a softly flaring dress of black delustrated satin, trimmed with white and covered with a cape-collared, black wool coat.

**THE** day after the opening brought a different kind of celebration for Judy Cassab and her family. In private life Mrs. John Kampfner, of Woollahra, Judy gave a party for her younger son, Peter, who had his eighth birthday.

IT was just a brief visit to the exhibition for Mrs. Reg. Moses, who was on her way to the dentist. One of the earliest arrivals, Mrs. Moses wore a silver-blue mink tie over her navy tailleur and topped the ensemble with a matching navy velour cap.

**COUNTRY** visitor Mrs. Lambert Latham, of "Elberston," Scone, arrived at the Gallery with Mrs. Harry Meeks, of Rose Bay. "I have a special interest in the exhibition," said Mrs. Latham. . . . her grandchild, daughter of John and Elizabeth Scott Waine, was born on the same day as Dr. and Mrs. Ian Potts' son and heir. And Mrs. Potts (Judy Barraclough) posed for Judy Cassab's prize-winning entry.

Neither Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waine nor Dr. and Mrs. Potts have decided on names for their two weeks' old babies.

**EIGHT - MONTHS - OLD** Gary Baker was almost certainly the youngest art enthusiast at the exhibition. With his mother, Mrs. Alan Baker, he went along to see his father's portrait of "Marjorie and Gary Baker" . . . and crowded delightedly at the sight of himself.

**FASHION** notes at the Gallery . . . Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, who wore a teal-blue, long-line dress, a matching shell-cap, and defied the draughts with a wide mink stole . . . Mrs. Jack Radford's jaunty, upturned breton hat of tangerine velour . . . and lots of other pretty hats, including Mrs. Sam Hordern's grey cap, with its matching, sheer swathe falling into a drape at the back . . . Mrs. S. S. Klingenberg's black velvet and gold kid "shovel" hat, the velvet in a band trimmed with buttons of gold.

Anne



**TRIO.** Mr. and Mrs. Noel Vincent with artist Newton Hedstrom (right) at the exhibition. They are standing in front of Hedstrom's portrait of his wife, Marjorie Penglae.



**AT EXHIBITION.** Artists Jean Isherwood (left), Lyndsay Dufficy, and John Eldershaw consult the catalogue at the official opening of our portrait prize exhibition. In the background is Mrs. Dufficy's portrait of her schoolgirl daughter, Sarah.



# Our Portrait exhibition now open

## Winners meet at gallery on first day of big art show

Jack Carington Smith, the Tasmanian winner of the main award of £1500 for the best entry in The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1955, nearly didn't enter his painting.

"I MADE about six starts on it," he said, "and at one stage felt so despondent that I decided I wouldn't compete."

"In addition, in the middle of it I had to break off and go to Adelaide to do a portrait of Sir Douglas Mawson commissioned by the Adelaide University."

Carington Smith's winning painting, entitled "Arrangement in Green," is a portrait of Miss Hester Clarke, a family friend, who is a sports mistress at a girls' private school at Hobart.

"I have painted Hester several times," he said. "One of the paintings is in the Sydney National Art Gallery."

"In the portrait I submitted for the Prize I have tried to convey something of my feelings about the Derwent River, which runs below our house."

"I have tried to express something of the mystery and the movement of the Derwent."

Carington Smith and his wife, Ruth, made a hurried trip to Sydney from their Hobart home to attend the official opening of the Portrait Prize exhibition in Sydney.

The exhibition was opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, at the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. on Friday, August 19.

A week before the names of the winners were announced we sent a card to Carington Smith inviting him to attend the official opening in Sydney.

He replied that he and his wife regretted they would be unable to attend.

However, a few hours after we had sent him a telegram informing him that he had won the main award we received a telegram saying he was flying to Sydney immediately.

"I could afford to then," he said with a smile when we met him in Sydney.

A shy, stocky man with a freckled face, Carington Smith told us he was on his way down to breakfast when the telegram arrived at his charming, rambling home in the Hobart suburb of Sandy Bay.

### Stunned by win

"I WAS cooking the breakfast," said Mrs. Carington Smith, "when Jack leaned over the bannisters and said in a sort of stunned whisper, 'I have won The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize.'"

"Then he went off to the Hobart Technical College, where he is head of the art department, and told them he had to go up to Sydney."

"I didn't tell them why I was going to Sydney," Carington Smith said. "I just told them I had to go, and asked them to find someone to look after my classes for me."

The Carington Smiths had only a few hours to get ready to catch a plane for Melbourne, and then a train to Sydney.

In addition to their three children, Jill, aged 19, Julie, 15, and Francis, 11, they were minding two young children for some friends.

"My daughter Jill was wonderful," said Mrs. Carington Smith. "She raced around

helping us to get ready and told us not to worry. She would look after the others."

"She even offered to lend us the air fare," she added. "She was going to take it out of money she's saved to go to England next year."

One of the first things Mrs. Carington Smith did during her two days in Sydney was to go shopping for presents for her three children.

The first reaction of their son Francis to the news of his father's win was a request for more lines for his electric train.

These were bought in Sydney.

Julie, "our sports-loving daughter," was bought a white tennis cardigan and Jill a dressy white cardigan.

In addition, Mrs. Carington Smith secured two autographs requested by Julie — Mr. Menzies' and William Dobell's.

"They are going to be given a great place of honor in Julie's autograph book," said Ruth Carington Smith. "She has a place earmarked for them next to Lew Hoad's."

The Carington Smiths also remembered the sitter for the winning portrait, and took home a recording of a ballet suite for Miss Clarke.

Neither Jack Carington Smith nor his wife thought of presents for themselves.

### Needed money

THEY needed money too badly for other things, they said. Most of it will go towards paying off their house.

Like most painters, Jack Carington Smith hasn't found it easy to earn money as an artist to support himself and his family.

His father didn't want him to be a painter, and at the age of 17 insisted that he take a job as a clerk with an oil company in Sydney.

"So I went to an office each day," said Carington Smith, "and studied art at night at the East Sydney Technical College."

Later he got a job as a commercial artist on a salary of 15/- a week.

In 1936 he won the N.S.W. Travelling Art Scholarship and spent two years studying in London and Paris.

In the past few years, financial worries have not been so great for the Carington Smiths.

In addition to his job at the Hobart Technical College, Jack Carington Smith has been getting more commissions, and this year won the Melrose Prize in Adelaide.

"But I can't tell you how much this win means to us," said Mrs. Carington Smith. "It will make all the difference between a few extra comforts and scraping along."

"And I'm so happy for Jack's sake. For year after year he has been such a cheerful loser of the Archibald Prize."



**JACK CARINGTON SMITH.** Tasmanian winner of our £1500 art award, and his wife, Ruth, were in a happy mood when they arrived in Sydney to attend the official opening of our Portrait Prize Exhibition at the art gallery.

Carington Smith's fellow artists seemed to share that opinion when they met at a small function following the official opening.

Although his win meant their loss, they were genuinely sincere in their congratulations. All have a high opinion of him as an artist.

At the function we introduced Carington Smith to Judy Cassab, winner of the £500 award for the best portrait by a woman artist.

Her first remark was, "I'm so glad you have won. For the past four years I think you should have won the Archibald Prize."

The following morning the two winners of our Portrait Prize met again at the National Art Gallery, where they had gone to have an uninterrupted look at the other entries.

They had been in such a pent-up state of excitement the day before and the crowd had been so dense that they had not been able to look at the Exhibition paintings.

"I certainly can't fully take it in yet," said Carington Smith, looking at his painting on the wall.

Like the Carington Smiths, Judy Cassab, wife of businessman John Kampfner, of Sydney, immediately bought presents for her two children — Johnny, aged 10, and eight-year-old Peter.

Johnny was given an electric train, and Peter a fort for his soldiers.

"I didn't have much choice about the presents," said Judy, smiling. "The first thing both the boys said when they heard of my win was, 'Mummy, what will you buy us?'"

Judy Cassab, for whom this has been a lucky year — she won the £100 Perth Gallery Open Oils Prize recently — hopes to go abroad on her prize-money.

"In about a year, when my aunt arrives in Sydney and will look after the children for a while, I would like to go to France and Italy for further study," she said.

In her attractive duplex flat in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra, Judy told us how



**PRIME MINISTER Mr. R. G. Menzies** officially opens The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition in Sydney. Mr. Menzies congratulated the newspaper on its enterprise in launching the art award.

grateful she had been to her fellow artists for the telegrams and phone calls congratulating her on her win.

"I am so thrilled and excited. And I think the Prize is going to do so much to put Australian art on the map," she said.

### Entering again

**BOTH** Jack Carington Smith and Judy Cassab intend to enter The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize next year.

Because of the limited time available, scores of overseas artists were unable to enter the competition this year.

Those who did not have a canvas completed or nearly finished were faced with the expense of air freighting their paintings.

However, judging from the thick pile of letters we received from overseas, our Portrait Prize has definitely caught the imagination of painters all over the world.

We circularised all the leading overseas galleries and art societies and are already re-

ceiving inquiries about next year's Portrait Prize.

Our panel of judges — the six directors of the six national art galleries in Australia — also appeal to artists.

Together, they represent an entirely new judging team.

They marked their preferences in a secret ballot and revealed a diversity of tastes when they voted on the awarding of the prize for the best entry by a woman.

Judy Cassab won narrowly from the Canadian painter Marion Scott Alfson.

For us, the launching of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize has been an exciting event.

The official opening of the exhibition of entries climaxed weeks of hard work in a field that was new to us.

We regret that lack of space and transport difficulties made it impossible for all the entries to be hung.

When the travelling exhibition ends in Sydney on September 18, it will be sent to Brisbane, Canberra, Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.



**WINNING SMILE.** Hungarian-born artist Judy Cassab, of Sydney, is excited about the £500 she won for the best entry by a woman in our art competition. She hopes to study abroad on her prizemoney.



a  
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At garden party or gala night . . . at  
 reception or race meeting . . . whenever  
 or wherever there is an assemblage of  
 women whose dressing mirrors their fault-  
 less taste and unerring sense of quality . . .  
 the merited choice in fully fashioned  
 hosiery, founded on fashion appeal, crafts-  
 manship and character, is **Prestige**

**Nines**, 9 denier nylon ultra sheers — with face powder sheerness, for perfect grooming. 21/-

**Twelves**, 12 denier nylon ultra sheers — extravagantly lovely. 21/-

**Naturelles**, 12 denier nylon ultra sheers — invisibly reinforced, to wear with the new, mule type shoes. 21/-

**Cocktail**, 15 denier nylons — with the picture-frame heels. 21/-

**Zebs**, 15 denier nylons — with diagonal black stripes in heels and toes. 21/6

**Checkmates**, 15 denier mesh nylons — with 'Knee Action' and darker-toned heels and seams. 17/11

**Prestige**

These prices apply in N.S.W. and Victoria only, but may vary slightly in other States.





## FOUR SLEEPY PEOPLE

IT'S HARD TO STAY AWAKE when you're very small and you're snugly tucked up in a warm cot. But it can be done if you try, say the wide eyes of Lucke quads Veronica and Eric, in the picture above. Jennifer (left) and Kevin (right) prefer not to try. **BELOW**, worn out by wakefulness, Veronica and Eric sleep, too. These, the first color pictures of the quads, were taken when they were seventeen days old.





New-Quicker, Safe

# RELIEF from PAIN



with **CALPON TABLETS**

The formula of 5 active ingredients prescribed by the British Medical Profession

HEADACHES

COLDS, INFLUENZA

PERIODIC PAINS

RHEUMATIC PAINS

DENTAL PAINS

NEURALGIA

Much more than aspirin! Better than a.p.c.! Five active ingredients bring you more complete relief from pain faster than anything you've ever tried! While it acts, Calpon gently soothes your nerves, too—helps you to relax.

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Aluminium tubes of 12 for pocket or handbag, 2/- jars of 50 for the home, 7/3. All chemists.

Only the CALPON formula can give you such quick, safe, lasting relief from pain.

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND BY CALMIC LTD., AUSTRALIAN BRANCH—WATTLE STREET, ULTIMO, SYDNEY

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OLD FRIENDS. Lloyd Shiels, of the Cinesound film unit, who helped to pull our 1954 Redex trial car out of a bog near Hughenden, Queensland, films our 1955 team and meets Enid Nunn, left, and Helen Frizell again. Betty Best, facing her first trial, is on the right. Lloyd, who has filmed two trials, is not on this one. At the extreme right is Mr. R. W. Pike.

## LONG ROAD AHEAD

By HELEN FRIZELL and BETTY BEST, staff reporters

Crowds gave all cars, including ours, a great send-off when we left Parramatta Park on Sunday, August 21, on the first lap of the 1955 Round-Australia Redex Reliability Trial.

**D**RIVING northwards through Maitland, Helen snatched time off from navigating to look at the city she had last seen floodbound during the disastrous floods earlier this year.

Our Holden (Car Number 3 in the trial), with Enid Nunn and Betty Best taking turns at driving, had to keep tight averages. This was easy enough while the bitumen roads lasted, but after Tenterfield, when we hit narrow, winding stretches of potholed, loose gravel, we decided to save the car at the expense of time.

From Tenterfield to Lismore Betty drove over so many narrow bridges, around so many hairpin bends, and up and down so many hills that she and Helen, who was navigating, began to think they were going over and over the same ground.

The worst difficulty was to avoid slipping on the loose gravel, but with care we managed it.

Once we swerved to miss a dog and turned right round in a skid. Fortunately no harm was done, apart from a slight shock to our nerves.

From Lismore, where two young lads had waited up until the early hours of the morning to pilot Redex drivers through, Enid took over a tough struggle with a broken bitumen surface.

For about 50 miles of narrow winding track Enid rode the steering wheel every inch of the way. As dawn came we picked up speed along the straighter road into Southport, where we arrived 19 minutes late, with the consequent loss of 19 points.

These pictures show our car, and some of the other competitors from the 176 cars that started in the trial.



ON THEIR WAY. Our team, with Betty Best at the wheel, leaves Tamworth control and heads for Southport, Queensland. Cheering crowds greeted the car along the route.



"CROWEATERS" C. Dix (left), A. Clark, and R. Dix, of South Australia, with their car. The Dix brothers are growing boards on the trip. Some cars bore the letter L (learner).



DRIVER in our 1954 team, Nan Broughton, checking equipment with former team-mates Enid Nunn, driver-mechanic, and Helen Frizell, who is again the captain-navigator.



NEW AUSTRALIANS. Mrs. L. Neveceral, who with her husband Bob and team mechanic Mick Sucholdolski hope to complete the 10,500-mile course round their new country.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1955



# Turn a disgruntled dad into a flattered father

with an **ARROW** shirt



Collar right — sleeves too short



Sleeves right — collar too tight



Collar right — sleeves too long

If you agree that a Father's Day gift should be good-looking . . .  
a pleasure to wear . . . something Dad really wants and needs —  
then you'll also agree that the perfect gift is an Arrow shirt.  
No gift could please him more.

★ **Exact Sleeve Lengths**

Various sleeve lengths for each collar size in both Dart and Archer models.

★ **Perfect Collar Styling**

Only an Arrow shirt has the perfect fitting Arrow collar, four up-to-the-minute styles.

★ **Friendly Cotton Fabrics**

Arrow shirts are tailored to perfection from crisp, Sanforized shrunk fabrics.



'CHIEF'  
for a day  
SUNDAY SEPT. 4



**ARROW PAR & SUSSEX:** Soft, spread collar with stays. Par in white, Sussex in soft colours.



**ARROW ARDEN & KENT:** Short point, non-wilt collar. Arden in white, Kent in softone patterns.



**ARROW ARCHER:** The only shirt with the form fitting back. Regular point collar. White and colours.



**ARROW BI-WAY:** In white and colours is "dressy" when worn with tie; casually smart when worn open.



**ARROW DART:** The world's favourite white shirt. The handsome "regular" point, non-wilt collar stays neat. Ask for Arrow Dart in your exact sleeve length.

When buying  
an **ARROW**  
for Dad ask  
for a special  
gift pack



A177 FP

Arrow reg. Trade Mark, Cluett Peabody & Co. Inc., U.S.A.





In the great Coty  
perfumes breathes  
the soul of Paris

*A fine perfume*

actually gives you more beauty  
than any cosmetic

Such a fine perfume is "L'Aimant," by Coty . . . with its own inimitable personality and the clan which only one country seems able to achieve. "L'Aimant" . . . the magnet . . . a fragrance with a high note, penetrating, lasting, all-pervading, adventurous, gay, exhilarating. For every woman who loves being in love, who loves being loved. Wear it moderately during the day—a touch at the temples, the wrists, the V of the neckline. Intensify it at night.

\*Discriminating women use the same fragrance in delicately perfumed toilet accessories as their chosen perfume.

Talc, 5/6

Dusting Powder, 19/9

Toilet Water, 11/- and 21/-

Bath Oil, 15/-

Toilet Soap, hand size, 13/6;  
bath size, 6/9

Solid Cologne, 11/-

Liquid Brillantine, 7/9

—and "AirSpun" Face  
Powder, 7/6



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# MITCHELL WILL

- This year The Australian Women's Weekly will again conduct competitions to find the 15 young Australian women who will benefit from Peter Mitchell's will.
- In addition, we will carry out the quest to find the 10 youths under 21 who will also become beneficiaries.



JOCELYN DAWSON, of Victoria, the winner of the first prize in the inaugural competition to find 15 unmarried women under 30 to benefit from the Peter Mitchell will.

## LIST OF BOOKS

- It is necessary for applicants to have a knowledge and understanding of this list of books contained in the Third Schedule of the Will.

THE Protestant Bible and in particular Genesis, Exodus, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, the Book of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Isaiah, Daniel, St. Luke, St. John, the Acts of the Apostles, Corinthians (first and second), James, Peter (first and second), First John, Revelation.

Shakespeare's Plays as follows:—"The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "King Henry IV" (first and second parts), "King Henry V," "The Life of King Henry VIII," "The Life and Death of Julius Caesar," "King Lear," "The Tragedy of Macbeth," and "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

Carlyle—"Sartor Resartus," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Presidential Address at Edinburgh," Walt Whitman—"Me Impertube," "Song of the Open Road," "A Song of Joys," "Myself and Mine," Cervantes—"Don Quixote," Smiles—"Self Help," Dickens—"Pickwick," "David Copperfield," George Elliott—"Middlemarch," Kingsley—"Westward Ho," Scott's Novels.

Stevenson—"Treasure Island," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Black Arrow," "Master of Ballantrae," "David Balfour," "Catriona," "The Wrong Box," Harris—"Uncle Remus," Thackeray—"Vanity Fair," Kipling—"Kim," "Tales of Soldier Life," "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fancies," "Poems and Verses."

Conan Doyle—"White Company," Charles Reade—"The Cloister and the Hearth," Macaulay—"The Earl of Chatham," "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," "Lord Clive," "Warren Hastings," Lubbock—"Pleasures of Life."

Burns' poems as follows:—"The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Two Dogs," "The Brigs of Ayr," "Address to the Unco Guid," "To a Mouse," "A Winter Night," "Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet," "To a Mountain Daisy," "Man Was Made to Mourn," "Epistle to a Young Friend."

THESE 25 young Australians will benefit from one of the strangest wills in Australian history.

The late Peter Mitchell, grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., died in 1921 at the age of 64, leaving a fortune of more than £215,000. His widow, a life tenant in the trust, died last year.

The will directed that after her death the net income from his estate should be awarded, through a number of periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

Awards to members of the Army, Navy, and police forces are being made on tests conducted within their own organisations.

Last year The Australian Women's Weekly, which was appointed by the trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate to conduct the quest on their behalf, arranged the first of the competitions to find the 15 women beneficiaries.

The trustees are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W.; his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and The Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

## High standard

THE trustees and judges were most impressed with the high standard set by the young Australian women who were selected as finalists.

The awards were made this year.

We believe that we will again be successful in finding a further 15 young Australian women of the best type.

They must be unmarried and under the age of 30.

The prizes will be comparable to last year.

They are:

First Prize, £512/16/8.  
Second Prize, £256/8/5.  
Third Prize, £128/4/3.  
Twelve prizes of £64/2/- each.

The prizes for the 10 youths are as follows:

First Prize, £178/11/5.  
Second Prize, £59/10/5.  
Eight prizes of £29/15/3 each.

The conditions of the will as they apply to women and youths are roughly the same.

They must be British subjects and bona-fide residents of the Commonwealth of Australia, of a white race, and not the offspring of first cousins.

## Good health

THEY must have good physical health, be able to swim, and ride a horse "reasonably well," and have a knowledge of the geography, climates, and primary products of Australia.

In addition, they must know something about the main elements and the history of the British Empire.

A knowledge of elementary anatomy and physiology and the main functions of the human body and of first aid is also required.

However the main test that women candidates must pass is:

Practical and theoretic knowledge of the nursing in sickness and health, handling, management, training, care, and rearing to perfect health and strength of babies and young children.

They will also be judged on the soundness of their "knowledge of practical housekeeping and domestic economy, and the necessity at all times for clean and sanitary surroundings and conditions, and the best practical means of attaining them under ordinary circumstances" in Australia.

An extra requirement for male candidates is that they must be able to shoot reasonably well. They must also have "honorably fulfilled all military obligations imposed upon them by the laws of the Commonwealth of Australia."

In addition, male applicants will be tested on their knowledge of the British Constitution and on the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia and of their own individual States.

We are now searching for the 25 women and youths who can fulfil these requirements.

Anyone who thinks he or she is eligible will find it simple to state his or her claims to benefit from the will.

They must write to us for an application form and an examination paper.

To obtain these papers, the form published on the opposite page must be filled in and returned to us.



# More prizes this year

The completed application and the answers to the examination questions must be returned to the box number given on the form no later than November 15, 1955.

The same people who mark Intermediate and Leaving Certificate papers will be asked to mark the examination papers.

The trustees have set 50 per cent. in this written examination as a minimum standard for eligibility of candidates for further consideration.

From the results we will choose a number of girls and youths in each State to come to their capital cities for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

Those under consideration as finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration stating that the information supplied in their application form is true in every detail.

Finalists from each State will be brought to Sydney, where the trustees of the estate, aided by an expert committee, will choose the women and youths who will benefit.

In addition, both male and female applicants must have a "knowledge and understanding" of the Protestant Bible and the books listed in the Third Schedule of the will printed on the opposite page.

On the surface, the standards set for women and male candidates appear to be unduly high.

But we do not believe they are. We think there are thousands of Australian women and youths who fulfil the general requirements.

The finalists in last year's quest to find the 15 women who will benefit from the will all confessed that they expected "something of an ordeal" during the final judging in Sydney.

But when they had been in Sydney for a few days, and after the final judging, all of them admitted that they had had "a wonderful time."

The judging was not the ordeal they expected, and they had thoroughly enjoyed their stay in Sydney.

They stayed at leading Sydney hotels, were entertained at various functions, and were taken to the opera and to a popular concert.

When the finalists left for their home States, they had all become firm friends, and shortly afterwards started a Peter Mitchell club of their own so that they would not lose touch with one another.

This year, for 25 boys and girls, the prizemoney may mean a university or technical-college course, a trip abroad, or the fulfilment of a special ambition.

Peter Mitchell, according to Mr. W. G. Henderson, his old friend and trustee, was not in search of "perfect women" or "perfect youths."

"Peter wanted to encourage young people to read," said Mr. Henderson. "He thought they would enjoy, as he did, reading the books he loved so well, and acquiring the skills he admired so much."

"He didn't expect champion horseback riders or swimmers. But, on the other hand, he didn't want people who go and drown themselves in water-holes."

We feel that this competition offers a challenge to the youth of Australia.

They have an opportunity



UNIVERSITY STUDENTS Geoff Caldwell (left), of Hurstville, Alisdair McLennan, of Vaucluse, and Geoff Glanville, of Chateau, study the terms of the Peter Mitchell Quest.

to win valuable prizes, not through beauty or luck but through intelligence and

And if some applicants are unsuccessful this year we hope they will work on and enter again next year.

## FILL IN THIS FORM

When you have filled in this form return it, with a self-addressed foolscap envelope bearing 3½d. stamp, to:

"Peter Mitchell Quest,"

Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the papers necessary to make application to benefit from the Peter Mitchell Trust. I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

## CLAIM TO £10,000,000

A Melbourne woman and members of her family will meet in New Zealand next December to discuss ways and means of establishing their claim to the £10,000,000 fortune of Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE woman is Mrs. William Watson, of Box Hill, who, with her five sisters and two brothers, traces her ancestry to Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother.

Although Bonaparte descent has always been a favorite discussion topic with the family, they decided to stake their claim only last July.

On Bastille Day—July 14—Mr. Watson elected to lead members of his wife's family in doing something about it.

The members of the family are Mrs. Watson's sisters, Mrs. Fred Proud, of Hobart, Mrs. Fred Willoughby, Mrs. Eric Sutherland, and Mrs. Adrian Pargeter, of Wanganui, New Zealand, Mrs. Hugh Christie, of Wellington, New Zealand, and her brothers, William and Hugh Ayson, of New Plymouth and Wanganui.

At least £10,000,000 is believed to be held in chancery. A sad love story begins the tale, with Jerome Bonaparte marrying a pretty girl, Elizabeth Patterson, in Boston, U.S.A., in 1803.

The next year, after the birth of a son, their marriage was annulled at the order of Napoleon, who had other and grander plans for Jerome, his youngest brother.

Napoleon subsequently made Jerome King of Westphalia, while the discarded Betsy Patterson married a man named Breeze.

Her son by Jerome Bonaparte took his stepfather's name and was known as Jerome Breeze.

This child's son was John Jerome Breeze, who had a daughter, Mary Breeze.

Mary's daughter, Catherine, is Mrs. Catherson Ayson, of Wanganui. She is Mrs. Watson's mother.

After the planned family conference in New Zealand at



JEROME BONAPARTE

Christmas, the Watsons intend going to Britain to begin a search for proof at Somerset House, London, where they hope to trace parts of their family tree in the registers.

If the claim succeeds, Mrs. Watson intends to spend some of her share travelling the world collecting rare antique china.



**Regular skin care is the basis of beauty**

... give yourself a complete salon treatment in your own home simply, inexpensively, regularly with the COTY

*Twenty Minute Facial*

**Cleanse...**

For NORMAL & OILY SKINS:

The choice of CLEANSING CREAM FOR NORMAL SKINS, 8/6 or AVOCADO BEAUTY SOAP, 21/6 (Box of 3) or AVOCADO BEAUTY MILK, 10/6, 7/6

For DRY SKINS:

The choice of CLEANSING CREAM FOR DRY SKINS, 8/6 or AVOCADO BEAUTY MILK, 10/6, 7/6

**Stimulate...**

For DRY & NORMAL SKINS:

SKIN FRESHENER, 12/6, 8/6

For OILY SKINS:

SPECIAL ASTRINGENT, 8/6

**Nourish...**

For ALL SKINS:

The choice of CONDITIONING CREAM, 9/- or VITAMIN A-D COMPLEX CREAM, 22/6

For CROW'S FEET:

WRINKLE CREAM, 9/-

For HANDS:

HAND LOTION (for day time), 10/6, 7/- HAND TREATMENT CREAM (for night time), 8/6

**COTY**  
LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY  
*Twenty Minute Facial*

SC 142

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# "Fancy Free"

NOW TOUCHED WITH  
A GLEAM OF GOLD!



FLEXIBLE AS EVER—

*and even more beautiful!*

We've given these "Fancy Free" girdles a beauty treatment—but kept them as flexible as ever! You'll find them even more *persuasive*, too—we've put two up-and-down satin stretchcloth panels in the round-and-round nylon elasticised net. Yes, you'll be slimmer, shapelier, *lovelier* in new "Fancy Free." Gives you so much beauty, so much comfort at such small cost!

Ask for 618 "Fancy Free" girdle (centre above)—in white elasticised net nylon and satin stretchcloth trimmed with tarnish-proof nylon-base "Lurex" gold thread. Also in plain white. Small, medium, large, 57/6. Also 619 "Fancy Free" pantie-brief, 67/6 (right).

The bra is the new CURVETTE by Berlei in white nylon with gold trim. 30"-38", B and C fittings. 32/6.

620 "Fancy Free" girdle. Nylon elasticised net, with 2" waistband. In white, pink, black. Small, med, lge. 49/6 (top left).

624 "Fancy Free" pantie-brief. Small, medium, large. In white, pink, black. 57/6 (bottom left).



## "Fancy Free"

NYLON-ELASTIC GIRDLES BY

# Berlei

BERLEI MAKES YOU BEAUTIFUL • BE BEAUTIFUL BUY BERLEI.

BECAUSE YOU'LL TREASURE THEM SO . . .

. . . we've touched our new "Fancy Free" panties and girdles with a gleam of precious gold! . . . they're so enchanting (so comfortable, too!) You'll see them, love them, buy them!



Contented? Naturally



He's a Steadiflow Baby . . .

He's one of the thousands of contented babies fed with Steadiflow feeding bottles—the nearest method to natural feeding that modern science can devise. Steadiflow teat, designed especially on medical advice, gives an even flow, prevents colic, and promotes healthy formation of baby's mouth and teeth. The Steadiflow bottle is more hygienic, too—easier to clean—easier to fill and easier to store and carry.

## Steadiflow

Baby's Feeding Bottle

Now available in  
STANDARD GLASS  
5/- complete  
PYREX GLASS  
6/6 complete  
Unbreakable Plastic  
7/11 complete



SEALING 'ROUND  
THE HOUSE WITH  
"Sellotape"



## TIP FOR TORN STORYBOOK PAGES

Place page flat with torn edges together, cover tear with "Sellotape", turn over page, repeat process.

"Sellotape" is 25% wider—sticks to any surface with 25% more gripping power.

Dispenser with tape—1/6.  
Refills 10/6d. and 1/10/6.

DON'T JUST TAPE IT . . .  
"Sellotape" IT!



Make Baby's Hair  
GROW CURLY  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**

HAS YOUR CHILD  
**GOT WORMS?**

Symptoms: Itchy nose, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, irritability, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking—

COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The two-piece look—real or simulated—is a Paris spring success style.

THIS fashion flash answers the reader's letter below. Her letter says:

"COULD you please suggest a simple but fashionable style for me to use for some fine worsted material in brown-and-white check? I am 23, but young-looking for my years. Most people mistake me for a teenager. I like particularly some of the new Paris designs—they are so simple, yet smart. Could I have a paper pattern for such a style?"

The design I have chosen for your check worsted is a two-piece dress (at right). It is Paris inspired, and very chic and young-looking. The figure-moulding separate top has an over-blouse effect, and is finished with a simple white collar. The skirt is straight and slender.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. (You omitted to state your size.) Lines under the sketch give further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please suggest a trimming to soften the neckline of a black taffeta cocktail dress? At present the neck is oval and looks too plain and hard."

I suggest you finish the neckline with a satin sash-tie pulled through slots and tied in a soft bow at one side.

"I HAVE bought a sort of middy over-blouse to wear with a straight skirt. As I find it does not suit me, I was wondering if it would look correct tucked into the skirt."

I suggest you wear the over-blouse belted outside the skirt. The belted over-blouse is far newer than a blouse worn inside—in fact, it is even newer than the straight, unwaisted look, because belted it creates the new flared tunic silhouette.

"I VERY seldom wear a floor-length frock, and now the occasion has arrived when I must do so. Would you advise me on the problem? I wear



D.S.154. — Two-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

only the most tailored and serviceable clothes, and am in my late thirties."

The long dinner-suit has returned to fashion. So perhaps you would feel more at home in one than you would in a frock. The suits are in fable,

and often finished with satin lapels. The skirts are floor-length and slender. Just a thought—perhaps you could have the suit made with an alternate street-length skirt, and wear the suit during the day as well as in the evening.

## In these 3-hour danger periods your skin "dies" a little

In the 1 to 3 hour "danger periods" immediately after you wash your face, troublesome skin problems are apt to get their start, say dermatologists. Your skin is left "un-balanced", open to troubles such as dryness—cracking—enlarged pores.

After each washing—

"re-balance" your skin . . .

In the 1 to 3 hour period it stores skin elasticity, combats Nature to "re-balance" your skin after washing, even more distressing skin troubles can take hold. Tiny dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away.

Every night at bedtime—a deep clearing and firm-up

Should you avoid washing your face?

"Of course not", say skin specialists. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin within 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature. It re-

Besides quick "re-balancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough cleansing each night. A deep Pond's Creaming dislodges stubborn dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, young, vibrant. Begin this complete skin care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Very soon friends will be telling you—"Your skin is looking wonderful these days".



Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor, III.

"I always give my face a deep stimulating clearing at bedtime and a simple follow-up with Pond's Cold Cream after each washing."

The world's most famous beauty formula—Pond's Cold Cream, in jars and tubes.



Beauty in  
Brief:

## Fashions in eyeshadow

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Brilliantly colored eyeshadow, worn in a way that makes the eyes look larger, brighter, and more dramatic, is a new glamor fashion that merits attention.

IN the daytime, the idea is to match eyeshadow to your eyes, or to the costume you are wearing. Color is applied to the eyelids, evenly and smoothly, from behind the upper eyelash line right up to the eyebrows. It is extended and thinned outwards towards the temples.

The next step is to powder the eyelids and brush off the surplus from lids, brows, and lashes. A point to remember here is that, as the powder will dull the color a little, it may be wise to make the original application fairly heavy.

For the evening, the routine described above remains, but an extra band of shadow—about a quarter-inch in width—is placed along the upper lash roots and

allowed to diminish in width as it reaches the outer corners of the eyes.

To achieve a smooth edge, this band is best applied with a clean lipstick brush. If you prefer a feathered edge, apply the shadow with a fingertip.

Dramatic eye effects call for two or more shades of eyeshadow, and skill in handling them. A smooth background of brown or grey eyeshadow smoothed from upper lashes to the eyebrows and powdered over is the basis.

The next move is to add a coat of more colorful shadow like blue or green, or even a mixture of the two, over the entire lid. This color needs to be emphasised at the lash line and fades away towards the eyebrows.

CHILDREN LOVE  
HOT  
CHOCOLATE  
so easy to make!

Hot Chocolate is the ideal hot drink for kiddies—and with Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate it's so simple to make that they can prepare it themselves. Two teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot milk (or milk and water) make a delicious, satisfying drink—there's no sugar to add, because Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is already sweetened. Try a packet to-day—the whole family will enjoy it.



CADBURY'S  
DRINKING CHOCOLATE  
MADE IN AN INSTANT





# Let's have a Sherry!

*When you're relaxing together, enjoy a Sherry.  
Sherry is the perfect drink for that quiet moment  
at home when you want  
to take things easily  
after work.*



## Sherry is the drink for all occasions

Sherry, in fact, is the drink that offers you pleasure any time. It gives you a gentle lift after a hard day, stimulates your appetite before a meal, and solves the problem of what to serve when friends drop in.

There's a Sherry for every taste—mellow sweet, refreshingly dry or in-between. Sherry is very inexpensive—you can serve a glass for only a few pence. Always have a bottle of Sherry in the house—always have a glass together before dinner.



### Drink WINE when you DINE

Food tastes better, mealtime is more sociable and cheerful with wine. Mellow red or white table wine adds so much to a dinner. It's the perfect way to make meals more interesting or show guests the sincerity of your welcome. Red wine (Claret or Burgundy) is usually preferred with grills and roasts, white wine (Sauternes, Hock, Riesling, Chablis or Moselle) with fish, chicken and egg dishes. But there are no "rules" about drinking wine.

THE "RIGHT" WAY WITH WINE IS THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!

#### FREE WINE GUIDE

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AW/15,143g

# Worth Reporting

THREE veterans of the shoe trade find that years of machining, examining, and sewing buttons on shoes have made them foot conscious, and the first thing they notice about people they meet is their shoes.

They are Misses Lily White, Nell Hart, and Nell Wenner, who have between them 105 years' service with a Victorian firm of children's shoe manufacturers.

All three women have developed critical eyes for shoe defects, and invariably find themselves picking out those of their fellow train and tram passengers who have chosen their shoes wrongly.

"You don't have to look as far as their feet sometimes," the ladies said, "one look at their face tells all."

But their real interest is in children's shoes.

"Children's sense of fashion has developed a lot since we began as shoe hands in the days of cable trams," Nell Hart said.

"Their feet are bigger, too. The size range has increased by two sizes in the past ten years."

"Mother no longer chooses her children's shoes," Lily White said. "The youngsters have very definite ideas about what's fashionable."

"I miss some of the old styles, though; those dear little boots that buttoned right up with eight tiny round buttons; and those pretty Shirley Temple anklestraps would be considered too childish by the youngsters today."

### Summer in nylon

WE spent a few hours one winter's afternoon recently in a chilly hotel sitting-room, surrounded by summer. Summer came in samples of Dutch cottons brought here by Mr. Nicholas Turksma, representative of a big textile mill in Enschede, Holland.

Mr. Turksma told us about "spun nylon," a new nylon fabric which will be released soon. It feels like silk and looks like a fine cotton poplin.

Just as we were imagining a whole new wardrobe, Mr. Turksma added that the first consignments of the spun nylon will be made into men's shirts.

"Talking of shirts," he said, "you must have a wonderful selection of fabrics to make your own choice from."

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Turksma said rather diffidently, "I buy all my shirts here in Australia. They fit better."



"Now, who says we never do anything together?"

WHEN the conversation at a recent party changed from fashion to music, a pretty model became rather hazy.

"What do you think of Tchaikovsky?" someone asked her.

"Mmmmm?" she said. "Tchaikovsky? Which dress shop is his?"

### Raisin a laugh with a mask

"RAISIN JOE," the cream Holden decorated with green and gold grapes, is one of the personality cars in the current Redex Trial.

Sponsored by the Vine Fruit Growers' Association of the Sunraysia district, "Raisin Joe" unloads a cargo of "nibble bags" and "Raisin Joe" masks among spectators at each control point.

The nibble bags, air-freighted ahead to each checking point, contain raisins and sultanas and a book of recipes for dried fruits.

This travelling advertisement is manned by horticulturalists Miff Johnson and Bob Williams, of Merbein, Victoria, and Ian Robertson, of Melbourne, the three owners of the car, who wear red berets and grinning "Raisin Joes" on the pockets of their overalls.

Before the car left Mildura for the starting-line in Sydney, Mildura women formed working-bees to pack the boxes of raisins and sultanas and the piles of "Raisin Joe" masks ready for despatch to points along the Redex route.

A WOMAN we know spent her holidays at her sister's home in the country.

Guests were expected for afternoon tea, and our friend volunteered to cut sandwiches.

The job done, her sister said:

"You've left all the crusts on! No one around here ever offers guests sandwiches with all the crusts on. They've all got dentures."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

MARY LOOKS ATTRACTIVE SINCE SHE ALTERED HER HAIR!



THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHAT STYLE HAS SHE?



### Author shows his paintings

AUTHOR-TURNED-PAINTER Alan D. Mickle will have his first exhibition of watercolours and oil paintings opened next month by Mr. G. Jervis Manton, who helped launch his first book, "The Great Longing," in 1910.

The exhibition will be held at Kosminsky's Gallery, Melbourne, from September 24.

Alan Mickle began painting eight years ago after he had done some rough sketches as a guide for an artist who was illustrating a book of nonsense verses he had written.

An art critic who saw them told Mr. Mickle to go on drawing and painting, and added, "Don't have any lessons. Art training would spoil the freshness of your approach."

Mr. Mickle then designed some humorous Christmas cards which were a great success among his friends.

A "serious" painting which he nervously submitted in a Melbourne art contest drew special remarks from the judge and was later bought.

"Not by a friend, either," said Mr. Mickle. "By a complete stranger. The dining-room has been littered with canvases and brushes ever since."

### Lose your dignity or call a crane

MOST of these low-slung modern chairs and sofas are comfortable, and good to look at, but—how do you get out of them?

Many of us are a couple of pounds heavier than we'd like to be, and are heavier, presumably, by a stone or two than the people who design these things.

Our own experience has been that we sit in these chairs and immediately slide down and back on the low, padded seat, and it takes a great deal of undignified struggle to get us out again.

Now we hear of a brilliantly simple technique for getting out of these chairs unobtrusively and without loss of dignity.

Slide yourself up to the edge of the furniture as best you can. Brace your strongest leg under you and press down on the edge of the seat with your hand until you have levered yourself half-way up.

If some kind of distraction is provided at this moment you can accomplish the final phase of the manoeuvre without anyone noticing.

Perhaps, at a pre-arranged signal, your husband could drop his cup of tea on the carpet, turn the conversation to politics, or scream "Fire."

By RUD







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Marion Harper believes good fashion is not a matter of money but of good taste, and each style illustrated in her book has been selected for its basic *good fashion*, and *good fashion value*.

But perhaps best of all, each is a fashion you can buy now, no matter where you live in Australia. In fact, you can obtain your entire summer wardrobe either by personal shopping, or by mail or phone from your Leroy retailer with Marion Harper's book. Ask for garments by their style number, or easier still, take this fashion book with you when you shop... and *you too will be shopping with Marion Harper.*



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BERT PINKIE (above) paints the home which he has just built on the aborigines' reserve at Bordertown, S.A. RIGHT: His wife, Annie, and children, baby Bert, Jean, Rosemary, and Esther, have their first experience of being warmed at the fireside of their own sitting-room.



## Aboriginal family acquire "a bit of security"

For "a fee of one peppercorn on demand" Bert Pinkie, a crippled aboriginal, of Bordertown, S.A., has been granted what is virtually a perpetual lease of half an acre of land in the district's aborigines' reserve.

FOUR sturdy pegs put in by a Lands Department surveyor indicate the four corners of Bert's recently acquired "bit of security."

To the Pinkie family that half acre of land represents their first experience of comfortable living as well as their first taste of security.

On the property, Bert, assisted by a group of public-spirited townsmen, most of whom are members of the Church of Christ Men's Fellowship, has completed a comfortable five-roomed asbestos house.

Bert has signed his "peppercorn lease" and paid a nominal rent of £2/14/- for 14 years. An insurance policy for £1000 for five years has been taken out. And Bert and his wife, Annie, and five of their young children have moved across from their former home.

This was a small, damp, wooden shanty, hessian lined, with tin roof and earth floor.

### Own fireside

NOW, for the first time in their lives, the little Pinkies can warm their toes at a sitting-room fire.

Bert, who is 35, and Annie have seven children; Annie has three by a former marriage.

Two of their daughters are in hospital. The eldest, 10-year-old Christine, is in Adelaide suffering from rheumatic fever, and the second, eight-year-old Elaine, is in the Bor-

dertown Hospital with a kidney complaint.

Robert, 12, is at the Bordertown school. The four little ones are pre-school age.

There were three reasons for the townsmen's generous help for Bert.

- He did four years' war service in an A.I.F. labor force in the Northern Territory and Queensland and served as an orderly in the Heidelberg Military Hospital.

- He lost his right leg as the result of an accident while voluntarily helping to lop trees in the school grounds in 1949.

- Despite his disability of an artificial leg and scant building knowledge he tried to help himself and his family by beginning to put up his new home himself.

As Bert's tree-logging was a voluntary effort made on his way to play football, he could not claim compensation. He



MR. JACK CARSON, who helped to build the Pinkies' new five-roomed home.

By FRED A YOUNG,  
staff reporter

was not insured, and did not belong to a union.

His compound fracture kept him in Bordertown Hospital for ten months before he went to Royal Adelaide Hospital for amputation.

Because of the deplorable condition of his first home and the sickness of his family, Bert applied to the Aborigines' Protection Board for assistance. They gave him 21 sheets of iron.

However, he had a better idea. Eighteen months ago he acquired some asbestos sheets and timber, and he and Annie set to work.

### Neighborly help

IT took them about five months of weekends to get up the outer shell, Annie holding the heavy 8ft. x 4ft. asbestos boards, while Bert, awkward on a ladder with his artificial leg, manoeuvred them and fixed them in position.

When he was ready to put on the roof he sought advice of near-octogenarian Mr. Herbert Milne, secretary of the local Aborigines' Protection Board, who is still as nimble with an axe as the next one.

Mr. Milne did not feel that the walls were very secure and he called in apiarist Jack Carson, a practical all-rounder with what his friends call a heart of gold. Mr. Carson was confident that the whole thing would collapse



FORMER HOME of the Pinkies. Small and damp, it was having such a bad effect on the health of his seven children that Mr. Pinkie was forced to build a new one.

with the weight of an iron roof.

He therefore organised an appeal for funds and raised £271. He also organised a committee and Saturday working bees. With the money raised he bought materials to the best advantage.

The Protection Board supplemented the iron sheets with 80 per cent. of the board linings for the house and they gave a 1000-gallon tank.

The rooms are solid and well floored, with eight-foot-high walls and louvered windows. The main room measures 15ft. by 12ft., kitchen 15ft. by 8ft., bedrooms 12ft. by 12ft., and the bathroom 8ft. square.

Bert has done all the painting.

The bathroom was an after-thought of the committee, who found that their funds would just stretch to it, so for the first time in their lives this little family have this necessity which to them has always seemed a luxury.

The bath was a gift of townspeople and a bath-heater has been promised. Already a three-compartment, cement washing-trough has been given,

and as soon as possible Bert is going to build a washhouse. A dining-room table, three chairs, a bed, and a refrigerator, still to be delivered, are among other gifts.

### Sets a pattern

THERE is plenty of firewood in the surrounding scrub, theirs for the collecting. Later, application will be made to the Aborigines' Protection Board for piping to connect Bert's garden to the bore on the reserve. Already he has planted vegetables.

Four families live on the 80-year-old reserve. Three of them are Pinkies, the fourth an independent family.

To the visitor, the humpy dwellings are not worthy of the children produced in them. But at least they are out in the open country surrounded by trees and the singing of birds.

And Bert Pinkie, with the generous help of his neighbors, has set a new pattern for living on the reserve—a pattern which many people hope will be followed not only in Bordertown, but also in aboriginal reserves throughout Australia.



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(See ad. on page 31)

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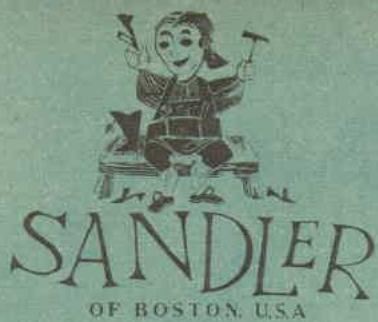
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ADELAIDE: The Myer Emporium, John Martin, Charles Birks. PERTH: David Jones'.



# Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Although it's customary for a girl to kiss a boy goodnight after he's taken her out on a date, there's no law that says she must. "Must" is for the lock-up at the police station.

**M**OST boys expect a kiss as a return on the investment of movie tickets and other expenses involved in a date.

Some girls look on it the boys' way and deliver payment. When they do they get irritable about it, despising themselves for their own attitude, and probably blaming the boy for it.

But most girls give a goodnight kiss for the very sensible reason that they want to.

In my opinion the boys make a big mistake. Here's one instance:

"I HAVE taken a girl out quite a few times, yet we have had only one kiss, and when I go to put my arm around her she makes an effort to get away from me. I am by no means a wolf and pride myself on being respectable, yet she seems the most unresponsive person in the world. After treating a girl to pictures, milk shakes, etc., you expect some reward whoever you are. We are both in our mid teens and surely she should have a few clues. I would hate to let her go, as she is such a nice girl otherwise. It is most discouraging, as she is my first girl. Could you please give me a few suggestions? She acts like a dream till it comes to holding hands, etc. Also when you deliver a girl back home, do you say goodnight in the car or get out and take her to the front door? I get the loan of Dad's car—"Why Not," N.S.W.

Whatever goodnights you say to a girl in the car, you should get out, hand her out, and escort her to her front door when delivering her home.

On the kissing question, there could be several reasons for her attitude.

• Perhaps she thinks she's a bit young for sessions after the movies.

• Perhaps she thinks that movies and a milkshake don't buy a kiss.



## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

THIS week Debbie, our teenage chef, explains how to make her delicious spicy coffee cake.

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup strong black coffee, 1 large egg, 1½ cups seeded raisins or sultanas, 3 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 1 table-spoon milk.

1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar.
2. Add egg, then half coffee; mix well.
3. Fold in chopped raisins or sultanas.
4. Fold in flour sifted with baking powder, cinnamon, and salt alternately with balance of coffee and milk.
5. Continue folding lightly until mixture is smooth and even.
6. Fill into 2 greased slab-tins or one 8in. or 9in. cake-tin whose base has been lined with greased paper.
7. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes for slab-tins or about 1½ hours for large cake-tin.
8. Allow to stand 5 minutes in tin before turning out to cake-cooler.
9. When cold, slab cakes may be joined with coffee cream or cakes iced with coffee-flavored icing and decorated with chopped nuts.

• Perhaps she doesn't kiss you because she doesn't want to.

Whatever her reason or reasons, don't believe that this girl hasn't any clues. She has plenty.

Do you know that at a guess I'd say your trouble might be in your attitude.

Your attitude is that a goodnight kiss is only a fair return on your investment, and you probably make this take-it-for-granted attitude obvious.

You can't afford to take anything for granted where a girl is concerned.

So you'll have to work harder at making her like you enough to want to kiss you goodnight, whether it's movies or a walk round the block. Or you might try a long-range plan.

This plan is not to try to put your arm round her and not make an attempt to kiss

her. After a while she'll wonder why you don't try. Being human and female (i.e., contrary), she'll start wanting to kiss you.

## PENFRIENDS

Two Canadian girls and a boy would like Australian pen-friends.

They are: Jean Pleasance (16½), Box 16, Errington V.I., B.C., Canada; Patricia Phelan (15), 8421 Coast Meridian Rd., R.R., 4 Cloverdale, B.C., Canada; and Earl Wadhams, Alert Bay, B.C., Canada. Earl is 18 and is a tuberculosis patient in hospital.

Ayesha Hamid (18), Boundary Rd., San Juan, Trinidad, British West Indies, would like to write to boys and girls from 18 to 22 years of age. She likes collecting stamps, riding, going to cricket and movies, and hearing all about different countries and people, besides exchanging postcards, newspapers, and photographs.

## DISC DIGEST

**ONE** of the minor miracles of the musical world is the way in which fine artists can make "everyday" music sound so much better than it really is. A case in point is the full-length version of "The Merry Widow" on two long players, 33CX.1051/2, which appeared some time ago. Lehar could never be classed as one of the Big Boys, yet the "Widow," when sung and acted so magnificently by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz, Nicolai Gedda, and Emmy Loose, takes on stature and becomes a great work of art. All are opera stars of the highest repute and, together with

the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, they give an opera which is a landmark.

**NOW**, the same cast has been assembled again and they do exactly the same for Lehar's "The Land of Smiles," which was written in the 'twenties to exploit the famous Tauber talent. The story is as silly as possible; in fact, it should have won a booby prize. Briefly, it concerns an aristocratic Viennese girl who marries a Chinese diplomat and waltzes off to China with him. There she finds that he is obliged to marry not one, but four, Manchu belles for dynas-

tic reasons. Straining the long arm of coincidence, her former beau turns up and, after hubby has made the big renunciation gesture, the two Viennese return to Europe as starry-eyed as reunited lovers should be. Musically, "The Land of Smiles" is not as strong as the "Widow," but you forget that when you hear the wonderful singing. Highlight, of course, is the beautiful "You Are My Heart's Delight." The discs, which are numbered 330CX.1114/5, come in a presentation album with a folder telling the plot. Both operettas are sung in German.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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# Plants bring beauty indoors



**PHILODENDRON CORDATUM** (above) is one of the best-known Philodendrons. It will exist in dense shade for months and will endure temperatures from near freezing to the hottest summer days without dropping a single leaf.

**MONSTERA DELICIOSA** (right) vies with Philodendron in Australia as a popular indoor plant. It needs a larger room than the Philodendron to do it justice and is much used as colorful decor in the most modern factories.



**BLACK WROUGHT-IRON STAND** holds a variety of pot-plants for indoor decoration. These plants can be changed with the seasons. Pictured are (top left) *Hederia canariensis*, variegated English ivy, *Peperomia Sandersii*, Friendship plant (second from left), and *Begonia* (front).



**FICUS ELASTICA VARIEGATA** is a variegated form of the indiarubber plant. All species are very hardy and need no special care, except perhaps an occasional leaf syringing.



**BRASSIA** (right) and *Monstera Friedrichstahl*. Pictures on these two pages, with the exception of the *Philodendron cordatum*, at top right on page 37, were taken at Green Fingers, Mona Vale, N.S.W., by staff photographer Robert Cleland. Nurserymen in Australia are specialising more in indoor plants as they become increasingly popular.

## An indoor garden—even one graceful plant—brings freshness and interest to any room.

**SUCCESS** in indoor gardening depends on knowing what plants to choose for the particular environment and on the right sort of care.

Plants must be chosen as carefully as furnishings and hangings.

A big plant like a *Monstera deliciosa* (below, left) will make a small room unbearably overcrowded, and little cacti will be overlooked in a large room.

This is what house plants need for healthy growth:

**Good soil** is a first essential.

It should be equal parts of river sand, light loam, leaf mould, and peat moss. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon complete fertiliser for each 3in. pot.

In addition, foliage plants benefit from weak liquid manure or sulphate of ammonia solution applied monthly during the growing season.

**Light** is essential for growth, and extra water and food are no substitute.

Usually indoor plants are grown in a window where light comes only from one side.

While north and east windows give the best light, these positions are often too hot. Some of the light may have to be sacrificed by growing the plants near a cooler southern window.

In general, foliage plants like bright light, whereas deli-

cate flowering species, notably African violets and gloxinias, prefer subdued and indirect lighting.

Rotate pots kept near windows every few days, so that all sides of the plant get a fair share of light, otherwise they will grow one-sided.

**Water** is, of course, vital. Many people make the error of thinking that because plants are grown indoors they need very little water.

Ask your nurseryman the watering requirements of the particular plant you buy.

Never allow water to stand in the plant's crown.

The temperature and humidity in a room must be given thought.

Excessive heat and too little atmospheric moisture can be very damaging.

Ideal temperature is 60 to 70 degrees.

Humidity can be obtained by standing pots in saucers or trays containing moist pebbles or sphagnum moss and by spraying smooth-leaved plants which are not susceptible to crown rot with a fine mist of tepid water.

**Fresh air** but no draughts is another requirement of indoor plants.

**A GREAT** variety of pots is suitable for an indoor garden—the shape, size, and color adding much to the effect.

They may be of glazed or unglazed earthenware, metal, wood, or bamboo.

Whatever the material, pots





*FICUS RADICANS VARIEGATA*, one of the more unusual of the ficus varieties. Its delicate appearance belies its true nature, as ficus are durable — almost indestructible.



*PHILODENDRON ERUBESCENS* and *Peperomia Sandersii*, or the "Watermelon Begonia," in background, and (foreground) varieties of *Cyclamen*, one of the loveliest flowering indoor plants in its many different varieties.

must have adequate drainage, with the hole covered by broken rocks.

Avoid highly colored and over-ornate containers. These detract from the beauty of the plant.

Plants should be potted before the growing period begins, setting them with the soil about one half-inch below the rim to facilitate watering.

There is no need for large pots, provided plants which outgrow their containers are transferred to larger ones, set at the same depth as before and the pot filled with fresh soil.

A GREAT number of plants are suitable for indoors.

*Philodendron* is one of the most popular.

There are many species of this jungle climber with its dark, heart-shaped leaves.

It wants plenty of water, light soil, a place in good, strong light, and some support.

*P. cordatum* is easiest of all vines to grow in the home.

It can be a trailer in a hanging basket or a climber on driftwood, bark, or stick.

It grows in water as well as in soil, but does best in bright light with moderate temperature, moderate watering, and regular syringing.

*P. erubescens* has larger leaves.

*Sansevieria*, the snake plant, will stand almost anything, but prefers a rich, heavy soil and plenty of water in summer.

Under ideal conditions, the handsome, sword-like leaves develop greyish-white marbled markings.

They need less water in autumn and winter.

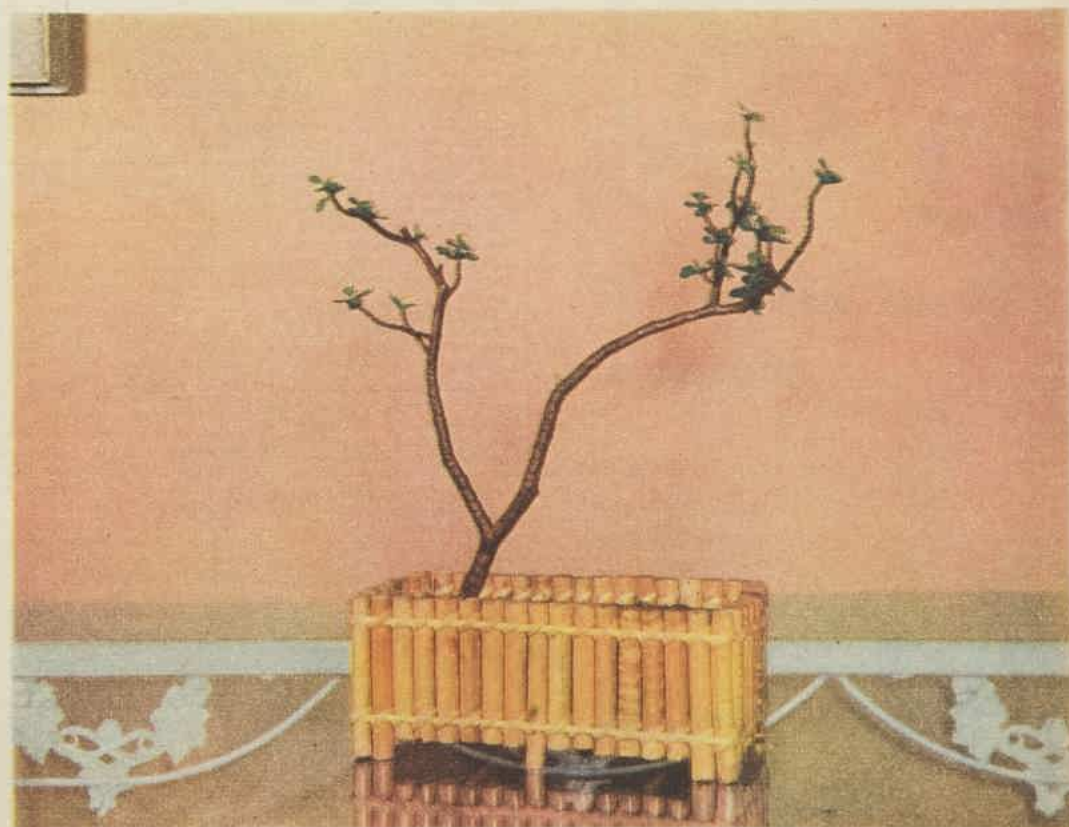
*Dieffenbachia*, called dumb-cane of the tropics, has handsome, ovate, dark-green foliage splashed with white.

It does well in either bright or subdued light, if watered generously and frequently.

*Continued on page 63*



*INDOOR PLANTS* of the *Philodendron* variety lend themselves particularly to decor in the modern home where contemporary colorful fabrics are used. This is another illustration of the *cordatum* variety and was supplied by Spry's Nursery, Ashfield, N.S.W. Any house plant should be suitable in color, size, shape, and texture for its indoor location.



*PORTULACARIA*, or Chinese Jade, is a delicate little plant which is ideal for a small room or verandah. *Portulacaria* comes under the heading of cacti and succulents. All these varieties are not fussy about their living conditions, but the important things to remember are to provide good drainage and ample sunlight, turning the plant regularly.



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checked.

Who did the little idiot think he was? Why didn't she call the manager? It was a trick, of course. Even her aggressive predecessor had been more subtle than this. Still—

Brent rapped briskly on Louise's door. There was no answer. He tried the knob. It was locked. Suddenly hating himself for his delay, Brent rapped louder, almost frantically.

"Miss Muir!" he called. It sounded absurd, hurled against the silent door. "Louise! Louise!"

He didn't hear the elevator, but the bushy-haired young man was suddenly standing there, looking up at him with furious but innocent cornflower eyes.

"Lou!" the youth said, with quiet authority. "It's Ronnie!"

The door opened instantly, but on the night chain. "Yes, Ronnie?"

"This must have slipped into my pocket," said Ronald, handing her a sparkling earring.

She reached out and accepted the ornament. She avoided looking at Brent. "Sweet of you to come back up with this. Goodnight, Ronnie." Her voice was womanly and sweet, her face as calm as a sleeping baby.

"Will you be all right?" demanded Ronald, moving, a menacing step towards Brent.

"Of course, dear." The soft voice became firm. "Goodnight, Brent!"

Her door closed. Brent was left with Ronald, who stood stock-still, eyeing him.

He strode back to his own apartment and out on to his balcony to cool off. There was only an opaque ripple-glass partition separating him from her balcony. He felt like smashing it, striding over and shaking Louise Muir violently.

"Brent!" she called, tapping the glass. "Let me in your front door, so I can explain."

"I will not!"

He hurried into his apartment, left the front door non-committally ajar and became deeply absorbed in a hastily selected book. Louise danced into his living-room.

"It worked! I slipped that earring into Ronnie's pocket so he'd come back and see you trying to force your way into my apartment."

She perched on a large ottoman and clasped her hands around her knees.

"Ronald and I grew up together. He's a genius at science and mathematics, but only fair on girls. I've figured I could either wait until he matures, and marry late in life, or sort of force his growth, so that I can be a young mother. Don't you think I've made the right choice? I mean authorities say young mothers are better with children?"

Brent slipped a marker in his book and unsteadily lit a pipe. "Your boy-friend might have broken my neck."

"You thought so, too!" she cried in delight. "I had the same feeling." She drew a deep, satisfied breath. "Six months ago it would never have occurred to him."

Choking, Brent took the pipe out of his mouth. She leaped up nimbly and patted him fraternally on the back.

"I knew you'd be glad to be a decoy. Uncle Tim loves helping romance along. It makes up for all he's missed himself."

She gave Brent another of her tender, pitying looks. Then she spun about, examining his high-fidelity system, the titles on his bookshelves, the records in his cabinet, and the modern artists on his walls.

Brent flushed a deep red. "I don't know anything about your Uncle Tim!" he said crisply. "But—"

"You will!" she assured him. "I know you'll be a real comfort to each other."

With one of her swift mo-

Continuing . . . Bachelor in Distress

from page 3

tions, she bent and kissed Brent on the forehead. "That's for being an old dear."

Brent caught her at the door. The first kiss was for her education. The second, for his own. The third was in the general interest of the good life. His anger dissolved, leaving him untripped.

His arms fell to his sides, and he looked at her almost timidly. Her expression was shocked. As if—as if she had been violently embraced by her Uncle Timothy. She hurried to her own door.

Brent telephoned Carol Fisher for a late date. Carol's mother reported she was attending a lecture on twentieth-century sculpture. Brent was paging through a small address book when his front door popped open again.

"May I borrow a book? To put me to sleep?" asked Louise.

"Anything you like!" said Brent, resuming a perusal of his phone numbers. "Unluckily, I don't have 'The Bobsey Twins'."

"I'd like Dante's 'New Life,'" Louise said with a radiant smile. "I owe my apartment to it."

"Really?" Brent followed her to his bookshelves.

"If you hadn't lent that mushy stuff to Jean Mason, Philip Baxter wouldn't have broken down and proposed to her, and she wouldn't have sub-leased to me."

"When I lent Miss Mason that 'New Life' I was merely making the point that the 'Divine Comedy' has never had a translator equal to Rossetti."

"Sure. Knowing Uncle Tim, I could see you were just a lonely old bach. But Jean had Philip and everyone thinking you were the most glamorous man she'd ever been exposed to."

Brent swallowed. "If you'll just select your book. I'm expecting company—"

"Really?" With a pert toss of her head, Louise turned back to his library. "I had the impression you hadn't made contact."

Brent stiffened. "Keep trying," Louise advised with a bolstering smile. "I always tell Uncle Tim that somewhere in this big world there's somebody just as lonely as he is."

"Do you see your book?" asked Brent coldly.

"Pick me out something that will worry Ronald."

Brent's eyes flicked over the shelves and stopped on the world's most deceptive title. Reaching over her head, he handed her Descartes' "Passions of the Soul."

"That should be perfect!" she agreed, hugging it. Brent nodded with a dry smile.

On Sunday morning Brent awoke an hour earlier than usual. He caught himself swallowing hungrily. The aroma of coffee and bacon was as strong as if breakfast were being prepared in his own apartment.

Shrugging into his robe, he went into his kitchen and found it as still and odorless as an ice-house.

The full-bodied aroma was strongest in the living-room. He walked out on the balcony and sniffed thoughtfully. He thought he heard a spattering. Vainly, he tried to see through the glass partition and the building wall.

Exasperated and not caring who observed him, he got a step-ladder and looked over the top. Below he saw an electric fry pan, percolator, and fan. The fan, aided by a cardboard baffle, was blowing the fragrant air into his apartment.

Louise, dressed demurely for church, stepped out on the balcony. Brent cleared his throat.

She straightened with a jerk. Her face crimsoned. "You— you Peeping Tom!"

Brent smiled with the deepest satisfaction he had known in many hours. She was a man-trap like all the others, just a little better camouflaged. He crossed his arms atop the partition and comfortably rested his chin.

There was a sharp snap of exploding grease, and she snatched her hand away from the fry pan with a yelp of pain.

"Hold everything! I'll get my first-aid kit!" Brent scrambled down his ladder. When she opened the door, he reached for her hand. "Let's see the burn."

"It's all right. I just thought I burned it. You may as well have breakfast, as long as you're here."

She pointed to a table in the dining alcove, set with rainbow crockery, waffles, bacon, scrambled eggs, and steaming coffee. The thing to do was to get out immediately, Brent reflected.

Slipping the first-aid kit into the pocket of his dressing-gown, he shook out a table napkin and placed it on his knee.

The waffle was crisp and delicious, the coffee strong and bracing. In her simple dress Louise looked like a very young, very sweet Sunday-school teacher. Her smile was warm and innocent. He returned it with his own brand of warmth—and innocence.

THE doorbell rang, and Louise winked. "Ronnie," she announced. "I wanted him to find you here having breakfast, just like this. Maybe I should have asked you, instead of luring you, but I know how moody bachelors get, living alone. Even Uncle Tim."

Brent slowly lowered his fork. Louise opened the door, and Ronald stalked in. Brent remained motionless, feeling a sudden sympathy with all sitting ducks.

An outraged gleam leaped into Ronald's eye. Louise cried, "No, Ronnie!" and Brent quickly stepped away from the table and more fragile furniture.

He ducked the wild, badly timed swing with ease. Determined not to hurt the boy, he pinned his arms to his sides and thrust him on to the couch.

"Ronnie! Are you hurt?" cried Louise, kneeling beside the unscathed youth.

Brent gingerly tested his shoulder. He had wrenched it. Louise wouldn't care about that, of course.

Back in his own apartment, Brent sat on a straight chair, without a book, without music, without cultivated reflections—and without breakfast. For the first time in his life, he felt old, dull, lonely—and hungry.

Answering a timid knock, he looked at Ronald with distaste. "I'll get my hat," he offered. "This apartment isn't furnished as a gymnasium."

"I just want to apologise," said Ronald. "Louise explained. You came in just before I did."

"You've apologised," acknowledged Brent. "Anything else?"

"I'd like to see your apartment," said Ronnie, attempting to look past him.

Brent stood aside. Ronald moved through the expensively furnished rooms as if he were in church.

"Did you shoot him recently?" he asked, gazing rapturously at the leopard pelt in the den.

"Several years ago," said Brent, lounging in the doorway. The boy was good-looking, if you broadened the definition. In fact, to a girl in love, the lion-headed boy was doubtless magnificent. A very young stag at a very early dawn.

"Lou says you've collected some great paintings," Ronnie pointed to a ballet figure after Degas. "Is that good?"

"Not very. I did it myself. Gave up painting right afterwards." The carelessly familiar "Lou" unaccountably nettled Brent. Only the very young are so sure of themselves with a girl like Louise.

Ronnie moved in for a close-up of the dancing girl. "I've never been to a ballet," he confessed.

"Ballet's all right. I enjoy good dancing—anything from ballet to hot hoofing. But nothing beats a well-mounted revue." Even though he threw the lines away, Brent felt uncomfortable under Ronnie's respectful gaze.

Ronald's awed footsteps took him out to the kitchen. "Must be great entertaining your friends. Bet you're a terrific chef."

"Cordon bleu," Brent admitted. It was also some time since he had prepared a melting feast for a few select friends. He wondered if Louise might have been impressed by one of his once-famous charcoal-broiled steaks. Probably not. No doubt Uncle Timothy was cordon bleu also.

"This is the life for me!" said Ronald, with a long sigh. He looked at Brent with boyish eagerness. "I'd give just about anything to be like you. Lou says you're urbane. I looked that up. It means polished and suave. I'm uncouth, I guess."

"You're just younger," Louise said that?" asked Brent, unable to suppress a fatuous grin.

Ronald thrust his hands into the pockets of his pants and moved out towards the balcony.

"Nobody but a bachelor could afford this set-up." He looked at Brent with passionate sincerity. "A married man has no chance to—find his soul!" he flung out recklessly.

Brent suppressed a smile. He didn't want to hurt Ronnie's feelings, but the boy sounded painfully adolescent.

"Louise has other plans for you," he reminded him.

"Louise?" Ronald laughed shortly. "I've never had much success with girls, least of all Louise. She told me, instead of begging a girl to marry me, I should take time to become like you. So girls would break down my doors."

"Louise said that?" demanded Brent, laughing lightheadedly. "Where did you say she is at the moment?"

"Sunday school," Ronnie stood on a chair to examine a mobile suspended from the ceiling.

"I was about your age when I got my first bachelor apartment," said Brent thoughtfully. "You really like this, huh?"

"Like it?" cried Ronnie, almost falling off the chair. "It's only paradise."

"You could pay for everything on the instalment plan, if I sublease it to you furnished. I could work out schedules," Brent pondered.

Ronald hurled himself at Brent and clutched his arms. "I'd be grateful all the rest of my life!"

"I'll settle for about six years," Brent told him, disengaging himself. "By that time you can meet the last payment and make somebody else delirious."

Catching up his coat and hat, he headed for Louise's Sunday school. From somebody's freezer he would beg or borrow the steaks.

While they were marinating, Louise could rub liniment on his wrenched shoulder. In their little house in the suburbs there would always be plenty of steaks and plenty of liniment.

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opera cast in this morning's "Times." He smothered a small laugh.

When the salesman had ridden along with him twice up Central Park West and back down Broadway to the showroom, where he dropped off, Seymour drove his automobile slowly and proudly down Seventh Avenue. The street swarmed with drays, delivery waggons, cabs, and the carriages of women out on their shopping trips to the department stores grouped in Sixth and Seventh Avenues around Twenty-third Street and below.

Seymour had got deep into this stream of traffic before he realised that he should have chosen a less crowded avenue. He drove at the same pace as the horse-drawn traffic, nervous about making the attempt to overtake any cart or carriage and startle its horses. He was relieved that his new goggles, a strong special prescription for distance lenses, enabled him to see well. The car moved along quite smoothly, which was also a relief; he did not want to have to shift gears often while he was concentrating on all this traffic.

Bystanders on the pavements pointed and waved at the spectacular scarlet car, and occasionally, in spite of his careful effort not to frighten a horse, he had to pass one, which almost always shied. Its driver then volleyed a string of curses at Seymour, and this had not happened many times before he was cheerfully thumbing his nose at the truckmen. He gained confidence so fast that by the time he reached Thirty-fourth Street he negotiated a right-hand turn without any mishap in spite of the horses, and continued on to Ninth Avenue. The next ten blocks were effortless, he turned right on Twenty-fourth Street, and in a moment had drawn up at the curb outside his house. He shut off the motor and sat there feeling like a king on his throne.

Sitting there the master of this wonderful and costly thing, Seymour looked at its gleaming bonnet and all its fascinating instruments, then turned his glance up the walk, past the mournful front yard, to the drab brown face of the sandstone house. Every window except those on the second floor was covered by a drawn blind.

He muttered, Will I be glad to get out of there! If it weren't for this—he ran his hand over the beautiful red varnish of his car; but then he smiled. It was worth it. It was worth anything he had to put up with, to possess this one treasure for as long as it would be possible for him to enjoy anything.

When he thought about it later Randall marvelled at Renata Tosi's way of fixing the time and place of appointments without appearing to have said much of anything. On Friday evening he picked her up at a florist's shop a block down Broadway from the opera house. He knew that she must have stopped in to see Baldini in his dressing-room before the performance, and he summoned up the boldness to ask her, "I suppose you said you'd be at home afterwards?"

"No. Tonight is a party. I must be back in the theatre before the finale because afterwards we go in the Ristorante Brunetti, many artists, because today is the saint's day of Giorgio Morosini."

So there was not much time and he supposed she would not want to dine when she would be going to a supper party afterwards. But she said, "Is necessary to go somewhere, no? Where do you live, Randalo?"

He was startled. Surely she was not suggesting going to his house? He said vaguely, "Oh, downtown. We'd better go and have a bite to eat somewhere;

## Continuing . . . . My Brother's Keeper

from page 5

you would be hungry long before your party."

He decided on the Murray Hill Hotel, a place he had reason to know that Seymour never patronised. They were given a table in a secluded corner, and Renata grimaced a little when he asked what she would like to eat.

"Is Friday," she sighed. "I don't like fish. Is perhaps no fish on the menu?" she asked hopefully.

He laughed. "I'd know better what to answer if I knew how seriously you take this. Are you very devout, Renata?"

"But yes! Is only when exists no fish I make the exception. Still, I am home soon, anyway, I confess everything." She laughed carelessly.

He looked at her sadly. "It would be wonderful if you could be serious once in a while," he said.

"It would not be wonderful," she said, frowning a little. "It would be noioso."

"Then I suppose you think me 'noioso'—I take it that means a bore?"

"No—not entirely. Sometimes, yes. But you are beautiful," she said.

"Please!" He could have covered his face with his hands.

thank you." She brushed her hands crosswise before her.

Again they fell into silence. Suddenly she leaned over and put one hand quickly on his and said, "Do not feel so hurt, Randalo, believe me is not that important. I am sorry surprise you in such a way."

"Oh, I'm not surprised," he said. "And you don't know everything about Americans. I've got —" he stopped.

"You have what?"

"Nothing." He had been about to say, "I've got a brother just like you." But as quickly he thought better of it. The truth was so disconcerting that he saw in clear perspective his real reason for trying to keep Seymour out of Renata's orbit. He was horrified. Surely one's own brother was nothing to be afraid of. Then he saw that he would not be afraid of anybody unless his feelings were much deeper than he had admitted up to now.

He thought, I ought to have the sense to pull out of this. I would be a fool to stake anything on a woman like this even if she weren't involved as she is. Utterly frivolous, utterly

He was looking down at the tablecloth, he was resisting the instinct to raise his eyes and meet hers, which so long as he could not see them, were soft with unconscious tenderness. Then he startled her by raising his head suddenly and she saw the glint of unshed tears blurring the clear bright blue of his eyes which, she thought again, were truly beautiful. She was disturbed to discover herself on the verge of some similar feeling.

"Yes," she said, gathering up her gold meshbag, "I am right and is better not meet like this to talk many times the same thing. I go in Italy, you make here the life, you have the family your own—"

"But I haven't," he said, with a sense of bleakness.

"No? What you say? How is possible? You have nobody?"

"Just my brother."

"And he? He is older? He is married?"

"Older, and we live together. There's nobody else."

"I, we, we have always the many family. Everybody in San Bernardo is my parent."

"What?" He leaned forward, with his mouth open. "What did you say?"

"For what you look so funny? I say only is everybody in my village, the cousins, the aunts, the uncles, how you say, parenti? What you say here?"

"Relatives. Oh, Renata!" Randall's dejection was blown away in a gale of laughter.

"When we say 'parents' we mean your mother and father."

"Oh. Well, I see, is funny. But was not funny mine when they die and leave me bambina, I must live with these parenti which make you laugh. But I did not laugh. Now we understand, we say good-bye. I return in Ottobre, maybe then is something different. Who knows?"

"You mean," he said, as he groaned in mock desperation, "you might have decided to leave Baldini?"

"I mean you will maybe learn should not be always so serious the life. Or you either."

And on the short drive back towards the opera house she said nothing to mitigate her decision, or to encourage him to come to hear her in "Siegfried," or in her one other appearance next week. Once as the cab paused on the corner of Fifth Avenue, where the street lamp shone upon her face, he checked himself in a sudden sharp impulse to seize her in his arms and kiss her. Then he wove his fingers together and shut his mouth hard.

He would do no such thing. That was what she wanted, and he had already made his decision that he would have nothing more to do with her except on his own terms. He was no longer surprised to find that there were such terms, that he knew all too well just what she wanted.

On Sunday, after evensong, Randall went from the church to the parish house to put away the music, change his clothes, and lock up. He walked slowly through the linoleum-floored passage that connected the two buildings, staring at the toes of his shoes. He felt despondent beyond endurance; lonely beyond anything he had ever known.

And why, he thought, should this be so? A man doesn't really fall in love with a silly flirt like Renata; I don't honestly think I have done so. She stirs me in some way when I am with her, but perhaps any woman as pretty and amusing would do the same.

He had spent forty-eight hours telling himself this and his reason believed it. But his

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## IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

● Winner of this week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation is Mrs. E. C. Brown, 25 Gertrude St., Highgate Hill, Brisbane. This is her entry:

"The phrase 'heaping coals of fire on his head' is used of someone who repays an unkindness with a kindness. This often distresses the evildoer more than repaying him in his own coin. The words are quoted by Paul in his letter to the Romans, chapter 12, verse 20, from Proverbs 25:21-22.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent use has made them part of everyday language.

Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes, and an example of current usage.

Address your entries to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"We don't use that word the way you do. And one doesn't say such things to a man, Renata. Haven't you been in America long enough to realise that?"

"In America is no different the nature from Europe. Is only nobody tell what they think. I like you—how long you think is necessary make a secret?"

"Suppose I said something of the sort to you?" He looked at her boldly.

"I would say 'Benissimo!' For what we wait longer?"

"For you to get rid of Baldini," said Randall slowly. "And the kind of ideas that go with all that."

"Then you could wait for ever!" Her face was pink with temper and her eyes larger and darker than he had ever seen them. She pushed her plate aside and folded her arms brusquely. Nothing was said for a time, each stared away from the other, and Randall waited as long as he could before he spoke.

"I see you mean what you say," he said at last. "You will not allow a decent man to have serious feelings about you. Why?" he exclaimed. "I'd have more respect for you if you were even in love with Baldini!"

"Such a view is your misfortune," she said with a cold shrug. "Is different what I think is honest and what you think. I tell you already, is also different love, amusement, responsibility. Some I want, some I not want. So I choose: I am not confuse! But you—you are like they tell about Americans. Is all confuse!—no

superficial . . . he raised his head slowly and came back to the reality of the moment, to see Renata Tosi smiling.

"Is no use we quarrel," she said. "We are different, is better we remain like now. Then nobody regret nothing."

"When do you sail for Italy?" he asked abruptly. "Monday eight days."

"The first ship after the opera closes?"

"Yes. Sometimes I don't feel please to go. I like very much New York."

"Don't you like Milano?"

"Oh, yes, in some ways is better. But—" she gestured.

"You said you'd tell me about Italy," he said.

"That was before we agree is better not continue this—this —" She laughed. "For what you want to know about me when we don't meet any more?"

"Don't we?" He leaned forward, overcoming his timidity. She saw in his face a sincerity which her realism knew to be a warning; she had better give up the attempt to play with this appealing young man. There was no promise of a game here, there was only the probability of defeat for her or of hurt for him, or of both. "That would make me very unhappy, Renata," he said.

She did not answer at once. Then she shook her head and sighed, "Why you don't understand?—I tell you already, is not for me the serious things."

"I suppose you are right," he said slowly. She sat watching his face, drooping with disappointment and bewilderment.



heart accepted nothing, he was disturbed and hurt and puzzled, and if he must resign himself to eliminating Renata it loomed an appalling impossibility to find anything or anybody to replace her. He stood at the window sunken in unhappiness. Suddenly he jumped. The silent Sunday evening, the quiet Chelsea side street, were shattered by the shrill blast of a motor horn.

Randall peered out. Around the corner came Seymour in his Stevens-Duryea, proudly steering with one gauntleted hand while the other squeezed the rubber bulb of the horn. The scarlet car glittered. Riding beside Seymour in front was a laughing woman in a long duster and a big hat tied down with a chiffon veil; a second one sat alone in the back. Seymour stopped the car in front of the parish house and once again squeezed the horn, looking up at the windows.

Randall threw up the sash and called softly, "Hush! I'll be right down."

He hurried out, locking the door behind him, and in the street Seymour whipped off his motoring cap with a bow. "Miss Lillian McCoy," he said, with a courtly gesture at his companion. "Miss Marietta Pawling." He waved at the girl in the back seat. "I have brought along your duster and cap, Randall." He produced them. "Put them on and let's be on our way. We are going to Glen Island for dinner and you," Seymour raised his goggles and gave Randall a sharp look, "are coming along."

"Glen Island! Why, that's way out on the Sound."

"Yes!" cried Marietta Pawling. "Almost all the way out to New Rochelle. Isn't it exciting?"

"Why it must be twenty miles," said Randall incredulously.

"All of it," said Seymour with pride. "It shouldn't take much above two hours." He looked at his watch. "Quarter to six now, we'll arrive just in time to dine comfortably."

"But it will be dark when we start back."

"It usually is dark at night." "And you mean to drive in the dark?"

Miss Pawling said, "He's got lamps on the car. Really, you know, it's not dangerous, Mr. Holt. Quite a lot of people are doing it."

Randall had no wish to seem ridiculous, so he opened the door of the tonneau and climbed in. The seats were comfortably barrel-upholstered in black leather, and he settled into the right-hand one behind Seymour, with Miss Pawling on his left. She greeted him enthusiastically and almost immediately he caught her stealing a glance from Seymour to himself and back again, a comparison that a child might have had more wit than to make. The result, however, was apparently favorable to Randall, and once again he smothered the memory of Renata Tosi, calmly remarking, "You are beautiful."

After that, he put Renata Tosi resolutely out of mind and threw himself into the spirit of the excursion. Seymour was in fine form. They proceeded up Madison Avenue, the motor proclaiming their progress with a solid but subdued roar of which Seymour appeared to approve.

"Have you ridden in this automobile before?" Marietta Pawling asked Randall.

"Just short distances. I think this must be the first real trip Seymour has taken in it, isn't it, Seymour?"

"Well, yes. I've had it as far as Van Cortlandt Park. But I want to get out in the country where I can really see what it will do."

"How fast do you think it will go, Seymour?" Randall

Continuing . . . .

hoped his voice did not betray apprehension.

"Oh — maybe thirty-five. With four of us in it."

"Goodness!" cried the girls. "You wouldn't frighten us, would you?"

Seymour laughed proudly.

It was a gay evening. They arrived in good time at the Glen Island restaurant and Seymour ordered a fine dinner with champagne. Randall observed that Seymour drank very little and he was skilful in entertaining the two girls.

Seymour, meanwhile, was surreptitiously studying Randall. He thought if that kid realised how attractive he is he could have them lined up in rows for the whistling. He studied his brother's face, apparently absorbed in the girls' chatter, but to Seymour's shrewd judgment a partial mask which did not conceal immense wistfulness. Seymour sighed. Was it possible that the lad had really been hard hit by that Italian woman? Whatever had happened, Randall's evident distress evoked real concern from Seymour, and the resolve to do what he could to ease for his brother the lesson that it was useless to lay sincere emotion at the feet of such a woman.

At the same time Seymour found himself inordinately curious to get a look at her. While he was talking with Marietta Pawling and she exclaimed, "My, I hadn't realised your brother is such a stunner," he said, "you be nice to him, Marietta. He's better stuff than we are, either of us."

"Oh, I'll be nice," she assured him.

"I mean what he thinks is nice."

Seymour had scarcely been inside the opera house since his boyhood. He cared little for music and nothing for opera as such. But on Thursday evening, when Renata Tosi was singing Masetta, he invited himself into the box of old Mrs. Waterworth, to whom he had not paid his respects in years. The dowager was flattered. Seymour had brought along the smallest of his pairs of binoculars, which had extremely powerful lenses. Standing in the back of the box he used them inconspicuously.

He watched Renata Tosi's entrance and her bewitching acting, almost without listening to her singing. His face was a tableau of astonishment and knowing appraisal. He had expected nothing like this. During the curtain-calls he trained his glasses downwards on the house and in a moment saw what he expected. Randall among the standees at the rail, with everything there was to know plainly written on his face, there where he thought himself alone and unwatched and unknown.

The following Sunday, while Seymour was away on a week-end trip, Randall accepted the invitation of the Rector and his wife to lunch after church on Sunday. It was stiff and boring in a way, but at the same time remotely consoling.

The Rector was pompous and wonderfully conceited, but a glimpse at his home, his elaborate plush-embellished drawing-room, his dark, ceremonial dining-room where they ate the traditional roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and chocolate ice-cream of classic Sunday memory, reminded Randall that there was a world and a way of life and a point of view more natural to him than the turmoil in which he had lately been floundering.

He went away from luncheon in a calmer, much improved frame of mind. He had succeeded pretty well in his stub-

# My Brother's Keeper

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born effort not to think about Renata's last evening in New York, and this was the more difficult because he had seen (after trying not to look at it) the announcement of the opera's "Grand Gala Finale," the last Sunday evening concert of the season. Renata Tosi was not billed, but Baldini was, since the programme consisted entirely of favorite concerted numbers from the repertoire and Baldini was one of the leading basses.

Randall propelled himself through the remaining hours of the afternoon and the early evening, concentrating hard on his work and grateful that Merion Fitzhugh had gone off and left him again to play even-song. When he was through, he stood again at the window in the parish house as he had a week ago, contemplating a lonely evening. He counted off the ten long days since he had last seen Renata (except for his surreptitious visits to the opera when she was singing) and once more he told himself that if he was not to see her again, it was much better that she go away to Italy.

He got through Monday better than he had hoped, for he slept unusually late and had to hurry to get Seymour off to the office. Then he turned his attention to Mrs. Quinn, the new charwoman, who demanded coal for the seldom-used boiler so that she could have hot water for her scrubbing. He went out and attended to that and other domestic errands and when he reached home again it was past noon and he knew that Renata's ship had sailed. He felt distinctly better; not happier, but less distraught. She was out of reach and this

**"You have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it."**

— Bernard Shaw.

should help him once for all to put her out of mind.

At eleven o'clock he took his score and walked over to St. Timothy's to continue working at the organ. He was just coming up the walk to the parish house when the door opened and one of the curates hurried down the steps.

"Ah, here you are, Holt," he said. "That's good. There is someone asking for you on the telephone in the office."

"The telephone!" Randall stopped, almost gaping. He had scarcely ever used a telephone and could not imagine being called to it. Unless something should be wrong with Seymour?

He hurried into the secretary's office and picked up the receiver hanging by its wire from the brown box on the wall.

"Yes?" he said nervously.

"Hullo? Is that Mr. Randall Holt?" A man was speaking.

"Yes, I am Randall Holt." He wondered if the man could hear him. He heard clearly, to his amazement. The man said, "This is the Ansonia Hotel, Mr. Holt. The manager's office."

Randall's pulse began to pound.

"Yes," he said again. "Yes, what is it?"

"It's about Miss Renata Tosi, Mr. Holt. She is very ill here."

"But she sailed for Italy yesterday," said Randall stupidly.

"She was to have sailed. She could not leave. She was able to give us your name when we — ah — asked for —"

"Is she dead?" Randall had no idea what he was saying.

"No, no, I'm sorry if I alarmed you. But she is very ill, as I said. We were going to notify someone at the opera house, but she insisted we send for you."

"I'll be right there. I'm coming at once." Randall dropped the telephone receiver and turned away in a daze. He went out to the street and ran to the nearest cab stand, leaped into a cab and shouted at the man to hurry. All the way uptown he tried to make sense of what he had heard. Was she all alone? What was the matter with her? Where was Baldini?

When he entered her room with the hotel manager it was dimmed by drawn blinds, but he saw the disorder of last-minute packing. He walked quickly round the screen in the corner and stood rigid, terrified at the change in Renata. He saw that she had been hideously sick. She lay on her right side, absolutely still. Her face was ghastly, very pale, her cheekbones jutting sharply, her eyes wide open, but sunken. Her hands, usually so firm and smooth, looked like white claws, picking spasmodically at the soiled sheet.

Randall bent and touched her forehead timidly. It was dry and burning. He heard her breathing queerly, as if she dared not use her lungs. He kept his hand lightly on her forehead, amazed that in spite of her condition she was not unconscious; she recognised him. Her lips moved a little and he thought she spoke his name, but he shook his head, trying to give her a reassuring smile. She fixed him with her brown, staring eyes and said faintly, "I'll, very ill." Her mouth went down in a grimace of terror; then she stiffened in a spasm of pain.

"Don't be frightened, Renata," he whispered. "Just try to be quiet. I'm so glad you sent for me, everything will be all right." Even while he spoke he felt swamped with helplessness. "I have the frighten," she muttered stiffly. "Frighten. No hospital."

"Just be still," he whispered. "Please, Renata, dear. I'm going to take care of you." He smiled at her and gently pushed the tangled mass of her hair back over the pillow.

"Oh," she moaned. "I will die."

"No, no." He shook his head gently and put his finger on his lips. "I'm just going to telephone," he said. "Only a minute."

There was no time now to ask the hotel people questions. He slipped from the room and stood for a moment in the corridor trying to decide what to do. He had never dealt with illness, but Seymour had. He could ask Seymour what to do. Then he realised that Seymour would get hold of Doctor Slade, and he could save time by doing that himself. He had once sworn never to speak to Doctor Slade again, but that was nonsense.

The manager took him to a telephone in a little cupboard down the hall and in an instant somebody told him, "We have Doctor Kenneth Slade on the wire."

Slade listened to Randall's description of Renata's condition and said, "I'll send John Whitby up immediately. This isn't my sort of thing, you know and somebody must get there at once. Don't let anybody touch her and, above all, don't move her."

"Oh, thank you," Randall tried to get his breath. But he



"Don't just stand there—get the Nobel Prize Committee."

was so upset that he bleated, "Couldn't you come, too, Doctor? I'm so — I don't know anything about this. I'm —" he was almost in tears.

"Very well. We'll both come. But do nothing meanwhile."

In the hall Randall asked the manager how long he had known about Renata.

"Only an hour ago, that was the first we knew about it. I had our house physician up here then. Yesterday morning we were told she wasn't well and had put off her sailing for a week. We heard nothing more from her room and of course we thought she was resting. This morning the maid found her like this and when I brought up the doctor, he said she must be taken to a hospital at once. But she was terrified. I've never seen such fear. That was when she asked for you."

The two doctors arrived almost immediately. While Doctor Whitby was examining Renata, Randall tried to explain to Doctor Slade who she was.

"Just a professional acquaintance. I see."

"Well — yes," Randall tried to hear that out. "She hasn't got anybody in this country and she's terribly frightened, Doctor. I said — well, I mean, I want to take care of her."

Whitby came from the patient. He looked very dubious.

"Peritonitis, of course," he said. He glanced meaningfully at Slade. "No time to lose. I'll go and telephone."

"You will take her to the hospital?" asked Randall.

"If we don't — where's the telephone?" Randall showed him and came back to Doctor Slade, who was standing looking down at Renata. She lay as before, even more ghastly pale, and from time to time she whispered, "I have the frighten. Very frighten to die in hospital."

Randall tried to quieten her. Slade beckoned him outside the screen. Randall said, "Doctor, what really is the matter? What are they going to do?"

They moved away out of earshot of the bed. Slade explained. "She has a burst appendix. It may even be too late to operate, but that's the only thing they can do."

"Then will you tell them at the hospital that I want her to have —" Randall took a deep breath. "You know, what you'd do for us. Don't let them put her in a ward or anything like that."

"You can have what you ask for, Randall. But if you put her in a private room with all the special nursing she will need it's going to cost a lot of money."

"I don't care. I can pay it."

"Very well." Slade smiled kindly. "I'll see to it."

"She's so terribly frightened," said Randall again. "About the hospital."

"All foreigners are like that," said Slade. "They think any

hospital is the pest house where they are just sent to die."

"Then I'll try to explain to her that it's different here."

Whitby came back to the room saying, "They're on the way. I'll go straight over now and start getting ready. You realise," he said to Randall, "her condition is grave. Very doubtful. I can't promise anything."

"Shall I go along in the ambulance?"

"Better not. There won't be room, there's an extra nurse coming." He nodded quickly at Randall and hurried away.

Renata had not moved when Randall went back to her. She was still muttering her terror and repeating in Italian, "Don't let them send me to a hospital."

Randall bent close to her and gently took her burning hands. "Let me try to explain, Renata," he said softly. "Our hospitals here are not dreadful places. Please believe me — please." He touched her forehead carefully. "We are never afraid of a hospital, everybody goes to them in America. Truly."

He could not tell whether he had relieved her mind at all. But he tried to smile encouragement and keep her soothed for the few moments until the door opened and the ambulance staff arrived, noiseless and swift and efficient. When Renata saw them Randall realised that his reassurance had done some good; nobody could be afraid of the calm, smiling young white-clad doctor and the nurses in their starched uniforms and smart blue-and-scarlet capes.

Renata was wrapped in blankets and on her way down the hall on a stretcher in less than five minutes, and as they carried her into the elevator Randall stood nearby and said, "I'll be there in a little while, Renata. You'll see, everything I told you is true."

He went back to her room dazed and bewildered. He sat down slowly on the edge of a chair and looked at the mess around him and tried to make himself believe that he had not dreamed all this. The last feeling that he remembered was a mixture of sadness and relief because Renata had not sailed for Italy; and now he had become the one person in the United States who was responsible for her.

He could not believe it and he sat there shaking his head.

Presently the hotel manager came in, and once again Randall was faced with details and decisions that he had no idea how to resolve. But something had to be done about Renata's possessions, and with the help of a maid he did it. They rounded up all the things which remained unpacked and strewn about the room, and the maid packed them.

He went down to the office to pay Renata's account, but he was told that it had been paid on Monday morning and for

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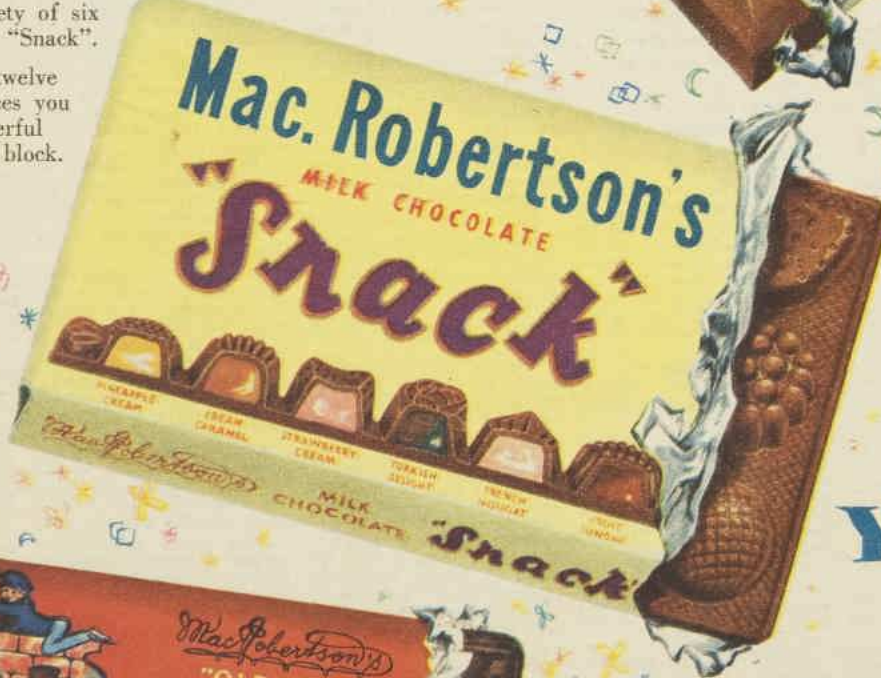
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Well, he thought, Baldini didn't go off without doing what he could for her; he expected her to come along on the next ship. He accepted the refund due from the hotel and then, when the clerk asked what was to be done with Miss Tosi's luggage, he had no idea what to answer.

"Knaves will come anyway to take back their piano," said the clerk, "but where are the trunks to be sent?"

Randall could think of no other place, so he gave his own address. Then he tipped the hotel staff who had helped him and went out and got into a cab and hurried off to the hospital.

He had refused to listen to the doctors and nurses who told him to go home and get some rest, and long past eleven o'clock that night he was still sitting in the visitors' room, his head in his hands. He heard someone come in and felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up. The surgeon, Doctor Whitby, was standing there, pale and exhausted.

Randall got slowly to his feet and murmured, "Is it—she?" He was afraid of words.

Whitby shook his head, but not reassuringly. "She is still alive," he said. "But it's going badly. I can't deceive you, Mr. Holt. I don't have to tell you we're doing our utmost. These cases most of them—"

"Doctor Slade warned me too."

"Well, it's better that you understand. Frankly, I think you ought to go home and try to get some sleep. I'm spending the night in the hospital and if there's any change either way I'll telephone you."

"We haven't a telephone, Doctor. But if you don't mind, I'd rather wait here."

"Well, do as you choose. If you want to lie down on the sofa there, I'll have someone bring you a blanket."

Randall dozed brokenly on the hard horsehair sofa. But much of the night he prowled round and round the stiffly impersonal room, dark except for one heavily-shaded electric light bulb. Sometimes he heard the muffled footsteps of nurses up and down the corridor; then he went and stood at the open door waiting for someone to come and tell him that Renata was dead.

But nobody came near him. He knew which door was Renata's, he could see it down the hall, and the silent nurses and internes who went in and out carrying things swathed in white covers. By three o'clock he was wide awake and standing most of the time in the doorway, watching down the hall. As long as they were still doing something, he told himself, she could not yet have died.

He left the door, threw himself into a chair, and had a passing thought for Seymour, who might have wondered where he was.

He fell at last into another sleep, which he did not know until he found himself on his feet, rubbing his eyes. Doctor Whitby was standing before him and the sky was light behind the roof of the clinic across the street.

Whitby said soberly, "No change. But I am really surprised. It's nearly seven o'clock, you see. I wouldn't have dared believe it."

"Do you think—"

"Let's not think anything, Mr. Holt. She's still hanging on. I must say, those Italians have iron constitutions."

"Oh, that's wonderful," said Randall.

"You really should go home now and get some rest," said the doctor. "You can't stay here twenty-four hours a day, you know."

"Very well," Randall looked at him with such pleading, plainly not daring to ask, that

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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the doctor said. "You wanted to ask if you could see her?"

"Not unless you think so, Doctor."

"Well, I don't see why not. Only for a moment, of course. Just let her see you're here."

They walked down the hall to the closed door. The doctor opened it and motioned Randall into the room. The nurse moved from her chair beside the bed and Randall walked over on tiptoe and looked at Renata. She looked much as she had yesterday, but her eyes were closed. Her hands were hidden by the bed-covers drawn up to her chin, and her face against the white sheet was a dreadful yellowish grey. Randall could not see that she was breathing. He looked round at the doctor, and was surprised that he stepped forward and said, "Miss Tosi, Miss Tosi."

Randall saw her eyelids tremble and roll heavily open in their sunken sockets. Her eyes were dull and stunned. He managed to smile, and he said softly, "It's all right, Renata. You see, I told you it would be all right here."

He could not tell if she had understood. But there was no doubt that she had seen and recognised him. Her eyes closed slowly and she sank back into somnolence. Randall stood for another moment looking at her face so queerly shrunken and

**"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."**  
— Abraham Lincoln.

sharpened. Then he turned and left the room. He felt as if he had lived a century since yesterday.

When he walked into the library at home, Seymour dropped his newspaper on the floor and looked up with a choke. "Well!" he said. "Baby Brother has gone and done it."

"Shut up," Randall flopped into his chair and told him what had happened.

Seymour whistled. "For a good little boy who stays home, the craziest things happen to you."

"I guess they do," Randall felt a little dizzy and was overcome by an enormous yawn. "I'd better go to bed," he said. He looked dully at the crumbs on Seymour's plate.

"When did you last eat?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. Now that you mention it I suppose I'm hungry."

"You ought to have something more than a roll. Look here, you go and get your clothes off and I'll go up to the corner and get you some food."

"Thanks," Randall's eyes were so heavy that the room was a blur. He leaned back in his chair with his hands hanging over the arms. Seymour went away. When he came back in a quarter of an hour Randall was sound asleep. Seymour had brought sliced ham, eggs, butter, cheese, a tin of tomato soup, and a jar of potato salad. He was very clumsy with the gas burner but he managed to assemble the queer meal on the table and woke Randall up.

"It's a horror," he apologised, "but eat it."

"It's fine," Randall sopped up fried eggs with the crust of a roll and said, "don't you think we'd better have a telephone put in here?"

"Well—" Seymour was surprised. "I never thought of it before."

"Neither did I. But after yesterday—"

"I suppose it might be a good idea. But you want it during

this emergency. By the time they get it installed—"

"Couldn't you order it this morning? Couldn't you say it is for an emergency?"

"Why, yes, I'll try. I'll see about it on the way to the office. Now you get to bed, you're dead. You'll sleep for twelve hours."

"Oh, sure."

Randall went away to his room, but he stopped on the way to find Mrs. Quinn at her cleaning and told her to wake him up before she left the house at noon.

It was four days before there was sufficient change in Renata's condition for the doctor to concede a real chance of her pulling through. After the second day Randall stopped trying to keep himself rationally pessimistic. One could not be the bystander at a fight for someone's life without believing passionately that the fight would be won. The days went by as if they had been lifted from the calendar, nameless and wrenched from their design.

Even after Doctor Whitby began cautiously to admit that she was gaining, Randall took no account of hours or days or the matters that ordinarily filled them. And then one sunny morning he was sitting beside the narrow, high bed with Renata raised a little on her mattress, still pale but not ghastly, still heavy-eyed but smiling.

Her face which he had first learned to know in a frame of ruffles and wavy pompadoured hair, was a different face above the ugly white hospital gown, and her hair, parted in the middle, fell over her shoulders in two long brown braids. Her hands quietly folded on the covers had also changed; their square firmness was gone. They were blue-white and fragile. She looked, he thought, like the kind of pictures he had seen in art and history books. She was too weak to speak with any of her verve and sparkle, her voice like the rest of her was thin and wavering, but she said, "How you are good! Such a goodness is never before."

He was surprised as she improved day by day that she seemed to give no thought at all to her plans, to questions which he would have supposed must be on her mind. She lay in bed like a contented child, submitting to treatment, obediently doing what she was told, even to eating the soft, milky, slippery food which she told Randall was disgusting.

"What would you like instead?" he asked her; and when she told him he had to admit he had never heard of anything that she mentioned. But he remembered her speaking of the Ristorante Brunetti, so he sought out the place and found it in West Thirty-seventh Street and asked the proprietor if there was anything he could make for Signorina Tosi within the limits of her strict invalid diet.

"She is here? She is sick? She didn't go in Italy?" The man clapped his hands to his head.

Randall told him. "You leave to me, Signor. Every day I make for her something very good, very light. I make her well quick."

So every morning on his way to the hospital Randall stopped at Brunetti's restaurant and collected a parcel. There was always a bottle of delicate soup; there was a risotto or dainty boiled chicken or pasta in a little casserole. Sometimes there was a cup of what looked to Randall like custard, but when he wondered why Renata

might not as well eat the hospital's custard, she laughed and hugged Brunetti's dish to her bosom.

"Oh, no," she said. "This is the zabaglione. You didn't never taste? Here!" — and she made him finish it.

She gained strength on the food she liked and the wine which the doctor approved to the astonishment of the nurses. But at the end of the second week she had still not mentioned Milano, where she should be arriving in a few days if she had left New York when she was to have gone.

Doctor Whitby had told Randall that it would be out of the question for her to sing before next autumn, and better if she did not travel at any distance for at least six weeks. Not knowing how to tell her, Randall put off the subject until almost the day when she should have arrived in Italy. Then he asked her if she did not think he should cable somebody there that she was not coming. She seemed surprised.

"Is true? I am not going?"

"But hadn't you thought of it?"

She smiled weakly. "Sometimes is very hard to think. But you are right, Randalo, is necessary inform La Scala."

"And all your other engagements?"

"Oh, Santorelli, he tell them."

Randall wrote down the name. He thought for a moment and sat looking at Renata. She saw that he was waiting for her to speak and she let him wait until a puzzled look came into his eyes. She said, "What you think, Randalo? Is something?"

"I was wondering if you would like me to cable Baldini, too," he said.

To his surprise she did not toss off an answer in her usual way. She said quietly, "No, is time enough I write him. Thank you."

Randall sat wondering what she meant. In a way he did not really dare to think. He wanted to ask and lacked the courage. She lay there looking at him with a little smile, that newly childish expression in her eyes to which he was not accustomed; was it gentleness or trustfulness? Whatever it was, it meant to him that she was changed. He said a little un- easily, "I hope Baldini was good to you that day when you were taken ill."

"He was good. He did the best he could. He could not remain, I tell him to go. An important artist cannot abandon the engagements." She thought for a moment and then she said, "But he was not good like you, Randalo. Nobody I have ever seen, nobody is good like you." And two great tears rolled from her eyes and slid down her cheeks.

"Oh, Renata, dear!" He took her hand and put his cheek to it. "Don't tell me things like that, it isn't true. I'm so glad I was here." He bent over her and dropped to his knees and kissed her hand and held it to his cheek. He took her other hand and held them both clasped in his and looked into her eyes and tried to smile.

"Don't you see, Renata, I —" he gulped and stopped speaking. He laid his face on their clasped hands.

"So good," he heard her whisper, "Un angelo."

"No," he said, his face hidden. "But you know, surely you know, I—" This was not time to say it. She was weak and very far from well and nothing should agitate her now. He stayed for a moment as he was, then he raised his head and looked at her and gently freed her hands and stood up.

"I'll go and send the cable



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resting. I'll be in again later." In more than two weeks Randall had scarcely seen Seymour. Every day he went out early to pick up Renata's food and make a quick visit to the hospital before he went to St. Timothy's. Seymour was usually asleep when Randall left the house and they never met for dinner because Randall spent the evenings at the hospital, sitting with Renata until it was time for her to go to sleep.

When he did see Seymour for a moment, their talk consisted of quick reports: Renata was improving and Seymour was having a wonderful time with his automobile. He offered to take Randall and Renata out in it when she was well enough to go for an airing, and Randall said that would still be a long time off. He would let Seymour know.

Seymour was more curious than ever about Renata Tosi. Randall was so wrapped up in her that he had no idea how he appeared, and if he had realised, he would not have cared. He was a different man. He showed an ability to plan and manage, a degree of purpose which nothing had ever evoked before.

Seymour's curiosity probed beyond the self-evident fact that Randall was deeply in love, and that his romantic, child-like nature would consider no denouement other than marriage. But one grave illness and a burden of gratitude which to her would first be welcome but later oppressive would never make a wife out of the mix he had seen coquetting on the opera-house stage. Very probably she had no interest in marriage at all unless—and that thought worried him almost as much as his fear of Randall's being hurt—she thought there was money involved.

He wished he knew a tactful way to sound out that question; and when Renata was about to leave the hospital and Randall, with surprising efficiency, was arranging everything, her move with a nurse to a quiet hotel for a week, then a long stay at a comfortable boarding-house in the country, Seymour asked him: "Are you sure you can afford all this, Ran? Aren't you spending an awful lot of money?"

"Not as much as you've spent on your automobile," said Randall. "And I had a lot in my account, too. I told you I've never used all my income. What have I had to spend it on?"

Seymour felt uncomfortable. He had not expected such an answer, though he doubted that the implication of his own extravagance, or even selfishness, was intentional.

Renata was enchanted with the country. Randall had remembered a place where he had spent a summer with his mother in the years after Hare Island was sold, a dairy farm owned by people named Maynard, who took one or two summer boarders every year, and gave them comfortable rooms in the big farmhouse, and abundant, delicious food.

When he told Renata where she was to go her eyes sparkled and she said, "Ah, a lago. I will feel like myself very quick."

"You like lakes especially?" "I am born by the Lago di Como. Is my village there. What beauty!"

"Well, look, Renata—don't expect anything of Lake Mahopac. But it's as far as you ought to travel now."

"Must be beautiful," she said. "Is a lake."

The Maynards soon said she was the nicest guest they had ever had. At first they had their misgivings about an Italian opera singer who didn't speak good English, was recovering from a long illness,

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would probably put on airs and throw tantrums, and be temperamental and a nuisance. Instead she amazed them by her lively interest in everything around her and her ready comments about the farm which sounded to the Maynard family and their hired hands like madness. But she kept them laughing.

"Is so fine the grass here," she exclaimed, pointing to the rich stand of meadow grass west of the house. It was the end of May. "How is you are not already cutting?"

"Cutting! For land's sakes, why?" Tom Maynard was appalled.

"But," she said, astonished, "you leave to grow high such beautiful grass, will soon begin to dry. Would be a pity, no?" "A pity? Gee." The farmer scratched his head. "A field o' hay like that?"

"Hay?" What is, hay?" Randall was there and he explained. She listened, squinting with bewilderment.

"Never I hear of such a thing," she said. "We would cut it now."

"What do you know about it anyway? How do you know when they cut the hay in Italy?"

"How I know! I am contadina, peasant. If I didn't go to work in Milano I never know anything except walk up and down the mountain every day carrying the milk on my back, and sew the fazzoletti like my aunts."

"What are fazzoletti?" asked Randall, dumbfounded by this glimpse of her origin.

"Like this." She took out her handkerchief. "But bigger, pieces of silk like you buy everywhere for the presents. We sew on them the hems, all the women. How many dozens—for two lire the week."

"How much would that be in our money, Renata?" He spoke watching the strangely harsh expression of her face.

"Oh, I cannot count, let me think. Maybe thirty-five, forty cents?"

"And what did you do in Milano?"

"I was collocata, how you say that?—to a dressmaker. I was thirteen years old."

He stood staring at her, watching her leaning there on the barnyard fence, slender—too slender—and a picture of freshness in her long ruffled dress. She looked off in the distance where the fields sloped away towards a clump of woods, and then back at the big red barn, with its gilded weather-vane and its towering silo.

"How is different here from us," she sighed. "So rich, so much of everything. So much land!" She smiled then. "But not so beautiful. In all the world is nothing so beautiful like my country. But," she shrugged, "is no good to be poor there."

"When did you start to sing?" he asked. "How?"

"A client of the place where I work. She hear me singing while I am doing something and she become interest' and when I am sixteen she send me to the Conservatorio. Also her husband. Eh, the husband!" She lifted her chin with a telling gesture. Is like I tell you, the men are the men."

Randall plucked a long blade of grass and leaned on the fence chewing its sweet white tip.

"I'm not that kind of man," he said quietly.

"No, is true. You are different and you are good. But you demand no pleasure and this I cannot understand. You are young, you are b—" she stopped and her laughter rang across the barnyard. "I didn't say it again. You are please?"

"It is you who are beautiful, Renata," he said. "And I am in love with you."

Randall was scarcely ever in New York now; the summer services at St. Timothy's required little preparation since the skeleton choir sang no special works. He was able to stay at the farm most of each week. The days went by, lovely, rich June days, long, glowing evenings when the light lasted until after nine: exquisite, fragrant nights. He was very careful of Renata, watching to see that she did not do too much, always ready with a light shawl in case the air should turn suddenly cool.

They explored the farm and the surrounding countryside, the shores of the prosaic lake which only evoked from her the wish that he could see her native paradise—and in the next breath she laughed, "How I was fortunate to escape from there!"

"Weren't your relatives good to you, Renata?"

"They were good," she said thoughtfully, "but what means good, that depend on many things. For poor peasants is good a different thing from you. You are good—and also rich," she sighed.

"No I'm not, Not at all."

"You have spend' such riches upon me, is no use to deny."

"You don't know anything about it."

"I know very much. Is impossible conceal from a person like me. We always know."

"You did have a hard childhood."

"Not more, not less than the others. But my Uncle Gandolfi, when my mother die he has already the many family. A fine, good man. He is like the papa for me, my Zia Paola like, the mamma. They are very good, very pious. But already they have the many sons and daughters, and this is not easy, you understand. Is not better I work in Milano?"

He indicated his doubt. "I should think the country—"

"Oh, no," she said with a little laugh. "I like too much

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to enjoy the life. In the city is more—you know."

More opportunity, she meant. She had certainly made the most of hers. He was beginning to wonder uneasily how soon this existence would pall on her.

He was lying awake in bed late on a June night, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes wide open, watching the full moon rise slowly, high past the top of the big maple tree outside his window. The sky had the live, warm luminosity of summer, and he felt warm and alive, too, alive as he had never been before. But he was worried. He had not found a way to tell Renata what he had made up his mind to say; she had parried his few cautious beginnings, and he was full of the increasing sense that not only could matters not stay as they were now; Renata would soon begin to be restless; he must seize the initiative.

He was wondering what to do, how to appeal to her. His eyes had been circling the room; now he stiffened as they saw the door open slowly, very clear in the moonlight. There was not a sound. Renata came into the room, wrapped in a long pale robe. She shut the door noiselessly and walked lightly towards him. Her hair hung dark and long around her.

"Renata!" he whispered, drawing himself up. "You shouldn't be here."

She ignored that and sat down lightly on the edge of the bed. "You are not sleeping," she said, her voice so close to a whisper that she could not have been heard a foot away. "I do not sleep either."

She sat looking down at him, quite calm and quite as frank in her silence as in any words she had ever spoken.

"I wish you hadn't come in here," he said.

"No, that is childish. I come because I decide, is ridiculous, how we are. Randalo," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "why you will not cease to be so all alone? You are a

Continuing . . . .

man, I am—I. You do not like me?"

"Like you!" He flung his forearm across his eyes. "I love you desperately."

"I tell you many times, is not wise, is not prudent, is like that. Together we enjoy the pleasure. Believe me, I know."

He did not speak for a time, and then he moved his arm from his face and looked at her and said, "Renata, I want you, too. But not in the way you say."

"Why no?"

"Would you even try to understand me?" He raised himself on his elbow and thrust his chin forward stubbornly. "I don't want you as my mistress. I want to marry you."

She drew away with a hurt, blank expression. She thrust her fingers into the hair at her temples. "Is impossible to consent you. First, you say must be gone Baldini. Now is gone Baldini you say must be first the matrimony. Why you don't understand I am not such a woman? I am honest, you should thank the God for it. Why you don't understand?" she said again.

"Because I love you. You might try to understand, too."

"But I do not," she said. "Why you think I will not marry you? Because is too different, what you are and what I am. Will not make a matrimony, such a mixture, also you are a stranger."

"A stranger! Renata, after the past two months?"

"Yes, a stranger. Is so different your country, your world, is everything I am not. Also I tell you before, the marriage is a responsibility so tremendous and I do not want. Even," she said, the protest going out of her voice and a tenderness coming into it that he seldom heard. "I do not want to hurt you. If I am a bad wife, I hurt you very much."

"You hurt me enough right now."

"That seem to me is your

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fault. But is useless stay here and talk like this." She bent close to him and laid her hand on his cheek. "Randalo," she whispered. Her hair brushed his face and she saw his jaw tighten. "You are sure I must go away now?"

"Yes." She heard him breathing very loud. "Go away. And think about what I said. One of us has got to give in, and I'm not going to. If you do this again, I'll go away. You haven't really thought about marrying me. Think about it enough to see if you won't change your mind."

She shook her head a little



and moved, saying, "Well, I try to think."

He would not look at her, he lay there turned away with his hand covering his eyes. "Please marry me, Renata," he said, choking, "but go away now."

When she had gone he lay with tears on his cheeks, looking at the closed door.

On a lovely evening a few days later they were all sitting after supper, rocking on the farmhouse porch. Tom Maynard was resting after his heavy day, with his feet on the porch railing, smoking his corn-

cob pipe. Mrs. Maynard was hemming a tablecloth for the hope chest of her daughter, Emma, who was going to be married in the autumn.

Renata, too, was sewing. She had surprised and delighted the Maynards by picking up one of the plain white petticoats for Emma's wedding outfit, and whipping on to it yards of pretty ruffling which she made lightning-fast by hand. When Mrs. Maynard asked where in the world she had learned to do that, Renata only winked at Randall. He was leaning back in his chair, silent and pondering what to do about the impasse he had created.

Renata, with other people about, was as lively, chattering, and funny as she had ever been before her illness. When she was alone with him she was subdued and distant. He was worried; the strain between them was increasing. He went out of his way now to avoid being alone with her. Times like this were better than the blank stretches of mid-morning and early afternoon, when everybody except the boarders was hard at work; and he had begun to dread the evenings after the Maynards had gone to their early bed.

There were moments then when his hands ached to touch her, when he did not dare speak lest his voice gave him away. And sometimes she raised to him her dark, deepset, gentle eyes, full of bewildered chagrin and protest. Whatever was to come next, Randall doubted that she would want to stay here much longer.

Nobody was saying much: there were comfortable comments about the weather or the young stock or the coming Fourth of July fireworks on the village green; then there was a roar, a popping noise, and a great puffing somewhere beyond the bend of the road along the row of big elm trees.

Randall held his breath and looked at the ends of his fingers. He heard Mrs. Maynard ex-

claim, "Land o' Jerusalem, what's that?" and as Tom Maynard got heavily to his feet, the scarlet Stevens-Duryea hove around the curve and stopped with a snort at the Maynards' mailbox. Renata's eyes grew round as saucers, her mouth dropped open, and she clapped her hands. Seymour sat high on his throne with the usual laughing companion in motor-ing costume perched beside him. Randall could have groaned as he recognised Marietta Pawling.

The Maynards and their son, Walt, and Emma and her young man, and the hired hands and Renata all stood in a row on the porch, staring and wondering. But Randall sat still. Seymour leaped down from his seat, lightly vaulting the gear and brake levers at his right, and started up the walk to the house. Randall sighed faintly, rallied his manners, and got up to go and meet Seymour. They shook hands affectionately.

"This is my brother, Seymour Holt," he said, and gravely named the row of wonder-struck faces along the porch, coming last to Renata, whose eyes were dancing. Seymour greeted everybody with his usual elegant flair and said, "May I go and fetch Miss Pawling?" He presented Marietta, and Mrs. Maynard, who, after years of city boarders, was used to anything short of automobiles, hospitably urged them to sit down.

Randall asked where they had come from, and when Seymour said, "From town," there was a chorus of incredulous questions.

"Oh, it didn't take so long," said Seymour. "We left at eleven this morning. I made pretty good time considering three punctures."

"How far you reckon it is by road?" Tom Maynard was still eyeing the red monster with suspicion and dislike.

"Just fifty-five miles. I'd have made better time if some of the roads hadn't been so bad." He smiled at Randall and said, "We thought we'd take you and Miss Tosi off

somewhere for a jaunt tomorrow. My brother must have bored you to death by this time," he joked, turning to Renata.

"Oh, I am never bore." Sometimes he is very serious, is true —" She tipped her chin towards Randall and gave him a wink that was a mixture of mischief and tenderness. "But we accept with pleasure, you agree, Randalo?"

"Why, yes. But where are you going to stop tonight, Seymour?"

"Well—" Seymour looked at Mrs. Maynard. "I wasn't sure there would be room here, but I just thought I'd find out when we arrived."

Mrs. Maynard said, "Might be a tight squeeze, but if you don't mind sort of squaring around, I guess we can manage it. Emma, you move your things up to the loft and fix up your room for Miss Pawling. And I s'pose you wouldn't mind doubling up with your brother, Mr. Holt? That's about the best we can do."

Randall watched Seymour, knowing how he loathed sharing a room. But Seymour beamed and said, "That would be fine. It's awfully good of you, isn't it, Ran?"

"Awfully," said Randall. "Thanks ever so much, Mrs. Maynard."

When they were going to bed Randall asked Seymour why he had not sent word that they were coming.

"I never thought of it. I just did it on the spur of the minute. I thought you'd be glad to see me."

"Oh, I am, Brother. But what about Marietta?"

Seymour gave a benevolent chuckle. "What can I do, Ran?"

"Well, just see you don't try to palm her off on me again."

"On you!" Seymour widened his weak, milky-grey eyes. "You're sealed off in your paradise as if there were nobody else on the planet. She's enchanting, Ran. Absolutely bewitching."

He did not expect, knowing

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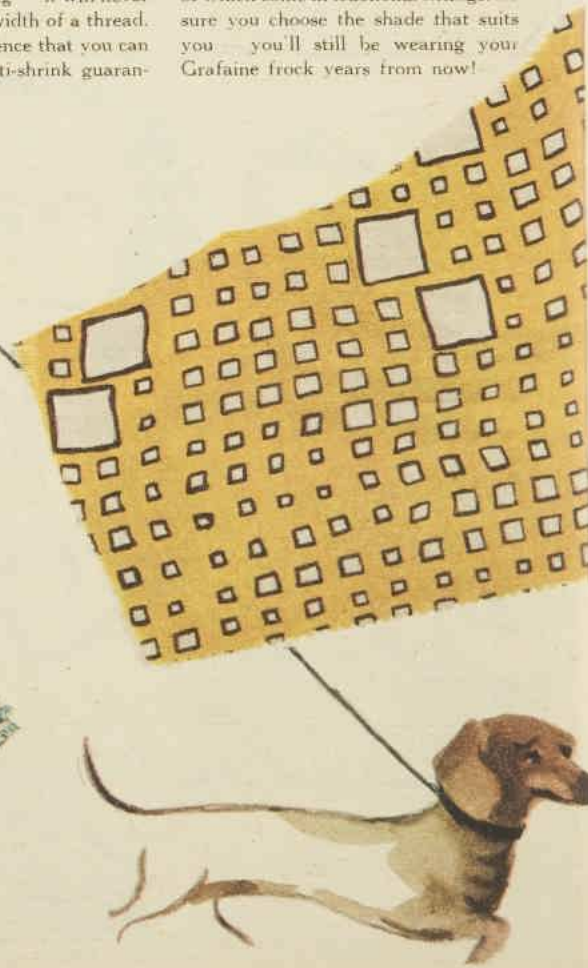
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his own instinct to hide emotion, and Randall's in lesser degree, that Randall would vouchsafe any measure of his feelings about Renata Tosi. But much less did he expect the sense of anxiety, of uncertainty and strain which he felt in Randall. Whatever the truth might be, it was already a challenge to Seymour's curiosity.

All the next day they laughed and bantered and bumped their way cross-country to Cold Spring and back. They chose Cold Spring because Seymour estimated that it would not make too long a trip; Randall had reminded him that Renata was not yet perfectly strong. They set off before breakfast with Tom Maynard's assurance that the weather could not possibly change today.

It did change, of course; they were caught in a thunderstorm which would have drenched them to the skin except for Seymour's quickness in spotting an empty carriage-shed by the road and driving the car straight into it. They sat there listening to the rain pelt and rattle on the tin roof. It fell rhythmically in a certain pattern to which Renata was soon beating time, making a pompous, scowling face like a conductor.

With her left hand she made florid gestures at imaginary instruments and when her pantomime introduction was unmistakable she made an equally unmistakable burlesque of the classic fat tenor and broke out, "Bella figlia dell'amore," filling in the other voices as they came along and finally leaning towards Seymour to growl in a mock basso, "Taci, il piangere non vale." She patted him on the shoulder, nodding wisely.

She was so funny that she herself joined in the roars of laughter that drowned her out. Then they began asking her to sing this and that, and as she was recklessly in the mood she sat there singing like a bird in a tree. Anything, everything, snatches of The Barber and Faust and Sonnambula and Lucia and suddenly, fixing her eyes on Randall, she began to sing Vissi d'arte. She sang with a warm, pulsating urgency he had never known in her before,

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her head thrown back, her expression intent.

In the cramped shed her delicate voice took on richness and volume. Seymour and Marietta Pawling in the front seat were turned to watch her, he with a fascinated glaze in his half-closed eyes, she frankly open-mouthed. She had never heard a fine singer before.

Randall was tense and very stirred. He wished he were alone with her. The presence of the others was a rude intrusion. Her pleading, her phrasing even more poignant than the pitifully appealing words, went through him like a chill. Nobody spoke when she finished. The last perfect notes echoed in their ears. Then as Seymour and Marietta Pawling began to clamour their appreciation she said to Randall under her breath, "You have understood the words?"

He only looked at her and said, "I thought you said you'd never learn Tosca."

She laughed, then cried delightedly: "See! I call you out the sun!"

And she had—the sun was shining into the shed and every trace of the storm had vanished, leaving a washed, brilliant blue sky and the delicious pungency of wet earth and leaves and grass.

Seymour set the spark and the hand throttle and switched the magneto and felt carefully to make certain that the gear was in neutral, and with a hearty, "Get set, everybody!" he jumped down and went round in front to crank. The motor turned over with a pop and a roar, and they all held their breaths while Seymour skillfully and carefully backed out of the narrow shed and manoeuvred round into the road again.

"We're off!" he cried, and they rolled and jounced and slithered away through the film of mud churned up by the rain on the dirt road. Renata was fascinated, she sat up very straight eagerly looking to this side and that, her face with its laughing brown eyes like a bright light between the folds

of the chiffon veil tied under chin.

"Is beautiful, no, Marietta?" she cried. She had already said there could be no such name as Pall-ling, and Marietta was a pretty, civilised name that anybody could pronounce. So this put them all on a first-name footing by the time they were at lunch in the hotel at Cold Springs.

After lunch they went out on the porch of the hotel and strolled up and down and Seymour, finding himself beside Renata, answered her questions about the turreted fortress across and down the river. When she learned what it was her eyes danced and she said, "Oh! So many beautiful young men! Must be wonderful."

She heard Randall sigh hopelessly behind her, "I like very much the beautiful young men," she rattled on.

Randall was explaining awkwardly to Marietta that Italian adjectives were very different from English ones.

"Oh, I think she's killing," said Marietta. "I never saw anybody like her."

"Neither did I," said Randall heavily.

Renata turned and looked over her shoulder at Randall. Then she said in an undertone to Seymour, "I think Randalo he is the most beautiful man I have ever seen."

Seymour gave her a look. "I trust he knows you think so?" he murmured.

"He is—" she moved her shoulders delicately. "Very young. Too serious."

"I would hate to see him hurt," Seymour contrived to speak tonelessly.

"I too. I have tell him so. I have try' explain many things."

"I see."

"You understand?"

"Perfectly." They were strolling round the corner of the wide verandah and he looked once into her eyes. They were not laughing now; they were also not serious; they were com-

municating in a direct and definite language. "I should say we understand one another very well."

They got back to the farm at nightfall, having been stopped twice on the way by punctured tyres which Seymour had patched with skill, and what they all told him was remarkable good humor.

"I would never have the patience for all that trouble," said Renata; and Seymour, jacking up the car and looking coolly at the three figures standing in the muddy road, said, "Have you got much patience about anything?"

Renata was yawning at supper, unaccustomed to such a long day and so much company. She appeared not to be listening while tomorrow's plans were discussed, but she found herself surprised when Randall said, "No, thanks, Seymour, I can't ride back to town with you and Marietta tomorrow because I always have to go over the music on Friday afternoons. You wouldn't get there in time."

"Well, we'd have been glad to have you along."

Renata had forgotten that tomorrow was Friday and that Randall always took the morning train to New York. She looked up and said, "I think I go to New York with you tomorrow, Randalo."

"Why, Renata! What for?"

"I must buy things to make me clothes, something for summer. I come from Italy not prepared." She flipped her hand at the sleeve of her blouse. "I am tired of these few, I wear them too much."

Randall was surprised and also, he found, somewhat troubled. Why should she decide so suddenly that she needed summer clothes? She did need them, she had been makeshifting all this time, but she had not seemed to mind it before. He was apparently right in suspecting that she was beginning to be bored here.

"Then you can ride in with us," said Marietta. She said it only to please Seymour, which she was sure it would; she would have much preferred to be alone with him.

Renata considered for a moment and then said, "No, is very kind, thank you — also Simor —" for he had seconded the invitation. "But I think is better I go in the train with Randalo. I can make the shopping in the afternoon, also on Saturday, and I do not grow too tired."

Seymour dropped them next morning at the railway station before starting the trip back to New York. Randall went inside to buy the tickets and Seymour helped Renata down and escorted her to the platform, leaving Marietta in the car. "I'll be right back," he said to her.

"Where will you be stopping in town?" he asked Renata, walking to the platform.

She named the hotel that Randall had chosen for her when she left the hospital.

"If I can do anything for you —" Seymour spoke gravely.

"Oh, thank you. Only I may require some things from my trunks which Randalo sent to your house."

"I will come and fetch you after lunch tomorrow," he said.

"But where is your automobile?" she asked Seymour next day, emerging from her hotel. She pronounced the word in Italian.

"I am having some work done on it." He had thought it better not drive up to the house with Renata in the car. They took a taxicab instead, and when they arrived at the Holt house, Seymour paused on the

pavement as the cab drove away. He saw the whole place, the bleak, blind-windowed house, the drab yard, the scaling paint, the rusty iron gratings, as they must appear to Renata's surprised eyes.

"I'm afraid it's an ugly place," he said. "And rather a queer one. We keep most of it shut up, you see, because Randall and I live here all alone and we couldn't possibly use all the rooms." They were walking up the front path, between the plots of sparse, weedy, gritty grass.

"Naturally. But why you don't rent many rooms? Never I have seen a house so large just for two people. In Italy is no such thing like this in a city."

Such a thought had never entered Seymour's head. "Why — I don't know," he said. "It never occurred to us. But I don't think we'd like to be all surrounded with roomers. Our house would be like all those others —" he gestured back at the rundown mansions on both sides of the street. "Anyway —" he took out his latchkey and opened the front door. "Please don't mind how it looks. We're hardly ever here."

"I told Randalo last night you have been so kind to offer to bring me here for my things today while he was working."

"Yes, he spoke about it this morning. He said he'd be home by five o'clock." Seymour stepped aside and bowed her into the house. The dim, musty hall was a strange contrast to the brassy summer sun outside; Renata blinked, trying to adjust herself to the darkness and Seymour stood for a moment revelling in the relief to his eyes. He put his hat on the rack and turned to open the drawing-room door.

"The trunks are here," he said, and lied. "I had them brought here from the storage room to make it more convenient for you."

"Ah, thank you very much." She advanced into the room, eyeing it curiously. In her sweeping black-and-white gown and her big hat trimmed with roses she was an incongruous sight against the streaked, ragged wallpaper, the dingy woodwork, the swagged plush curtains, the tufted magenta upholstery, the Brussels carpet, all threadbare.

She was puzzled, Seymour could see. On the one hand she had concluded, between Randall's generosity and Seymour's automobile, that they must be millionaires. On the other, what could they be doing in a place like this? Real poverty would not confound her, nothing was more familiar; but this was not poverty, real or simulated. This was something else, which she could not understand. It was also not like her to brood about anything. She turned cheerfully to Seymour and said, "It will not take me long to find the things I need."

"No," he said, standing close to her and looking down, from his two inches of height greater than Randall's, at her vivid face. At this moment it bore an expression of mischief; her lips were set in a remote smile and her slender, slanting nostrils flared faintly. She did not raise her eyes and look at him. But she did look at the hideous old tombstone clock on the mantel, which still ran, still timing Randall's practice hours.

Seymour said, "I told Randalo I would bring you here about four o'clock."

It was not yet three. Renata laughed and walked lightly across the room and sat down on the high-backed Victorian divan, shabby like everything else in the room. Seymour stood with his elbow on the mantel, looking at her.

"Of course you are an irresistibly fascinating woman," he said.

She made as if mockingly to pull her features into a serious expression and said, pointing to the piano in the corner, "This is where Randalo practises? This is his piano?"

Seymour nodded. "I'm afraid he practises, or used to, too much."

"Is true. I tell you, he is too serious. It is not —" she changed her remark to a question. "Is good for a young man? I ask you!"

"As I said, you are extraordinarily fascinating and I am afraid Randalo doesn't know how to — shall we say, appreciate it?"

"Randalo is good like the God. But a child."

"And you are not quite the plaything for a child?" He strolled across the room and sat down beside her on the divan.

"What you think?"

"Oh," he said, "I make a great point of never thinking." She gave a small laugh and said, "Italian men do not think either. A man beautiful like Randalo in my country —!"

"Such a man wouldn't have Randall's virtues, either. He would only want pleasure."

"And who does not?" Her eyes opened wide. "What kind of man is it you describe? — or what woman?"

"Anyway —" "Anyway," she looked at him with frank curiosity. "I wonder."

After a silence he said, "You are surely not wondering if I am like my brother?"

"All Americans."

"You could try and see."

"I could?" Her eyebrows rose. Her hand lay on the divan and he picked it up and turned its palms to his lips.

Presently she raised her other hand to the back of his head. They did not speak again, but light tentative caresses were followed by greater, and greater.

Half an hour passed. When they spoke again, Seymour was sitting in one of the low parlor chairs, smoking one of his Turkish cigarettes. Renata, casually making order of her hair and costume before the glass over the mantel, smiled at him with approval as he said, "You do know how to give pleasure."

"Is true," she said. "Also I like to enjoy."

"Your frankness could be disconcerting, you know."

"But not to you!"

"Oh, to me!" He took off his heavy glasses which he had only a moment ago put on, and polished them with his handkerchief. "I am hard to embarrass, Renata."

"I too. But I want no problem, this could very easily become one."

"Not," said Seymour, tweaking his moustache, "if we chose to consider this episode forgotten. A moment, isolated, you know."

"I know," she said lightly. "What has nothing to do with nothing else?"

Randall came in a little before five o'clock. Renata was packing into a suitcase the things she had sorted out and Seymour was still sitting in the tufted chair smoking cigarettes. Renata turned to Randall with a delighted smile and seemed almost about to embrace him.

Randall looked at the things she had strewn about and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Oh no, thank you is nearly finish." What we do this evening?" she asked, including both brothers in her question which assumed that there was some plan to include them all.

Seymour answered, "The car should be ready by now. I'll go and get it and pick up Marietta and we'll drive somewhere for dinner."

"Benissimo," said Renata.

Renata seemed glad to return to the farm on Sunday

To page 56

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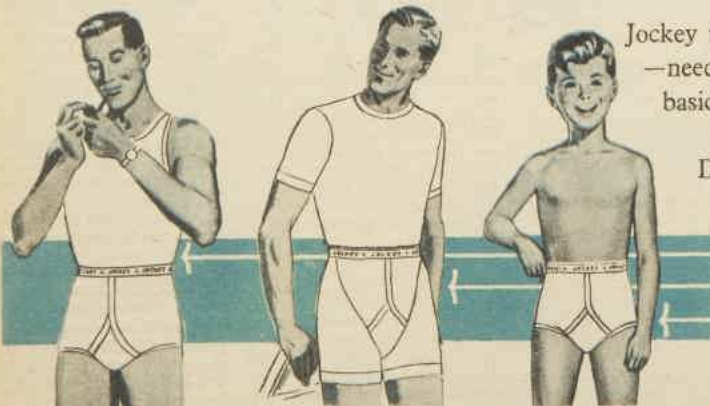
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 31, 1955



# Star showgirl Sheree North

Sheree North is the girl who inherited the starring role in "How to Be Very, Very Popular" (20th Century-Fox) which Marilyn Monroe turned down. The film is a farcical comedy of errors about two showgirls (Sheree is one of them) who accidentally witness a murder. Betty Grable plays the other showgirl and Robert Cummings co-stars.



HAZEL-EYED, 22-year-old Sheree North had her platinum hair dyed sherry-blond for her screen role in "Very, Very Popular" and the above photograph. Playing the part of a showgirl comes naturally to Sheree, who has been in show business since she was six years old. At 13 she made her professional debut as a dancer and since then has performed in nightclubs and theatres throughout the United States. Sheree's daughter, Dawn, now aged five, plans to follow in her mother's footsteps.

IN THE PIN-UP PICTURE at left, film newcomer Sheree North, in tights and black mesh stockings, shows the form that made a hit with television viewers who saw her on a Bing Crosby show. A movie contract followed soon afterwards. Sheree's measurements are 35½-23½-35½, she is 5ft. 4½in. tall, and weighs 8st. 5lb. Apparently there is solid commonsense under that blond thatch; about her thriving picture career Sheree says, "Show business is my job. When I'm on stage I work hard — I know I have to deliver the goods to get a cheque at the end of the week."

**Film Fun Fare** CONDUCTED BY  
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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★★ The Country Girl

**T**ELLING the story of a theatrical married couple, on whose lives events of the past continue to prey, "The Country Girl" (Paramount) is an engrossing drama - with music set in the modern theatre.

In an astonishing performance, entertainer Bing Crosby is a thoroughly complex figure as Frank Elgin, a once-popular headliner in show business who, over the years, has become a shifty-drunk.

When young stage director Bernie Dodd (William Holden) takes a chance on the actor by putting him into a new show, the full impact of Elgin's moral weakness and dependence upon his wife is felt.

But Elgin cunningly hides the truth from the outside world and in so doing gives the picture some dramatic twists.

Grace Kelly in her Academy Award winning role gives a superb performance as his long-suffering wife, Georgie Elgin.

Looking older than her years as the story opens, and almost defeated by the gradual disintegration of their marriage, Georgie reaches the point of despair when her motives in trying to rehabilitate Elgin are misjudged by Bernie Dodd.

The script and acting combine to build up to the moment when Georgie cracks under the strain and in a sequence of blazing eloquence tells Dodd the truth about her husband.

Inevitably, Georgie and Dodd, having set Elgin on the road to health and success, discover that they are in love.

William Holden brings his own special brand of clean-cut competence to the role of the forthright theatrical director.

Whether or not you are in agreement with the end of the drama probably depends on your point of view.

On the musical side, one big production number and several songs are provided for Crosby during the run of the story.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★ "Cell 2455 Death Row," thriller, starring William Campbell, Robert Campbell, Marian Carr, Kathryn Grant. Plus "Pirates of Tripoli," technicolor sea adventure, starring Patricia Medina, Paul Henreid.

**CENTURY.**—★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★ "Happy Ever After," technicolor comedy, starring Yvonne De Carlo, David Niven, Barry Fitzgerald. Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★★ "Interrupted Melody," CinemaScope musical drama in color, starring Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★ "So This Is Paris," technicolor musical, starring Tony Curtis, Gloria De Haven. Plus ★ "Veils of Bagdad," Oriental adventure in technicolor, starring Victor Mature, Mari Blanchard.

**LYRIC.**—★★ "Jedda," Gevacolor Australian drama, starring Ngarla Kunoth, Robert Tudawali. Plus "Cannibal Attack," outdoor adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller, Judy Walsh. (Not yet reviewed.)

**MAYFAIR.**—★ "Untamed," Delux color CinemaScope period adventure, starring Susan Hayward, Tyrone Power, Richard Egan. Plus featurettes.

**PARIS.**—★★ "Hansel and Gretel," children's opera in color. Plus featurettes.

**PLAZA.**—★★ "Dragnet," Warnercolor thriller, starring Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson. Plus "Outlaw's Daughter," color Western, starring Jim Davis, Keely Ryan, Bill Williams.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★★ "The Country Girl," drama, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, William Holden. (See review this page.) Plus "Assignment Children," U.N. documentary short featuring Danny Kaye.

**REGENT.**—★★ "The High and the Mighty," CinemaScope Warnercolor drama, starring John Wayne, Robert Stack, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★★ "Bread, Love, and Dreams" ("Pain, Amore e Fantasia"), Italian-language comedy, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio de Sica, Roberto Risso, Marisa Merlini. Plus featurettes.

**ST. JAMES.**—★★ "Blackboard Jungle," MetroScope juvenile drama, starring Glenn Ford, Anne Francis. Plus featurettes.

**STATE.**—★★★ "The Purple Plain," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Win Min Than. Plus featurettes.

**VICTORY.**—★ "This Island Earth," technicolor science fiction thriller, starring Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, Rex Reason. Plus ★ "The Looters," drama, starring Rory Calhoun, Julie Adams.

### Films not yet reviewed

**ESQUIRE.**—★ "An Inspector Calls," thriller, starring Alastair Sim, Olga Lindo, Bryan Forbes. Plus "Devil On Horseback," turf drama, starring Googie Withers, John McCallum.

**PALACE.**—★ "Tarzan's Hidden Jungle," outdoor adventure, starring Gordon Scott, Vera Miles. Plus "Red Stallion," Western, starring Robert Paige, Ted Donaldson. (Release review not available.)

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# WARTIME NAVAL DRAMA

★ Republic's "Eternal Sea" is based on the career of Rear-Admiral John M. Hoskins (Sterling Hayden plays this role), who returned to active service with the U.S. Navy after losing a leg when his ship was bombed in Leyte Gulf during World War II. The story has dramatic action, suspense, humor, and a warm love story.

★

**1** NEWS that her husband, John Hoskins (Sterling Hayden), is to be given command of a carrier is received with mixed feelings by Sue (Alexis Smith). But instead he is posted to training duty.



**2** OFFICERS consider Hoskins' methods severe, but they pay off when pupils acquit themselves well. Hoskins is decorated and sent to replace his friend William Buracker on the Princeton.

**3** VISITING Sue Hoskins while her husband is at sea, navy wife Dorothy Buracker (Virginia Gray), left, is just as anxious to have her husband home as Sue is reluctant to see Hoskins go.



**4** ON BOARD the Princeton, Hoskins is unable to assume command because it is the eve of the Philippines invasion. However, he accepts an offer to remain as prospective skipper.

**5** WOUNDED in an attack, Hoskins loses a leg. The carrier is sunk. Retirement seems inevitable but he fights his way back to health. By unearthing a naval law he fends off retirement.



**6** HOSKINS is appointed captain of the new Princeton. He pioneers use of carrier-based jet planes and wins distinction in Korea. He is offered a top command, but declines.

**7** JOB of establishing rescue service which brings back wounded men for medical care is Hoskins' choice. He feels that in this post he is an object lesson to the physically handicapped.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955

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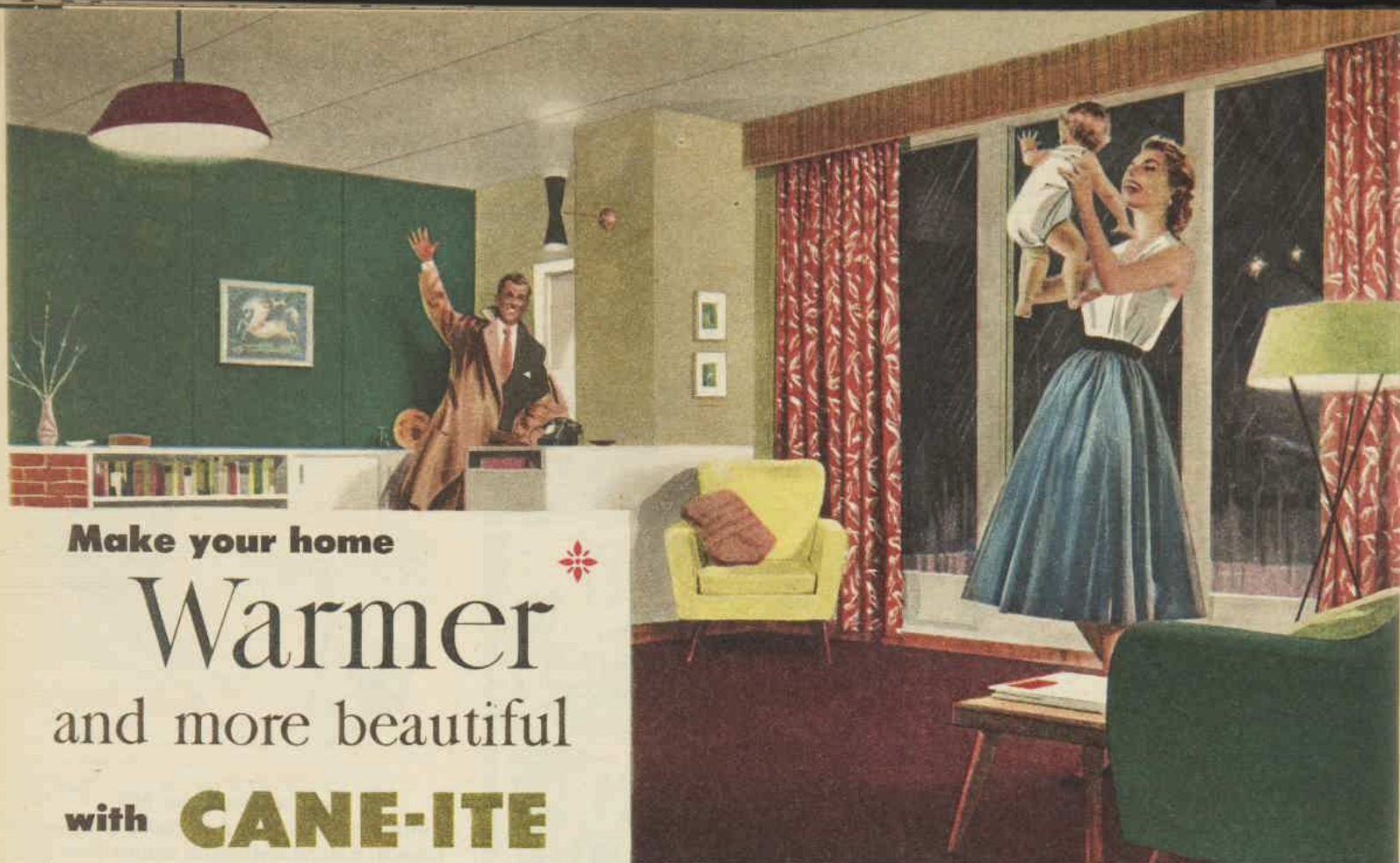
Large Economy (Double Size), 4/11.  
Medium Size, 3/7.  
Slightly higher in some country districts.

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# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are August 30 and September 2. Wear bright red lipstick, a red feather in your hat, or a red scarf if you're on business bent.</p>	<p>★ If you are looking for employment, it appears probable that the first opening of which you hear might have drawbacks, but you are likely to find your goal.</p>	<p>★ Should a member of the household come down with a minor illness you may have extra work to do, and you may miss out on several social affairs.</p>	<p>★ There may be a growing interest in a member of the opposite sex who works in your building or is employed by the same firm. If young, this may be love.</p>	<p>★ Are other people clacking in some community enterprise and putting the toughest part of the work on you? Be clear about how much you can, or cannot, do.</p>
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are September 1 and 5. That white blouse or white beads will work wonders if you seek happiness in love or luck in speculation.</p>	<p>★ Homemakers engage in an enterprise dear to their hearts and have fun on the job. Others enjoy more variety in their occupational world, and will welcome changes.</p>	<p>★ More visitors than usual and possibly a birthday party or family celebration, which gives you all much pleasure. You may have a share in arranging a surprise.</p>	<p>★ If in the blossom time of romance, an engagement may be announced before very long. If a young married, there may be an addition to the family.</p>	<p>★ Whether it's a raffle for some charity or whether you are playing in a tournament for a prize, in some way you are likely to carry off a victory and receive applause.</p>
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 31 and September 3. Gloves with unusual cuffs or of any brilliant color will attract attention and success.</p>	<p>★ You may resign from your present position because you believe it has no future or because of friction with associates. If you end this chapter, you'll start another.</p>	<p>★ Those intending to build or move into another home are going to be busy with articles, suggestions in publications. Discussions may range on details.</p>	<p>★ A much-valued romantic attachment might end with a crash. You may even shrug your shoulders and think it had been wearing thin for some time.</p>	<p>★ Not feeling sociable? If tired nerves need a rest you may be in better shape to tackle a series of new stunts and activities later on, so give yourself a break now.</p>
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are September 3 and 4. Tangentine and sardium shades, whether as a pony or a jumper, will bring you happily to your objective.</p>	<p>★ If you are connected with communications, work in an office, developments such as extensions or additions to present affairs may mean promotion.</p>	<p>★ Holiday accommodation may be the subject of correspondence. The pros and cons of different resorts are likely to be discussed at length, and a decision may be required.</p>	<p>★ If the one you love is obliged, probably for business reasons, to be away for a short period, you'll both be polishing up on letter-writing. Try to write often.</p>	<p>★ Neighborhood interests may be well to the fore. You may be organizing a neighborhood club or collecting signatures to a petition, or serving in an honorary capacity.</p>
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are September 1 and 5. A bright green belt could make you fortunate in your personal and social relationships.</p>	<p>★ If you come in contact with the public while on the job, particularly fortunate conditions just now. There could be prospects of an increase in pay or a bonus.</p>	<p>★ If you are interested in buying or selling property or in renting a house or flat, the present time is excellent for clinching a satisfactory deal and arranging finance.</p>	<p>★ Money and love seem to be mixed up together. The financing of your hopes and plans may be your biggest problem, and you'll need to each contribute a fair share.</p>	<p>★ You may be flattered by an invitation to a fashionable place or go out with a crowd that impresses you. Don't, however, let it high-tail your old friends.</p>
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are September 1 and 5. A bright green belt could make you fortunate in your personal and social relationships.</p>	<p>★ Whatever your work, if it requires careful neatness and a methodical routine you should shine. If you add interest and creative ability you'll be successful.</p>	<p>★ Choosing new methods, you may find it easy to organize a number of tasks which you think exhausting, and thus give yourself more spare time.</p>	<p>★ Although a fine character is an important asset, and a girl does not need to be a beauty to attract love, a study of one's appearance is never wasted.</p>	<p>★ Take the initiative, make the first move in friendliness, and you will enlarge your circle of associates and the horizons of your interests. Right now is a good time.</p>
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are September 1 and 4. Wear that charcoal-grey skirt, which, especially if pleated, will give you confidence and grace.</p>	<p>★ Recognition of your past efforts may encourage you to greater heights. There is some danger that increasing income could be accompanied by higher expenditure.</p>	<p>★ If you've been hurt in your business or social life, don't so home and take it out on the family. Join in with family projects, even if you are in no mood to do so.</p>	<p>★ Be content to bask for a little while in the admiration of someone you care for. Rushing into love may mean you miss out on those early stages of comradeship.</p>	<p>★ A surprise party could be the highlight of your week, or you may be concerned with a presentation which please alike those who give and the one who receives.</p>
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 21 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are August 30 and September 1. Pastel shades, rainbow-color combinations are excellent for all social or romantic occasions.</p>	<p>★ If you are a voluntary worker you may be asked to help in a new direction. If you are in ordinary employment you may have much to do with a staff club.</p>	<p>★ You may be dragged into helping someone with advice or lending a hand in a domestic upheaval. You'll enjoy it and the sociability it brings. Possibly a new neighbor.</p>	<p>★ Love is a serious matter to you. Many of you bestow your love only once in a lifetime. If young and eligible, marriage could be closer than you think.</p>	<p>★ Going to do a bit of private amateur detective work on behalf of a group of your friends? You'll find out what you want to know, and be able to make a decision.</p>
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 22—DECEMBER 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are August 30 and September 2. Wear a native jumper or scarf and attract favorable vibrations in your social activities.</p>	<p>★ Interview people, make personal contacts, open up negotiations, and push your interests energetically. In some cases results will be immediate, in others in the future.</p>	<p>★ There are many more attractions than just staying home, so you are likely to buzz on for any number of reasons and let your place of residence look after itself.</p>	<p>★ Are you in a state of mind which makes it difficult to decide whether you really care enough for a certain person to marry him or her? Let time help you.</p>	<p>★ Varied amusements make a colorful picture, and you'll have all the fun of the fair. You may be compelled to double-bank your arrangements.</p>
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are August 31 and September 4. Choose unusual accessories, odd patterns in material, and arrive at your goal sooner than you hoped.</p>	<p>★ You may have to think faster than the rest of your associates, and be ready to act at once if an emergency arises. In some instances a journey may become necessary.</p>	<p>★ Feeling lazy and more given to reading a book than coping with the dishes? If you've been using up reserve energy you may need to replenish it.</p>	<p>★ Should you be a student or attending classes of any kind, you may meet an interesting person—ally in that connection, and find that you are drawn together.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, your children may shine on the platform or be entertained at a special affair for their benefit. If a teenager, you may offer your services to a good cause.</p>
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are August 31 and September 4. Tan, brown, and beige, the more of it the better, will make for smooth sailing.</p>	<p>★ You may be more interested in the pay envelope than the work. In that case you may be looking around for a more attractive job, but it is unlikely to crop up yet.</p>	<p>★ If you're saving for a project which you have long cherished you may decide to carry out a few economies and find yourself doing things yourself.</p>	<p>★ Should a third person come between you and the one you love, or should you hear rumors to that effect, do not go into an emotional tangle. Ask for an explanation.</p>	<p>★ If helping to raise funds for an organization, watch lest expenses become greater than possible profits. You may work behind the scenes and avoid the limelight.</p>
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are September 2 and 3. Fur evening, rose-pink, for day wear, pretty shoes, cherry. If you have them. Shoes are very important.</p>	<p>★ Scrap shyness and extreme sensitiveness in your practical affairs. Make requests, and don't feel hurt if they are turned down. Display your talents and qualifications.</p>	<p>★ Hospitality in the form of greetings to a returning traveler or farewelling one, or giving a prospective bride a shower may be the chief feature of your week.</p>	<p>★ If young in heart, no matter what your chronological age, there is a romantic adventure waiting for you this week. It may be right out of this world and lead to love.</p>	<p>★ Most of your social life just now includes the opposite sex, and will be largely evening events. If a young married, a baby-sitter could be your main difficulty.</p>

## "Beautiful British Lace in a modern setting...a new overseas trend that is brilliantly successful for Australia!"



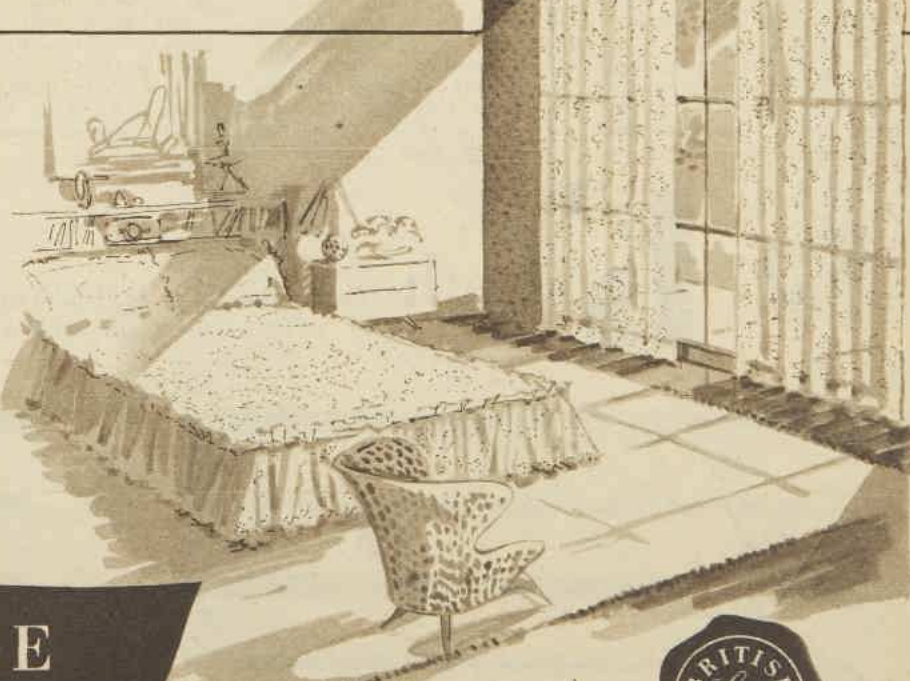
says Del Cartwright, well-known Australian home expert, who has recently returned from a world tour, visiting 21 countries. Miss Cartwright appeared on TV in Britain and the U.S.A. and spoke with home-making editors everywhere.

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One of the latest and most successful overseas ideas for contemporary homes is the use of Lace in ways undreamed of by our grandparents. Interior decorators have found the graceful folds and soft transparency of British Lace blend perfectly with the straight, clean lines of modern furniture. For that reason, hundreds of young couples furnishing flats and new homes are turning with enthusiasm to this exciting new idea of teaming fadeless, easily-washable British Lace with their contemporary furniture. And British Lace bedspreads are very easily ironed.

### THE LATEST IN DESIGN

In line with the new trend, the lace-makers of Nottingham and Scotland are producing a big variety of special new designs—many of which are now to be seen in Australian stores. Ask to see the selection at your store now.



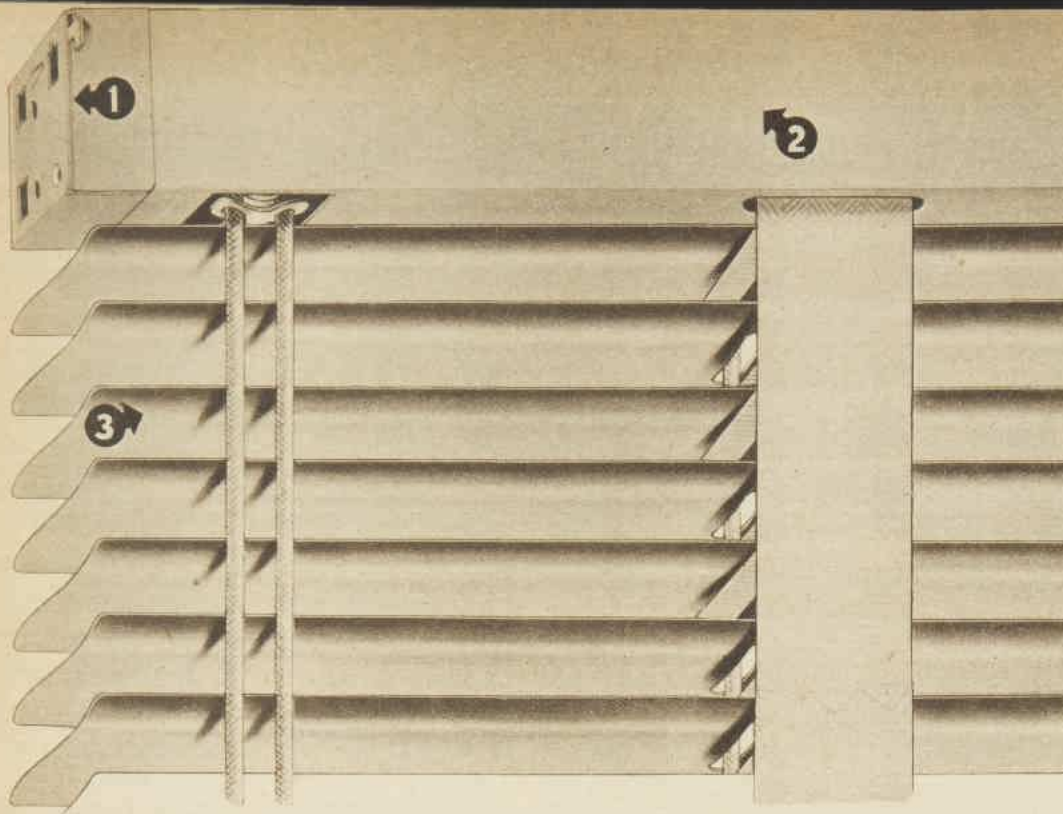
# BRITISH LACE

FOR TO-DAY'S HOMES

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL







## How many extra quality points can you see in this Kirsch venetian?

Check these Kirsch quality points against the claims of all other venetian blind manufacturers. No other brand can offer so much as Kirsch. Is it any wonder that Kirsch has been acknowledged for years as the best venetian money can buy?

**1.** Kirsch is easy to put up — simply screw up brackets and slip the blind in place. To take the blind down — just unclip and lift it down. In use, the blind is firmly and securely held.

**2.** Kirsch is all-metal—no warping or twisting is possible. And with an all-metal blind, colour is uniform on every section — no difference between headmember, slats and bottom rail. The smooth finish on the slats gives an easy-to-clean surface. S-shaped slats are particularly easy to dust.

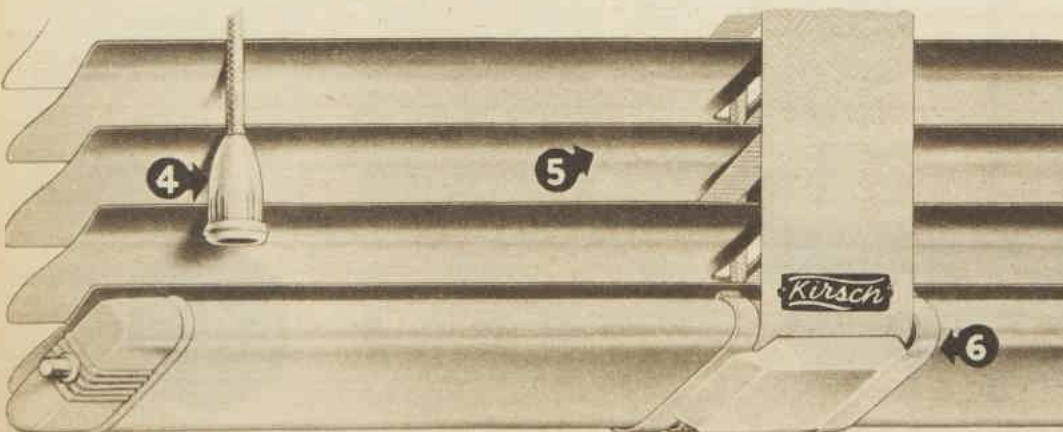
**3.** Only Kirsch has the S-shaped slat—a shape perfected in America to give greater strength and better glare diffusion. The S-shape gives you more light with more privacy and less glare than any other shaped slat. Test this yourself next time you see a Kirsch blind.

**4.** Kirsch mechanism is smooth and efficient. Blinds are easily raised and lowered and can be locked with a gentle sideways movement of the cord. They unlock just as easily. No hauling and jerking. Slats tilt noiselessly.

**5.** Kirsch venetians come in a range of pastel colours as well as ivory and white. Kirsch suggests you choose a neutral colour that will blend with any future changes you make. Remember — a Kirsch venetian is a lifetime purchase.

**6.** Enclosed headmember and bottom rail give neat finish to the blind. Under the metal clips that hold the tapes in place is a reserve of tape for slight adjustment to the depth of the blind. Your Kirsch blinds will never have that "half-mast" look.

**Kirsch** The venetian with the "S" shaped slat  
is a product of WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES



## My Brother's Keeper

from page 49

night. Walt Maynard met them at the station and drove them home under a darkly starlit sky. The air was delicious after the steaming cauldron of New York, but Randall had already remarked how little that seemed to bother Renata. "Is like Milano," she shrugged.

She sat contentedly in the wagonette, her hand in Randall's like that of a child. She had been very sweet in the train, perhaps a little tired, he thought, but gentler and less flippant than usual. He wondered if she had really given any serious thought to his plea.

Perhaps it was a good thing that she and Seymour appeared to have hit it off so well. Almost every word she said in his presence and Marietta's kept them rocking with laughter. She adored the wonderful scarlet motor car and the excursions it made possible. Randall would have liked to keep her to himself all summer at the Maynard's farm but he had never believed she would stay in retreat so long. If she must have gaiety and conviviality, better they all have it together.

The next evening, when he and Renata were alone after the Maynards had gone to bed, he was surprised when she asked, "Randalo, tell me why is so strange your big house in the city?"

"How do you mean, strange?" he asked. The question made him uncomfortable.

"Oh—Is not necessary explain. I have seen it was once very elegant, but is now so—I don't know what is. For somebody else would be poor, but you and the Simorri, you are not poor."

Randall wondered what to tell her, and decided on the truth. He explained about their grandmother's will and their intention to leave the house as soon as possible without having wasted a penny on repairing it or anything in it.

Renata considered for a moment and then said, "Well. Perhaps you are right. But is so strange leave a rich property go to ruin. In Italy would nobody do such a thing."

"Well, we can't help it, Renata dear. She was a very peculiar old woman and we have no control over what becomes of the house. We both hate it and we hated her. That's why—" he took her hand and drew it through his arm and said, watching her face, "Look at me, Renata. Please." She turned her head and gave him a vague patient smile. "That's why I want—you know what I want. A life of my own. Someone to live for, to love. I love you," he said timidly, afraid that she would spring away again at the mention of the word.

Instead she sat quite still. Then she put her hand softly on his cheek and said, "Do not say this again, Randalo. I have promise" think what you ask me. Until now I cannot be different from what I said. You are so good," she murmured, shaking her head sadly. "Why you want the only thing I am not prepare to give?"

"But can I hope?" he pleaded. "Why do you go on—like this — without any other plans —" he stumbled on, trying to express himself and terrified lest she take offence. "Unless you — want to be with me — in some way?"

"I want," she said simply. "I told you."

"And I told you. I am too much in love with you to think of you as —" he made a motion as if to describe Seymour's concept of women. "Don't shut your mind to it. Will you at least let me hope?" he pleaded.

She sighed and hung her head and because she gave no

audible answer he told himself that he had received an unspoken one. He held her hand to his cheek and kissed its soft sun-browned skin, and presently she turned her head and kissed him gently on the mouth. He put his arm round her and drew her head to his shoulder and sat for a while in the dark without moving.

But a few days later, as the weekend was approaching, she said, "Randalo, I think would be a good idea I move now to New York."

Though this was not unexpected, he felt as if a hammer had struck him. "Why, dear?" he asked, which was a stupid thing, he knew, to say.

As usual she was perfectly honest. "Because I begin to be bored here."

"Bored with me?"

"No, not. But is here very far from the life, the amusement. Look how much trouble is we make a little trip on Wednesday." It had been; they had gone by train to White Plains, where Seymour and Marietta had met them with the automobile, and they had returned the same way because Seymour dared not make many runs as far as here on account of his tyres. "If we are in New York, is possible do many amusing things."

"I was afraid you'd soon be getting bored alone with me here."

"But I am not alone with you! Not even like I have offer. If is to be with you among others, is more amusing your brother and his Marietta than these contadini here."

Randall said wearily, and with uncharacteristic irritation, "There are no peasants in America, Renata."

But he could not prevent her going, and perhaps it was as well. He would have extra work to do in August while Dr. Fitzhugh was away, and if she was content to remain in New York he would be nearer to her that way than otherwise. He said, "Where would you want to go in New York? To the Hotel Westwood again?"

She looked doubtful. "I think is expensive, no?"

"But — well, what difference does that make?" He looked at her with the silent assurance that he expected to go on taking care of her until — until what? He had not yet dared ask himself plainly. Would she one day capitulate and marry him? And if not, she had her profession, by which she could very well support herself.

But she surprised him by saying, "I have a little money, Randalo. I would like now not be so —" she smiled ruefully. "So to depend on you. Already you have done so much. As they had before, tears welled into her eyes; she seized his hand and said with passionate sincerity, "Nobody was ever good and generous like you. You are an angel."

"Well," he said awkwardly. "You seem to overlook the happiness it gives me. And if you did save some money last winter you hadn't expected to use it up this summer. You thought you'd be working. I wish you'd just keep it, Renata, it makes me feel you're safer."

"Well then," she said. "I would like a little apartment —" She astonished him by blushing, which resolved into a peal of laughter and her flinging herself on his neck with a hug. "I start to say 'like in Ansonia,' but then I feel ashamed because you were so shocked about Baldini. But now," she cried, like a child delighted with a new discovery,

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## Continuing . . . . My Brother's Keeper

from page 56

"Is my Randalo no better than Baldini? I find such a little apartment which I like and I pay what I can and you —" she waved her hand with a wink. "Maybe I make you my lover yet."

"Oh, Renata," Randall shook his head and tenderly pushed her away. "Maybe I'll make you my wife. One is beginning to look as unlikely as the other."

Seymour moved, luxuriously deliberate, from the wide bed to a chair nearby, and sat down, stretching his long legs. He clasped his hands behind his head and gave himself the pleasure of looking at Renata, slightly propped on her pillows with her dark hair falling round her shoulders. She was smiling a little, with a sensuous twist to her lips. Her brown eyes, deepest below the low, white forehead, were mischievous.

"Is the pity you cannot smoke," she said. "You would enjoy it now."

"My Turkish tobacco is both pungent and lasting," he said. "For the first I can accept a more piquant substitute, and for the second —" he laughed a little. "You are extraordinary, Renata, something too delightful. I suppose you know it?"

She shrugged. "I have heard. Is very nice you think so. I am please, too. You please me very much."

The mid-afternoon sun was gratefully shut out by the drawn blinds and Seymour enjoyed the special pleasure of looking at Renata when his eyes were not assaulted by strong light, either out of doors in the automobile or indoors in the brightly lit places where they all dined together on most evenings.

He reached round and felt for his spectacles in the breast pocket of his coat hanging on the back of his chair. He wiped the spectacles carefully and put them on; "The better to see you, my dear," he joked, like a Nannie telling the story of Red Riding Hood.

"I have observe many times," said Renata, "you have not the strong eyes. Is something grave the matter with them?"

"No," he said, with a mocking downward turn of his mouth. "Of course not. Just a little myopia, you know, and it makes them a bit sensitive to light." ("And you will be well advised to be more careful of exposure to strong light, Mr. Holt. This is not the first time I have warned you. It can be as destructive as close application. The prognosis is increasingly unsatisfactory.") He

rammed the raw, recent memory back into its dungeon and turned a cool smile on Renata. In that moment her expression had become serious.

"Please don't give it a thought. I never do," he assured her.

"I was no more thinking of that," she said. "Is very tiresome when somebody worry, and I wish not to be like that."

She pursed her pretty lips and peaked her eyebrows in a vivid reflection of doubt.

"I should guess, then, that you are worrying about Randall?"

She nodded a little sadly. "With the words, you understand, we can do no good. What is so, is so. Only I have always the frighten he will be hurt."

"One calculates one's risks, my dear."

"But what begin with a single joke take sometimes not many comedies to make a tragedy."

"Well?" Seymour raised his straggling pale eyebrows and looked at her with cynical inquiry. "If you wish — of course I should regret —"

"Oh, you make seem so complicate. Is not what I meant. Is not right I marry Randalo like he want. Who understand better than you?"

"Who indeed? I think you are enchanting, but I don't want you for a sister-in-law. You oughtn't to marry anybody."

"You see. Is true. I am like — like this." She spread her hands. "But would be so sad the pity if this hurt Randalo after all his goodness. I am so grateful to him!"

"Which is distressingly different from other attitudes that Randall cannot understand. I am just as concerned about him as you are. He would be smashed to bits if he should learn about something which actually — though he could never believe it — can do him no more harm than if he had never known the people involved."

"Is a danger tremendous."

"As I said, a calculated risk."

How much pleasure do you want, and what are you prepared to pay for it? Or do you prefer to repay Randall's devotion, so long as you do not break with him, by turning celibate — which is your only alternative unless you marry him?"

"Would be easier not see none of you any more," she said abruptly.

"Easier, no doubt. But kind to Randall?"

"Oh, silence!" she cried, seizing her head between her hands. "Is too confuse."

"I should think we might simply be prudent enough not to do any stupidities and in time —" he shrugged and she laughed.

"Time change everything," she agreed wisely. But she said, "Is also another pericolo you must think." She raised a forefinger and shook it slowly.

"Oh," he said.

She nodded. "Yes, Marietta. If she become jealous, she make the trouble mischief."

Seymour chuckled. "I like a clever woman, Renata," he said, unfolding his lean length from the chair. "You are a delicious devil." He sat down on the edge of the bed and bent his head to her throat.

That morning after Seymour had left the house Randall took a bunch of keys from a concealed compartment in the black walnut secretary-bureau in Seymour's room. He went up to the fourth floor to the old day-nursery. He unlocked the door and went into the room and locked the door again from inside.

The atmosphere was suffocating. On a blazing August day like this any closed room would be cooler than the scorching heat out of doors. But the least motion stirred up a cloud of acrid dust, which settled and stuck to one's damp skin on a hot day.

He went to the rickety wardrobe in the corner, whose key he kept always on his own watch-chain with several others, and he opened it. Inside, face against the back of the wardrobe, was his old child's desk. He turned that around and unlocked its drop lid and took from his inside pocket a bundle of papers. He glanced them quickly through, a mixture of receipted bills from hospital and hotel and doctors and the Maynards, his bank statement and other financial papers at which he never looked when they came; the usual bundle of music-manuscript paper minutely covered with his miniature handwriting.

He rolled the lot together and thrust it tightly into a section of the desk and stuck a couple of childhood animal-tracings in front of it. Then he locked the desk and replaced it face backwards in the wardrobe and locked that, too, and with a glance round to make sure that nothing appeared to have been disturbed, he left the room, carefully

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# So nice

# to

# nibble...

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MN 52

## Novel embroidery motifs

COLORFUL ROOSTER PATTERNS FOR A BRIGHTER KITCHEN



TRANSFER SHEET No. 223 features an array of novel rooster motifs that may be used in countless ways to decorate kitchen linens. A set of day-of-the-week designs for tea-towels and cheerful motifs for pot-holders are included. The simplest stitches are used for the embroidery. This unusual transfer, which measures 28in. x 24in., is available from our Needlework Department, price 2/6. See address page 69.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955

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locking the door behind him, and started down the stairs.

On the third-floor landing he stopped at the door of his mother's room.

He had never been here since that afternoon when he had railed and protested to Seymour, and had been led shivering back to his room. He would not be here now, except he had come ardently to his decision and he intended to effect it. He was going to choose a piece from among his mother's bits of modest jewellery and take it to Renata and plead with her upon this talisman, which could not help but touch her heart, to give up her reservations and marry him.

His hand shook as he opened the door, and the courage to enter the room almost failed him. Then painfully, he began to clamber his way across the room, pushing or lifting aside boxes and cases and parcels whose ancient paper and brittle ribbons fell apart at a touch. The ravages of moths were everywhere; no bit of wool, no cuff or tippet of now unrecognisable fur, was anything but bare brittle leather or a crumbling mess of holes. Oh, he thought, we must clean it out, we must, we must, we should carry it down and make a great fire in the boiler and burn it all and leave her memory clear.

He inched and twisted his way to the high rosewood bureau, and lit the gas jet above it, and began carefully to search for the mother-of-pearl inlaid box that he remembered, where she used to keep her trinkets. He found it quite soon. Poignant memories stabbed him as he sorted through the things; this cameo brooch she always wore on Sundays; that pair of onyx earrings set with seed-pearls when she dressed her hair as he had liked it best, very high. Piece by piece he turned the things over.

After much deliberation he decided upon a small brooch

## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

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in the shape of a butterfly, of deep blue enamel, embellished with tiny stones and seed-pearls. It was charming and surely a butterfly was the perfect symbol for Renata. He found a worn purple velvet jewellery-box and shut the butterfly in it and put it in his pocket.

As he did so, he thought he should probably make sure that Seymour had no objection to his doing this; then he rejected the question altogether and, to his own surprise, angrily. He turned out the gas and worked his way to the door again, and making sure that everything was as nearly as possible as he had found it, he locked the door and went away.

On most mornings, instead of practising he went to see Renata, but as this was Friday he went straight from the house to St. Timothy's. In Dr. Fitzhugh's absence he had a full day preparing the Sunday music. August was deadly in a city church; the Rector and Fitzhugh and two-thirds of the choir and almost all the congregation were away, but the services must continue no matter how few straggling souls rattled about the empty church. The two curates and Randall were left to make the best of it and of the other duties which had been assigned them. One of these was to make the arrangements for the annual church picnic, which took place on Staten Island in September to mark the opening of the Sunday School year.

Against the realities of his anguished suspense about Renata, of flamboyant expeditions in Seymour's motor car, of dinners and suppers in racy places with hilarious company, the church picnic seemed the last straw of implausibility. Five months ago he would have thought it important. Now it was absurd except to the degree that it piqued his conscience. It was hard enough to try steadily and doggedly to win Renata; it was made twice as hard with Seymour

and Marietta Pawling constantly inciting her love of frivolity.

Yet, he thought, at half-past five, ringing the bell of the little flat that she had subleased from an opera colleague, she was a good deal changed when she was alone with him. It could not be his imagination that she was gentler and quieter, he remembered, too, vividly her flaunting ways only a short time ago. She still crackled with mischief when the four of them were together, she still teased Randall and waited, the cat with the mouse,

made, frothing with her beloved ruffles. Her bright brown hair rose in springy waves from her forehead, piled high on her head. Randall held her hand to his cheek for a moment.

"You are tired," she said. "Take here the nice chair by the window. I bring you a cold drink."

He leaned back in his chair, listening to her hum while she chipped ice in the kitchenette. Presently she brought him a



for his protesting blush and Seymour's snorting laughter. Fingering the velvet box in his pocket, he thought again, she is different, really different. She opened the door and greeted him. There, you see? he asked himself. Her voice is different, too—affectionate—tender.

"Carol!" she said. "How are you? Is hot, no?"

The little flat was in perfect order, the blinds raised and the windows open to catch the bit of breeze from the east. Renata looked fresh as a strawberry blossom, dressed in a flowered muslin gown that she had

glass of Campari with ice and seltzer and a twist of lemon peel. She had a second glass for herself. She put it down on a stand beside her chair and sat down near him and took up her sewing again. He watched her.

"You really sew beautifully, don't you, Renata?"

"Is like the second nature. Is not worth go to a dressmaker make me things like this—" she fingered her new dress. "When must be very elegant, is different."

"You always look elegant to me."

"Like you," she said with a sidelong glance as if to see how far she dare go. "Always — you look like what to me, Randalo? Guess!"

He shook his head. "I'm not in the mood for that. I'm sorry I couldn't come this morning. Have you had a very long day all alone?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Was no bad. Sometimes I like to remain alone — when know is only for a short time."

"So you don't want to remain alone all the time?"

"I?" "Well, neither do I." He put down his glass and looked at her so meaningfully that her hands dropped to her lap. She sat silent, then she made an awkward effort and said lightly, "Who say you are alone? You have your brother who give you always the company. Now we have all together very often much amusement —"

He said, "Renata, don't talk a lot of nonsense. You understand exactly what I mean even when I don't say a word." She was silent. He leaned forward and put his hand on her forearm and sat looking at her until she raised her head and looked him in the eyes.

"I am alone," he said slowly. "You can surround me with all the brothers in Christendom and all the tomfool things you all think of to do. I do them, too, because I want to be with you. But that still leaves me alone, do you understand? Utterly alone. Unless you marry me."

She sat there with her brown eyes gentle and tender, yet baffling. He tried to find in them some clue, some sign by which to hope that he had moved her. But he had learned that when she wanted to make her eyes inscrutable it was useless to search them; and so she looked now.

"Why do you make it so hard?" he cried suddenly, as if a gash had been torn in the difficult web of restraint behind which she forced him to hover. She sighed heavily; words for this sort of talk came very hard to the irrepressible chatterbox.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage if manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I suppose I know what you're thinking," he said unhappily. "We've been all over this endless times before and you're tired of saying the same thing over and over again. But so am I! Don't you see — I can't go on like this? Where is it getting us?"

She had bent her head and because he wanted to make her look at him again he slid from his chair and sat down on the floor close to her, close enough to reach under her chin with his fingers and gently raise her face until he could see her eyes again. But they told him, if he could bring himself to believe it, even less than before.

"If I didn't know you so well," he said rather bitterly, "I'd think you are just being cruel to me."

"That would be impossible," she muttered. "To you —?"

"Then — then —" He reached into his pocket and took out the threadbare velvet box. "I've got something here that — oh!" he said, trying to control his voice. "Please understand!" He opened the box and took out the little butterfly. He held it on the palm of his hand and said, "It was my mother's, Renata. She used to wear it sometimes when she was young and pretty, before —" he drew a long breath and said with difficulty, "before her life became something that — something very sad, dearest Renata. Something pitiful . . . tragic."

He tried again to keep his

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# Are you in the know?

# QVOT FEMINAE TOT SENTENTIAE

— translates:

☐ Woman is fickle? ☐ A stitch in time saves nine? ☐ There's a Kotex belt just for you?

Bone up on your classics, sister, to unravel this one. It tells you that every girl has her own opinions — and that goes for sanitary comfort, too. That's why Kotex make not one, not two but five different types of belts — with wide elastic, narrow elastic, pins and grips. Just so that everyone can find the combination that she likes

best of all. Have you tried more than one type of Kotex belt? It could be that the one you've passed up would give you most comfort of all. Look over the list below and then choose a new belt from the dispenser on the counter of your favourite store. In fact why not buy two different types. It's always best to have a spare.



Kotex Featherweight — grip type. The economy Kotex belt — with luxury comfort. Adjusts to all waist sizes. With narrow elastic. 1/9.



Kotex Wonderform — grip-type. A narrow satin-finished elastic that adjusts to fit your waist. Firm-holding grips. 3/2.



Kotex Wonderform — pin-type. The same as Kotex Wonderform with grips but with tabs and pins instead. Only 3/2.



Kotex De-Luxe — pin-type. A belt of wide soft stretching elastic. So very comfortable. With rustless pins and strong tabs. 3/6.



Kotex De-Luxe — grip type. The same as the De-Luxe belt with pins — only this model has easy-to-use De-Luxe grips. 3/6.



And far superior Kotex costs no more 2/9 everywhere



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For school . . . for play, **HILTON** Socks for Juniors are especially knitted for busy young feet—heels and toes are reinforced with nylon for extra strength. **HILTON** Socks for Juniors come in rainbow bright colours the kiddies love . . . and you'll love to match to the clothes they wear!



STYLE 77



All lisle—ribbed leg and foot. Plain cuff. In School colours: Grey, Fawn, Navy, White. In dress colours: Blue, Pink, Lemon. Sizes 3-10.  
3-5 6-8 9-10  
3/6 3/11 4/6

STYLE 60



Cotton and Rayon—with Jacquard pattern cuffs. Colours are Fawn, Grey, White, Blue, Lemon, Pink, Green. Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-10  
2/11 3/3 3/9

STYLE 90



Cotton and Rayon "Nylorox" for schoolwear. Choose from Grey, Fawn, Navy, White. Sizes 5-10.  
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3/3 3/9 4/-

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3/11 4/6

STYLE 121



White with patterned top in three different coloured designs. Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-10  
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"Denims" for holiday wear in colours to suit denim jeans and shorts. In Green, Red, Blue, Wine, Yellow, Navy. Sizes 4-10.  
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3/3 3/9 4/-

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Designed to fit growing kiddies. Fawn, Grey, White, Lemon, Pink, Pale Blue. Sizes 3-5 6-8 9-10  
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## HILTON SOCKS for JUNIORS

**HILTON** — Makers of the famous **NYLOSEAL NYLONS**



Mother of the famous Long triplets of Miranda, N.S.W., says . . .

# "I couldn't do without RINSO in my washing machine"



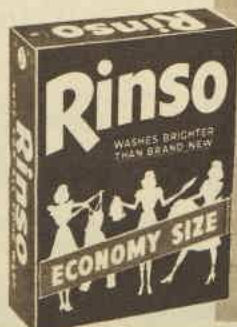
With triplets not yet one and another little girl at four—there's never a day when Mrs. Long, of Miranda, N.S.W., doesn't have plenty of washing. But this pretty young mother finds it the easiest of all her housekeeping jobs.



More than 800,000 good Australian housewives bless the day they said good-bye to wash tubs and copper sticks and bought a washing machine. And what should they use in their

washers? Why, just what they'd been using all along to get a brighter, whiter wash—Rinso's richer, thicker suds.

Seven out of every ten housewives use Rinso because they've proved that its thicker, richer suds get clothes whiter and brighter than brand new . . . and women with washing machines prefer Rinso even more. Endorsing their choice are the makers of all leading washers: they recommend Rinso for the best results in their machines.



## RINSO IS THE ONLY WASHING PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL THESE LEADING WASHING MACHINES

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A.W.A.	Regina	Beatty
Rex	B.G.E.	Robison
Ritemp	Big Chief	Savage
Breville	Servex	Burco
Simpson	Coldaire	Colda
Snowasher	Don	Easyway
Snow Queen	Electrice	Easiclene
Emmcold	Stampco	Thor
Ferroluxe	Timesaver	Trayway
Turner	Fisher	Goblin
Velie	Viking	Goldsborough
Goodwin	Wallis	Hotpoint
Washrite	Werner	Westinghouse
Hoover	Hydra	Wilkins Servis
Launderoll	Wynyard	Lightburn
Malleys	Mowbray	Naco
Nevertire	Palmaire	Parnall

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ly trembling on his hand. His blue eyes were glossy, suffused with tears. He said, "Don't let such a thing happen to me, too. Sometimes I'm afraid it will, if you won't marry me." He gave up the struggle with himself and hid his face in tears in her lap. He felt her hand touch his hair, a touch of infinite, lightness, benign, remote. After a time he looked up and took her hand and laid the butterfly into it.

"For her sake," he said, almost whispering. "Say you will."

He held her hands clasped between his, intently watching her face. He saw a deep blush travel slowly from the ruffles of her collar, up her slender neck and her face towards the roots of her hair. For this he had no precedent, he could not understand it nor the unspoken phrase in Italian which moved her silent lips. He waited, holding his breath and gripping her hands. She did not speak and finally he had to beg her to.

"I don't know what to say," she said slowly. "I am very move. I am not dega — you say, worth —"

"Oh, no. Worthy has nothing to do with it. Only what you are to me. I love you, I need to love you. I need you. But in my own way, Renata. I know there are other ways. I don't want to hear another word about them. I only want my answer from you."

Suddenly she gasped and burst into tears. This he had never known her to do; she sobbed helplessly, with the abandon of a child. He got to his knees and took her in his arms and held her tightly, and she wept with her head on his shoulder until her sobs began to subside and he took the handkerchief from her belt and gently wiped her eyes and her cheeks. He blotted them with the handkerchief and then with his lips, covering her face with tender, adoring kisses.

When she was quiet again she said, "I feel is no longer possible leave this like before. Randalo, tell me — you would suffer also we do not see each other any more?"

"Oh, Renata," he breathed, wincing.

"But also I make you suffer. Also you make me suffer, is so difficult such a decision. You do not know how difficult!" she exclaimed as if to a third person and left him wondering. "I am finally convince" is impossible not decide never. Also is impossible, like before, decide now, today. Maybe would be better not be together, but —" they both shook their heads helplessly.

"What you say," she asked, speaking very slowly, "if I promise give you the answer in three months?" She did not wait for him to comment, she went on, thinking as she spoke, saying, "In three months I promise is definite everything. Either I agree to marry you or we all agree not meet together no more, nobody, none of us. If I must do that, is no surprise. No shock. You can agree, Randalo?"

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## Continuing . . . My Brother's Keeper

[from page 58]

He sat looking at her helplessly. He tried to say something and failed, and said miserably, "What else can I do?"

She leaned forward and kissed him on the forehead. She took his right hand and put the butterfly carefully into it and folded his fingers round the brooch. "This remain with you. In three months if I can feel I deserve, you give it to me then."

Nobody knew just why the trips in the Stevens-Duryea and the jolly foursome dinners began to be less frequent. The postponements or changes of plan were always impromptu. One expedition fell through at the last minute because Seymour found that the car needed two days' work on its brakes and its radiator.

That evening Randall dined alone with Renata and, on a sentimental impulse, took her to the same restaurant where they had first dined together on that Monday, last April, which now seemed like years ago. The evening was not a

"No. You cannot know is no more the rain. We stay here alone, I and the Marietta. I have the eggs, I make a frittata, we eat some cheese and fruit. I am no longer in the mood to go out. Randalo, you 'scuse us, please? Come, Marietta."

Randall gave his hand to Marietta to help her down. She had not given a sign of agreement, disagreement, or anything else. Barely moving her lips she murmured to him, "Are you beginning to catch on?"

He stood shivering on the pavement, his thin summer clothes plastered to his body. Through the curtain of water he watched the two women disappear inside Renata's door and Seymour, as ridiculously drenched as himself, start back across the sidewalk to the car. All three looked to Randall like puppets moving at the behest of some monstrously incomprehensible imagination. There was absolutely no sense

Nothing, he snarled at himself. Nothing. She's a cheap, silly . . . why? Why did she say those things? What's she got against . . . No, he thought. I won't think about it any more. How can I find out what she meant . . . except by watching Seymour . . . No I won't . . .

"I'm not hungry," he said, turning from the window when Seymour urged him again to go and have something to eat. The rain had stopped; let's walk over to Cavanagh's, he said, it's the nearest place.

"No thanks," said Randall for the third time.

"What's the matter with you?" Seymour came across the room polishing his spectacles.

"Nothing," muttered Randall.

"Well, don't be so grumpy. It wasn't my fault the evening turned out like this."

"Oh, all right," Randall turned indifferently from the window and started to follow Seymour from the room. If I'm going to watch him I'm not going to let him know it, he thought.

They had not dined alone together in months. And now that they were here they had nothing to say. Seymour made desultory stabs at talk and Randall answered in monosyllables. He ate nothing but a bowl of fish chowder and not all of that. He sat crumpling a biscuit into it and dabbing at the thick porridge with his spoon.

Whenever he was alone in the following days Randall found himself remembering those words or glances of Marietta's. Only his will not to understand spared him the agony of understanding all too clearly. He told himself that she was disgruntled; what could that be but that Seymour was growing bored with her? Why need it mean anything else?

She must, he thought, have said something to Renata about it, and that was why Renata had been so kind to her the night of the rainstorm, as a way of reproaching Seymour. Well, yes, he argued, but why did she make me think, that night, of watching Seymour? What is there to watch? Nothing, he told himself, nothing.

But he watched. Though they were gay on Thursday evening, when they drove up and dined at a new restaurant on the banks of the Hudson, he watched all three of them with every sense sharpened to catch any meaning look or word, not alone from Marietta; from Seymour or Renata as well. But there was nothing. Renata was in her funniest mood; even Randall, full of hopeless yearning for her, was convulsed like the others when she fell to mimicking certain of her more celebrated colleagues at the opera, and graphically telling some of their seamier secrets.

Only once all evening did Randall feel a pang of concern, and that was for Seymour when he saw him wince and strain to keep his eyes open as they were entering the gaudy restaurant ablaze with electric lights. His eyes must be worse, Randall thought, they must be much weaker. I wonder if he's careful enough of them. He had never tried to question Seymour about this without meeting a rebuff. I suppose he knows best, Randall thought uneasily. He put his attention on the party again.

On the way back to town the air was chilly and Renata let him wrap her shoulders in the light shawl that she had brought along. He was surprised when she settled back in the seat, close to him for warmth, with her hand lying quietly in his. Very seldom was she ever in a mood like that. He kept her

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"All they had was the large economy size."

success. Randall was ill at ease in some way far beyond the restraint that he had learned to impose upon himself, and Renata was strangely silent.

The next time they went out in the car they were caught in a tremendous thunderstorm, with rain falling in cascades. Instantly they were soaked to the skin and, halfway up Riverside Drive to Claremont, Seymour turned the car around and started for Renata's flat, the point nearest to where they were.

"I'll take Marietta on home," he said, jumping down, "and come along and collect you in an hour or so, when we've all changed our clothes."

"No," said Renata. "Is too far across the city drive the Marietta. She catch the terrible cold. I keep her here with me," she said, taking Seymour's hand and stepping from the car, holding her soaked skirts in a bunch.

"Then we'll pick you both up here," said Seymour.

in anything that he had drawn from a word or a look of Marietta's, tonight or any other night. No sense. She doesn't mean anything, his mind concocted, she's talking to hear herself talk. She doesn't mean anything, there's nothing to mean . . . she's . . . He jumped as the automobile started with a bang. He had forgotten it and the torrential rain streaming over his head and shoulders.

"Come on," shouted Seymour. "Get a move on, what are you dreaming about?" he had had to push his goggles up on his forehead when the rain pelted them and he drove slowly, sitting nervously forward as Randall had never seen him do, cautiously peering ahead.

"I don't want anything to eat," said Randall when they had left the car in its shed, which had once been the Dysins' carriage-house up the street, and had run home and changed to dry clothes. All the while he had wilfully held his retrospective ear and eye and mind closed to Marietta's words. Or he thought he had. Now he stood at the library window, staring at the bleary spectacle outside, the abandoned back yard churned by the rain to revolting black slime, the alanthus tree graceless and dripping, under which he had played with Seymour while their grandmother from this window watched their every move. They had both learned to loathe being watched, they had learned beyond any other lesson never to watch one another. Now, what did she mean?



PEOPLE have been asking for MORE of our new **SANDWICH NOTIONS**

★ Mash hard-boiled eggs, moisten with mayonnaise and flavour with salt, pepper, grated onion, mixed Keen's Mustard and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.

★ Grate sharp cheese and blend with mixed Keen's Mustard and combine with chopped stuffed olives.

★ Mince cold cooked lamb and flavour with chopped mint, mixed Keen's Mustard, grated onion, salt and pepper. Moisten with thick brown gravy or white sauce.

★ Combine ½-lb. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup milk, salt and pepper. Stir over boiling water until it thickens. Add ½ cup chopped cooked bacon and use cold . . . at your next party spread.

Original recipes prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

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## THE VETERANS

By **ERIC LAMBERT**

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[from page 61]

hand in his all the way, sometimes raising it to his lips. She smiled at him and he thought wistfully of the peaceful days at the Maynard farm, before Seymour and Marietta and this snorting red intruder had broken in. He tried to weave a dream of such a time to come again.

Not only did the dream elude him; so did sleep, most of that night. He tossed and thrashed; one after another his worries writhed and bored to the surface of his mind, like snakes emerging from a hole where they had hibernated, to weave their ugly heads about and vie with one another to command his notice.

At first they were separate, each a color and a type of itself. Then they began to tangle and merge into a twisting mass, every one a factor in the compounding of some awful evil which still came to the same festering head, his suspicion of Seymour. But of what did he suspect Seymour? . . . nothing that he could bring himself to face. Then one snake weaved apart from the others and to his horror said in his own voice, "I've got a brother just like you."

No, said Randall into his pillow, no I won't hear it, I won't think it . . . a brother just like you just like just like you . . . stop it, stop hearing that . . .

He tried to sweep it all away with the great clean tender beauty of his love for Renata, the love he believed would win her and bring them together. Please help me, he breathed in the dark, please, please, though whether he prayed to Renata or to some deity who had no place in St. Timothy's Church he did not know. He could not lie still any more, he rolled off his bed and stumbled to the window and stood there trying to calm himself with a breath of the damp dawn air.

He did not want to face Seymour in the morning; a glimpse of his own sickly grey face in the glass was enough to decide him. He did not want any coffee, nor any food; he did not want to go to St. Timothy's. He would go to Renata and tell her some of his sufferings of the night and get from her company the consolation that only she could give.

Then he thought about her unusual gentleness in the car last night, the unaccustomed tenderness of leaving her hand in his and sitting so close to him because she was cold. It had warmed and reassured him then, but now he stood weighing and pondering it, and he saw, as if it moved on two axial screws like this old-fashioned mirror in its frame, the whole thing roll slowly over and show him its reverse.

No, he began to tell himself again, while he stood there trembling, no, I'm not going to believe that. Nothing will make me believe that: She did it to fool you. She did it to throw you off the track.

He put his hand across his mouth as if he were afraid that he might scream, and he stood looking at that mirror which had taken on the dire power of showing him what he did not mean to see. He stood there until he was swaying on his feet. Then he wrenched himself away, threw on the first clothes that came to hand, and rushed downstairs and out of the house.

He did not know where he went all day. He tramped the streets and sat in parks with his head clutched between his hands, and tramped again, and stood for he did not know how long at the railing of Brooklyn Bridge, gazing at the swift tangled currents of water far below. Then it was three o'clock and he was walking up Broadway, past an office of the telephone company.

There was a row of booths inside the door. He went in and looked up the number of Grew and Minturn and dropped a nickel in the box and asked Central for the number.

When somebody answered he asked to speak to Seymour Holt.

"Oh," said the voice. "He is not here. Mr. Holt is never at the office in the afternoon."

He went out, walking fast and with sharp accuracy of which he was unaware. He took the subway and got out uptown at the corner nearest Renata's apartment house and walked there, still like a wound-up toy. There was an open ironwork elevator shaft running straight up the centre of the building, and a stairway winding round it all the way from the ground floor to the roof. Some people used the stairs as often as the elevator, because they lived on the lower floors and the elevator was so slow.

Randall walked into the lobby, past the elevator shaft, which was empty because the car was up above somewhere, and began quietly to climb the stairs. He met nobody. He climbed to the fifth floor, where Renata lived, turning his head away when the elevator passed him on its slow descent. He was not conscious of a plan, no part of this had he thought about more distinctly than about anything else today. It was still a great mixed writhing inside him.

He stopped at Renata's door and though he knew it would be locked, he tried the handle anyway. The door was locked, of course. He looked around the hall; nobody was there; he put his ear tight against the door. He could not hear anything, but he thought of the layout of the two rooms inside and the unlikelihood that one could hear sounds out here. He put his hands over his face for a moment, sick and bewildered and uncertain what to do.

But that passed; he knew now with frightening clearness what he meant to do. He went back to the stairway and climbed to the landing on the half-turn of the stairs between the fifth and six floors. Standing there in an angle behind a fire extinguisher on the wall, he could look down and see Renata's door.

And there he stood for an hour, which he measured because he was dully surprised to find that he had put his watch and chain in his trousers pocket when he rushed out of the house this morning. He stood with his watch in his hand, moving his eyes from the watch to the door, from the door to the watch. The full hour passed. He was drawing long breaths, half-strangled by the pounding of his pulse. Then the door opened.

Randall stood stock-still, watching Seymour come quietly through the doorway, shut the door behind him, and walk to the stairs. He'll ring for the elevator, Randall thought, knowing Seymour's ways; but Seymour did not. He started down the stairs, with Randall flattened in the niche behind the fire extinguisher watching him and thinking, "He probably thinks he's less observed that way."

He leaned forward and watched Seymour going down and down, turn after turn, his footfalls growing fainter. Then he left his corner and ran down the few steps and put his thumb upon Renata's doorbell and pushed it hard. For a moment he heard nothing. Then her voice said, "Is you, Simorr? You forgot something?"

"Yes," said Randall in a voice pitched enough lower than his own and enough like Seymour's for the monosyllable to have deceived anybody.

The door opened slowly. He threw his weight against it, flung into the hall, and slammed the door behind him. Renata stood naked except for a nightgown sheer as glass, dead white and silent. She was barefoot. Randall strode past her into her bedroom. The bed was in wild disorder, the pillows on the floor, the coverings tumbled everywhere. The blinds were drawn. Flung across a chair was a thin silk summer dressing-gown of Seymour's.

He stood and looked at the room and for a long time did not move at all; then his hands went slowly to his eyes as if to cover them from shame. Finally his hands dropped to his sides. He turned and went towards the hall and saw Renata standing as he had left her. Her face was still chalk-white. He raised his right hand and lashed it across her cheek and said, "Go in there." She moved ahead of him into the bedroom, walking slowly with stiff steps like a doll.

She stood in the middle of the room, looking neither to one side nor the other. Her eyes were fixed on the drawn blinds at the windows.

She held her head up; he saw the sharp young angle of her chin and throat. Her right cheek was mottled with red where he had struck her.

"So this is what you tried to tell me you were," he said. His voice was loud and rough and later in hideous retrospect he would hear and not be able to recognise it.

"I have tell you many times," she said dully. "For you, may not seem so, but for me I am honest."

"Honest! Yes, like an animal. Why didn't you tell me that?"

"I did tell you. Everything, I have try' to make you believe. Can I help if you are a child, also a puritano? Always I know is the terrible mistake I have anything to do with you."

"Why did you, then?" he shouted. "Why?"

She shrugged, not contemptuously, but with the resigned heaviness of an old woman. She did not answer him, except with a long, grave, eloquent look.

He began to rave at her, pouring out a stream of cruelty, of reckless injustices, of insane protests against what she could have reminded him he should have known. She never said a word. "I loved you," he shouted. "I thought I could make you a woman worth loving, worth marrying. I dreamed of a life with you, I —"

She shook her head slowly, reminding him of all her refusals and all her warnings. He took no notice, but went on raving, raging now against Seymour, too. He shouted at her, "Two of a kind. He saw what you are, he sized you up fast enough!"

She stood looking at him with an expression which he was too frenzied to recognise as infinite regret and infinite pity.

"I have try' to tell you myself," she said with astonishing dignity.

He scarcely listened. He shouted, "Yes, I see you did. And I wouldn't believe you, I thought I could make you worthy of real love by loving you. But I guess you knew better, you and Seymour. Seymour . . . All right!" he roared. "I'll show you, too, I'll show you what you're worth. I'll take you at your own estimation!" He seized her by her shoulders and flung her violently on to the bed.

To be continued

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battered  
never  
betteredBut try  
them  
by  
themselvesonly  
**Arnott's**  
make  
**Sao Biscuits**

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# BANANA CAKE WINS PROGRESS PRIZE

• The second weekly prize in our £2000 Cookery Contest has been awarded to Mrs. K. L. Hamilton, c/o Police Station, Balwyn Road, Balwyn, Victoria.

MRS. HAMILTON'S entry is a delicious recipe for banana devil's food cake with caramel coconut frosting. It wins £10.

## BANANA DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup mashed ripe banana, 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream shortening, 2 tablespoons sour milk, and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add banana pulp, then melted chocolate. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with remaining milk and vanilla. Mix well. Fill into a well-greased pan—approximately 10in. by 10in. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes.

Frosting: One and a half cups brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream or milk, 2 tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup moist coconut.

Cook sugar and cream or milk until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Add butter and flavoring. Cool. Beat until consistency to spread. Frost cake. Sprinkle with delicately browned coconut, or chopped nuts if preferred.

All entries, including progress prizewinners, will receive

equal consideration for the big prizes in the five sections.

1. Cakes and biscuits.
2. Desserts.
3. Main dish of meat or fish.
4. Buffet dishes.
5. Best entry submitted by a man in any section.

Women are not eligible to enter Section 5.

Here are the prizes:

**GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE** for best entry in any section

A STANDARD 10 CADET car with registration and third party insurance paid for 12 months, valued at approximately £909.

## GRAND CHAMPION SECOND PRIZE

A 10-cubic-foot CROSLEY AUTOMATIC SHELVDOR refrigerator, valued at approximately £220.

## SECTIONAL PRIZES FIRST PRIZES

### Section 1

An English Electric Ritemp automatic range, valued at £120.

### Section 2

National of California venetian blinds, valued at £100.

### Section 3

A Wilkins Servis Superheat washing machine, valued at £116.

### Section 4

An H.M.V. "Intermezzo" three-speed radiogram, valued at 109 guineas.

### Section 5

Wardrobe of Anthony Squires men's clothes, to a total value of £100.

## SECOND PRIZES

### Sections 1 to 4

A Hoover cylindrical vacuum-cleaner, valued at £36.

### Section 5

A Sunbeam Shavemaster, valued at £14.



MAXIE, THE WHITE PONY, is the pet of everyone at the Barnardo Home at Normanhurst, N.S.W. Here he takes a carrot from three of the children. All proceeds from our cookery contest will go to the Homes.

## THIRD PRIZES

### Sections 1 to 4

A Sunbeam Mixmaster, valued at £27/6/-.

## FOURTH PRIZES

### Sections 1 to 4

A Sunbeam Cooker and Deep Fryer unit, valued at £17/10/-.

## FIFTH PRIZES

### Sections 1 to 4

A Namco "Magician" pressure-cooker, valued at £6/18/6.

(No third, fourth, or fifth prizes will be awarded in Section 5.)

## CONSOLATION PRIZES

### Sections 1 to 4

£5 worth of Revlon beauty products.

## PROGRESS PRIZES

A £10 prize will be awarded each week.

## TO ENTER CONTEST

1. Write, type, or print each recipe on a separate sheet of paper.
2. Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper containing a recipe entered in the contest.
3. Write clearly at the top of

each sheet the section in which the recipe is entered.

4. Attach one 1/- stamp to each recipe submitted.

5. You can send in as many entries as you wish in any or all of the five sections, but remember that each recipe must be accompanied by a 1/- stamp.

6. Mark envelope containing your entry "The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest."

7. Send your entries, with stamps attached, to—

BOX 7052,  
G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Full proceeds from the contest will go to the Barnardo Homes.

## CONDITIONS

Members of the staff of Consolidated Press and allied companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the judges' decision.

Closing date of this contest will be September 30, 1955.

# Serve it tonight—delicious, unusual KIDNEY and VEGETABLE SOUP



Here's hearty, steaming goodness—a nourishing soup that's economical, simple to prepare.



"Bonox adds richer flavour to all soups", says Elizabeth Cooke—famous Kraft cookery and nutrition expert.

Here's your special "Kidney and Vegetable Soup" recipe—direct from the Kraft Kitchen.

## Ingredients:

3 dessertspoons of flour;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. ox kidney; 1 medium carrot, diced;  $\frac{1}{2}$  medium turnip, diced; 1 large onion, chopped; 3 small potatoes, diced; 2 dessertspoons of butter; 6 cups water with 2 dessertspoons of Bonox dissolved in it; 1 teaspoon of vinegar or lemon juice; 1 dessertspoon of Worcester-shire Sauce; 2 teaspoons of salt; pinch of pepper.

## Method:

Wash ox kidney. Skin and dice it. Toss in flour. Melt the butter in a large saucepan, lightly fry kidney and

onion together. Add vegetables, vinegar or lemon juice. Bonox, water, salt and pepper. Mix remainder of flour to a cream with a little liquid. Add to the soup and simmer for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. 6 generous servings.

When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the extra-satisfying, meaty difference. You'll find Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

## Tasty sandwiches, too!

Next time you're cutting cold meat lunches for the family, add a smear of Bonox for a beefy, lively flavour.

Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. bottles. Eat and drink Bonox for a lift!

K861



# Rheumatic, Joint and Muscle PAINS FLY! when you apply MENTHOLD ADRENALIN CREME

Don't suffer any longer the nagging aches and pains of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, bad back or fibrositis. Simply massage in Menthoid Adrenalin Creme. Soon you will feel the powerful penetrating action probing deep down through skin and tissue, soothing and salving your painful trouble spots.

**Menthoid Creme, the amazing massage creme, contains clinically tested, super-penetrative AMERICAN FORMULA ADRENALIN**

This amazing marvel medicament, clinically proved to give deep-penetration of the pain-barrier, brings quick, positive, sustained relief from joint and muscle pains. Get Menthoid Creme from your Chemist—in tubes for easy application. There's no stain, no pain, no harm to even sensitive skins, with Menthoid Adrenalin Creme.

Remember, pains fly when you apply

Menthoid Adrenalin Creme



**MENTHOLD CREME**  
Containing American formula  
ADRENALIN

# Plants bring beauty indoors

Continued from page 37

Size can be controlled by keeping it pot-bound.

It needs support by staking.

Fancy leafed caladiums are quick and easy to grow if given plenty of water and a warm position. Soil should never get really dry. Plenty of light will keep the plants reasonably compact. They make a vivid show.

Monstera deliciosa looks extremely handsome in a large room, and its size can be controlled by keeping it pot-bound.

This popular plant likes plenty of indirect light and support for its heavy stems and leaves.

Hedera is the family name of a big group of plants, which includes the ivies.

There is no end to the varieties. Cuttings may produce plants with a different leaf form from the parent—these sports, as they are called, being given a new name.

There are varieties with small, curly, three-pointed and five-pointed leaves, with color variations and margins as well.

They are fairly tolerant of

average home conditions if given plenty of water, including an occasional shower. They prefer cool temperatures and indirect light.

Peperomia sandersii, water-melon begonia, has heart-shaped green leaves, striped grey-green. It needs good light for the stripes to develop fully.

Brassaia, the Queensland Umbrella Tree, has handsome, shiny leaves, which do best if given plenty of water.

Begonias come in great variety. The commonest are varieties of B. semperflorens, which do well in well-lit windows, shielded from full sunlight.

They are very intolerant of dry soil or air. Some rely for their attractiveness on showy leaves, others flower.

Pinch the tips of the branches to keep plants sturdy. Gloxinias require indirect light and a temperature of 60 to 70 deg. Foliage should never be moistened.

Primula obconica are prolific and long-flowering. They need dividing after the first year and require shade and fresh air and to be kept moist.

# Career Housewife



**A COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR must know the secret of good make-up, have a ready flow of conversation and very nice hands.**

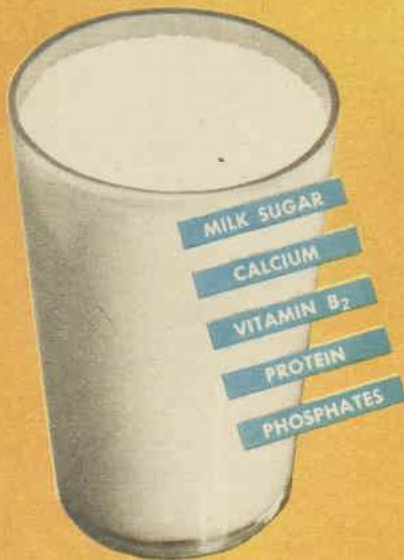
Interviewed at work in a big Sydney perfumery, attractive Mrs. Moylan (above), of Oceania Crescent, Newport, says: "Hands are always prominent in this job—for one thing, we always demonstrate lipstick shades on the back of our hands. So you see how important it is to keep them soft and smooth. That's one of the reasons I prefer to use Persil on washday. I think we career housewives are particularly lucky to have Persil—not only does it give wonderful washday results, but it is kind to your hands."

P.216.WW&Q

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# Only **Velveeta** gives you all milk's goodness

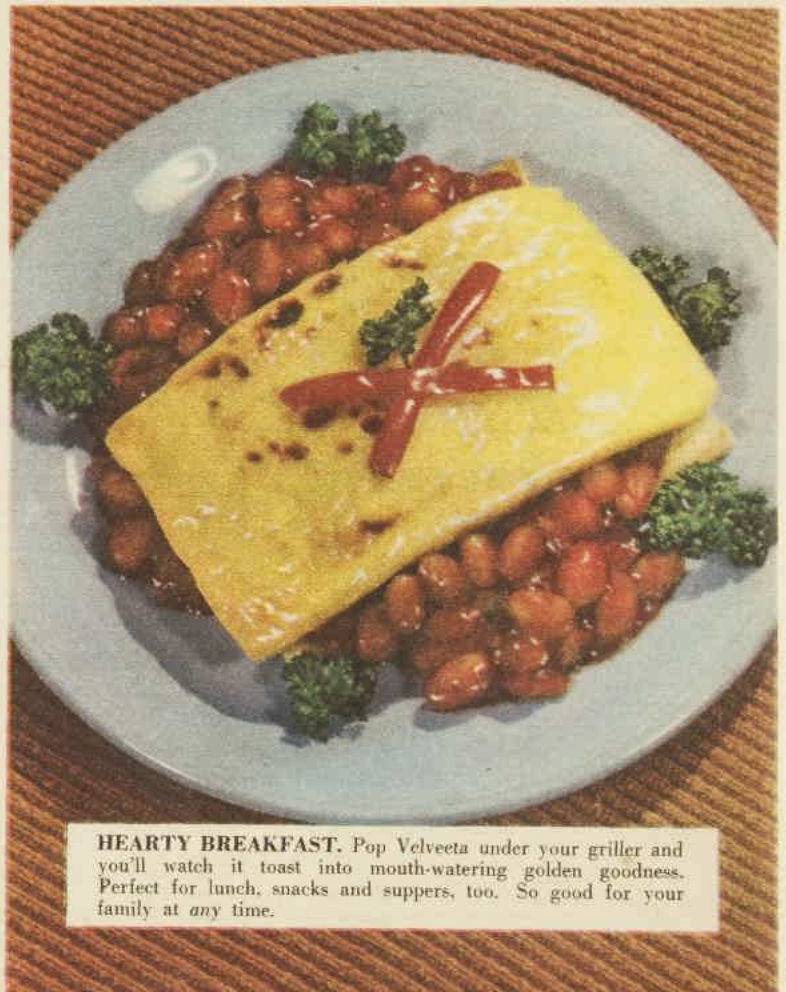


Did you know that in making ordinary cheese, some of the precious food elements are lost? They are run off in the whey. These are milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>. But, *Velveeta* puts them back. And never before has this been done.

*Velveeta* adds *all* of these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health. So you see, *Velveeta* offers you *extra* value — because of its *extra* food values.



**SPREADS LIKE BUTTER.** You'll notice how firmly and neatly *Velveeta* slices — yet how it spreads like butter under your knife! Choose *Velveeta* for lunches and save butter. You don't *need* butter when you spread delicious, money-saving *Velveeta*.



**HEARTY BREAKFAST.** Pop *Velveeta* under your griller and you'll watch it toast into mouth-watering golden goodness. Perfect for lunch, snacks and suppers, too. So good for your family at *any* time.

*Velveeta* spreads like butter, grills to perfection and *melts* into delicious sauce. Here's your quick, easy, *Velveeta* sauce recipe: Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of *Velveeta* in the top of a double boiler (or ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of milk and pour over vegetables for extra flavour, extra nourishment. Remember, *Velveeta* is pasteurised and processed for purity — as digestible as milk itself. Ask for *Velveeta* in its yellow 8 oz. packet.

Made by **KRAFT**





# Over the Rainbow...

By

**LEILA C. HOWARD**

*Our Food and Cookery Expert*

Take three layers of featherlight cake, a bowl of frosting, two or three sprays of muscatels, and some toasted almonds—put them together to make a delightful rainbow cake.

**S**PONGE or light butter-cake mixtures are best for rainbow cakes. For a pleasing appearance keep each layer less than 2 in. high.

The frosting over the rainbow cake and the filling between the layers should be chosen carefully to enhance the appearance and complement the flavor.

Fillings should be soft and light, yet sufficiently firm to take the weight of the three layers without oozing from the sides.

Frostings suggested on this page are delicious, because they are light and thin enough for the cake to be easily cut.

Measure the quantity of cocoa carefully—too much makes the chocolate layer too dry and dark. Handle the red coloring with care, too—a vivid color spoils the look of the cake.

Always assemble a rainbow cake with the chocolate layer on the bottom, the pink in the middle, and the uncolored layer on top.

All spoon measurements are level.

## RAINBOW PARTY CAKE

Four eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups castor sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup hot milk, vanilla, cochineal, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with 2 extra tablespoons milk.

Beat eggs well, gradually add sugar, and beat continuously for 5 minutes. Sift flour with salt, fold into egg mixture. Lastly fold in melted butter with hot milk and vanilla. Divide into three equal portions. Leave 1 plain, color 1 pink, add blended cocoa to the third. Fill each mixture into a well-greased 8 in. sandwich-tin, with a small circle of greased paper in the base of each tin. Heat oven to moderate, place the pink layer on the upper of the two oven shelves. Place the chocolate and uncolored layers diagonally on the lower of the two oven shelves. Bake approximately 25 minutes. Allow to stand in tins for 2 minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, join with mock cream or lemon filling and coat with any desired frosting.

## FESTIVAL FROSTING

This is a decorative finish for a rainbow party cake—the muscatel sprays and toasted almonds are very pretty.

One quantity 7-minute frosting, few drops yellow coloring, few drops pink coloring, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, sprays of muscatels, 1 oz. or 2 oz. toasted almonds, fine strips orange peel.

Prepare 7-minute frosting according to recipe below. After removing from heat, fold in a few drops of yellow coloring and a few drops of pink coloring to give a rich, deep cream color to the frosting. Add vanilla and lemon juice and continue beating until frosting holds its shape. Spread quickly over cake with a broad-bladed, flexible knife, smoothing the surface slightly. Arrange sprays of muscatels and toasted almonds in a pattern on top and sides of cake, making stems with small shreds of orange peel. Leave to set.



## MOCK CREAM

Two tablespoons butter, 5 tablespoons sugar, flavoring, milk.

Cream butter until very soft, gradually add sugar and beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Add flavoring, then beat in milk a teaspoonful at a time until all the sugar is dissolved and the mixture is soft, smooth, and creamy. Spread between layers of cake, use to decorate patty cakes, or to fill cream cakes.

Flavorings: Vanilla, almond, or peppermint essence, rum essence, any fruit essence, cocoa or melted chocolate, coffee essence, or a mixture of coffee essence and chocolate or cocoa (mocha), grated orange rind and a small quantity of orange juice, passionfruit pulp, sherry.

## BOILED ICING

This is a deliciously soft, creamy icing—easy to handle and very good to eat.

One cup castor sugar, 1 egg-white, 4 tablespoons water, flavoring and coloring as desired.

Place sugar and water into a saucepan, bring slowly to the boil without stirring. Boil gently for 5 minutes, then pour gradually on to stiffly beaten egg-white, beating continuously. Continue beating until very thick. Flavor and color, pour over cake. Smooth surface with knife or spatula, allow to set.

## VIENNA ICING

This may be used as a filling between cake layers or used to cover top or top and sides of cake. It is a creamy, fluffy icing, so forks will be needed to handle the finished cake.

Four ounces butter, 5 oz. or 6 oz. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa or melted dark chocolate, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sifted icing sugar and cocoa or chocolate. Beat until creamy and fluffy. Add sherry gradually, beating well. Spread over cake or use as a filling.

## SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

This amount is sufficient for the top and sides of one 9 in. two-layer cake, or for top and sides of one 8 in. three-layer cake.

Two egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, 2 tablespoons cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, flavoring, coloring.

Place unbeaten egg-whites in top half of double saucepan or in a basin (not glass) over a saucepan half full of boiling water. Add sugar, water, and cream of tartar. Beat constantly over boiling water for exactly 14 minutes, allowing 7 minutes for each egg-white. Remove from heat, fold in flavoring and coloring if used, and continue beating until frosting will hold its shape. Spread quickly over cake with a broad-bladed, flex-

*LIGHT AS A FEATHER and velvety smooth, delicate in flavor and very good to look at — this rainbow cake is covered with festival frosting and decorated with muscatels and toasted almonds. Recipe on this page.*

ible knife or spatula. Frosting may be swirled into peaks, left smooth, or roughened with a fork. Leave to set. Frosting sets as it cools; it should be used as soon as it is made.

## VARIATIONS

**Coconut Frosting:** Spread frosting over cake and immediately sprinkle with toasted desiccated or coarsely shredded coconut. The coconut may be colored instead of toasted.

**Chocolate Frosting:** Fold in  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 2 oz. melted dark chocolate and continue beating until the mixture holds its shape.

## SOFT BUTTER CREAM

This is another version of mock cream—quick and easy to make, but not as rich as the mock cream above.

Two tablespoons butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, any flavoring desired.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sifted icing sugar, a little at a time. Continue beating until smooth. Add milk and flavoring, continue beating until soft and fluffy.



# Room Odours?



## AIR-O-ZONE

clears the air!

### SIMPLY PRESS THE BUTTON

and this new automatic room deodorizer instantly absorbs and destroys unpleasant odours and kills harmful air-borne bacteria! And, because Air-O-Zone is delicately pine-scented, it gives your rooms a fresh, lingering fragrance. The air will remain fresh and sweet for hours after spraying.

Air-O-Zone Pressure-Pak is instantaneous. When you press the button, Air-O-Zone immediately sprays out in the form of a deodorizing mist which floats and penetrates the entire room, destroying every trace of un-

pleasant odour. Only a few seconds spraying is necessary.

**AIR-O-ZONE**  
**PRESSURE-PAK**  
**ROOM DEODORIZER**  
and  
**Air Freshener**

Medium size: 9/11.

Large size: 17/9.

Air-O-Zone, sold by chemists and stores everywhere, is made by the Pressure-Pak Company—a Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd., makers of famous Mortein insecticides and Tris detergent.



## STORIES YOU REALLY ENJOY

Every week you'll find three complete short stories by well-known authors in The Australian Women's Weekly and a long instalment of our serial — so make sure of your copy.

Page 68

# Trifle wins prize

• Recipes for peach and ginger delight, savory rounds, and honey-raisin cake win prizes for readers in our weekly recipe contest.

A DELICIOUS and attractive sweet, peach and ginger delight is ideal for the warmer weather.

Savory rounds are a good luncheon dish, and are economical to make.

Honey-raisin cake is a delicious afternoon-tea cake with a topping of honey and coconut.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PEACH AND GINGER DELIGHT

One 6in. or 7in. sponge sandwich or any other plain cake, 1 large tin peach halves, 2 or 3 ounces preserved ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in a little hot water, sugar to taste.

Cut the cake into small blocks and place in a serving-dish. Spoon syrup from peaches and ginger over cake until just moistened. Arrange peach halves over cake, rounded side down, and fill cavity with chopped ginger. Add dissolved gelatine and sugar to cream, beat until thick. Pipe or spoon over peach halves and cake. Sprinkle with remaining ginger. Chill before serving.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Yeates, 65 Francis St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

### SAVORY ROUNDS

One pound devon, garlic, or other sausage sliced  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 2 cups mashed potato, 1 finely chopped onion, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, grated cheese.

Remove skin from sausage and fry gently in small quantity shortening until lightly browned and edges curled up. Mix together potato, onion, parsley, season with salt and pepper. Pile into sausage cups,



PEACH-AND-GINGER DELIGHT is good to serve for a special dinner or party occasion. It is simple to make and looks very attractive. See prize-winning recipe this page.

top with grated cheese. Place under grill until cheese melts and lightly browns.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Wilson, 133 Sparks Rd., Norlane, Geelong, Vic.

### HONEY-RAISIN CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons honey,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon spice, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each, add honey and beat again. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, fold in nuts and raisins. Fill into 7in. square or round cake-tin lined

with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. When cake is cooked, place topping over while still hot; return to oven until topping is golden brown.

Topping: One tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup rolled oats, pinch salt.

Cream butter with honey and vanilla, add coconut, rolled oats, and salt. Mix well.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Lyons, 93 Riverview Rd., Earlwood, N.S.W.

### FAMILY DISH

LIVER and bacon rolls cooked in a casserole with a tomato and onion gravy make this week's family dish, which costs five shillings and ninepence and serves four.

### BAKED LIVER AND BACON ROLLS

One lamb's fry, 4 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock or water, gravy powder, parsley.

Wash lamb's fry, soak  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in salted water. Remove skin and membrane, cut into thin pieces. Dry. Remove rind from bacon, cut into pieces same size as lamb's fry. Place a piece on each piece of lamb's fry, roll up, and secure with cocktail sticks or tie with thread. Coat well with seasoned flour, brown well in hot fat. Remove, add chopped onion to pan, brown lightly. Drain off excess fat, add chopped tomatoes and stock or water. Season to taste and pour over meat rolls, arranged in ovenware dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  hours. Lift rolls on to heated serving-dish. Keep hot, thicken gravy slightly with blended gravy powder, serve hot over rolls. Garnish with parsley.

Don't be  
HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant

## SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 TO 3 DAYS

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

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Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient. Perstop — your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

ARRID

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## MOULTING TROUBLE?



It's an exceptional cat that doesn't. And the exceptions are cats that have had Min-A-Vit added to their normal food. Min-A-Vit's exclusive Vitamin D<sub>3</sub>, Vitamin A and minerals not only guarantee trouble-free moulting, but maintain a healthy skin and the glossiest of coats. Min-A-Vit is available in 4-oz. and 20-oz. containers from your chemist or pet shop. When in doubt consult your Vet.

Ask for MIN-A-VIT  
(Cat & Dog Formula)

Regd. Stock Foods and Med. Act. 922

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Buy a tin today.

**Cuticura** ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

## IT SEEMS TO US...

It seems to us that everybody likes Dorothy Drain's column. "It Seems to Me." And you can read it every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955



had taken him, ordinary, run-of-the-mill old Les Conlon, to their hearts.

He had known Edie would be at the air-strip. From way out he could see her new red coat, showing up beside the white railings of the hangar.

"There she is," he told Anna. "There's Edie. In red."

"Red for danger," a quirk of his mind added ridiculously. "And red for love," he told it firmly. "Edie will adore them both."

"Les—oh, Les!" There was love all right, loads of it, in her greeting. She clung to him on the tarmac, oblivious of everyone.

"It's been years," she told him breathlessly, her blue eyes revelling in him. "Years!" Then she bent down to the little girls, gazing into their faces and smiling gently at them.

"Tiare," Les said, conscious of the fatuous smile upon his face, "and Anna."

Edie kissed them. "Lovely! You must be tired, both of you—the car's just over there." But, even as they walked towards the car, polished and shining there ready for Les' homecoming, Edie raised her eyes to Les and moved her head almost imperceptibly but in a very, very definite "No!"

"He felt as though the ground had slipped away from beneath him, leaving him suspended in chill, uncertain space. Edie did not want them.

There were flowers in blue glass baskets on the dressing-table in the guest-room, one at each end on the daintily embroidered mats. There were pale pink and blue towels laid out, each with smaller towels to match.

There were two woolly bears and a pale pink cat. Les remembered these last; they were bought on a frivolous Friday evening, almost ten years ago. He had never seen them since.

Tiare and Anna stood in the doorway, their eyes taking in its softness and a pink tide of pleasure came over their faces. "Our room," Anna said softly. Tiare crossed to the wide window-seat and stayed, looking out over the water.

Edie nodded, her eyes raised to Les for approval. As always, it was ready and wholehearted.

"I thought maybe they could use the little flattie John sailed when he was here last summer," John was her sister's boy, "just in the shallows, of course."

Tiare looked around, drawing a deep sigh as though heaven itself were here for her delight. "A boat!" she breathed. She slipped down from the seat and gave Edie a quick hug. "A boat!"

That night, after the girls were in bed, Edie stated her case. She stated it clearly, without rancor or reproach for Les. But she made it absolutely definite.

## Continuing Double Magic

from page 9

The girls were sweet; they were welcome to a holiday; they would love having them. But she could never take them as her own. It didn't surprise her that Les felt he could adopt them, although she had never dreamed he would want to. But he was a man. A woman felt differently.

So that, it seemed, was that. Les knew Edie. Once an attitude of mind was taken up, nothing could sway it. It had all been a hideous blunder, this idea of his. He had been so certain of Edie's reaction at the time.

Now, though, he felt his whole act had been impulsive and, as it turned out, incredibly selfish. To bring the girls here, settle them in, and then, after showering kindness and affection upon them, to pack them off to virtual strangers, to be unsure and at a loss all over again.

Well, it could not be helped now. All he could do would be to make these three months as carefree and enjoyable as he could for the twins. It could be their summer, a summer to remember. He fell into an uneasy sleep.

As it transpired it was Anna, not Tiare, as Les had thought, who proved most like Edie in her ways. Anna was the twin who followed Edie around the house as she worked, using her tiny duster deftly, adoring Edie's pretty things and taking joy in caring for them. Anna, too, would wander around the garden by the hour, learning the names of the flowers and marvelling at their beauty.

Tiare liked the garden, too, but mostly she loved the small bay below the garden and wandering, intent and dreaming, over the rocks that bounded it. Both girls enjoyed the small flattie, especially days when Edie and Les, in swimming togs against frequent spills, would come riding the shallows with them.

As the days grew warmer the four of them would go off for picnics, sometimes in the car, but more often in Les' small launch, to one of the other bays, or across to the island beyond the point.

It was an entirely new life for the Conlons. Edie was busier than she had ever been before, washing and ironing small frocks, baking cookies and turnovers for nine-year-old appetites. And yet Les, watching her, felt she was happier than he ever remembered her.

Two months had gone by since he had brought the twins home; the girls had settled in at the local school, with Edie and he taking the keenest interest in everything from projects on biscuit manufacture to grubby pieces of handwork; also the loathed long division, in the

effort to keep Tiare and Anna up to the mark scholastically.

Les, watching Edie tying Anna's ribbon so carefully, or adjusting the folds of Tiare's frocks with loving hands, wondered how she could ever part with them. Yet she had never mentioned any change of heart, and once, when he was writing to Ned and asked when the girls would be going to Auckland, she said casually, "I thought that was all arranged—we said three months."

And she walked outside to the terrace, where the twins were playing with Nimrod, the big black cat.

"Les!" Edie called down to where he was cleaning the car outside the garage next morning. "Belle wants me to have John for a week soon."

"A bit much, with the girls," he said doubtfully. "What'll you say?"

She laughed. "He's to come,

"Oh, the gallant fisher's life,  
It is the best of any.  
'Tis full of pleasure,  
void of strife,  
And 'tis beloved by many."

—Isaac Walton

of course. Tiare and Anna will like John."

In a way he was sorry. He liked John himself, but there was so little time left with his "daughters." He shivered as he passed the chamois over the car-door. Already it was as though it were winter, and Edie and he alone again. Then, he told himself, he'd be welcoming John.

John liked the girls. He liked almost everyone, but especially people who fell in with his organising ability. Tiare and Anna did just that. They thought John was clever, wise, and daring and immensely amusing.

Actually, he was none of these. He was just a happy-go-lucky boy of thirteen, with an enormous capacity for identifying himself with the heroes of the adventure stories he swallowed by the score. And, like most heroes, John now had two willing disciples—Tiare and Anna.

So when John suggested rigging a manuka stick mast and a sacking sail on the little flattie in order, he explained, to take all the work out of getting about in the boat, Anna and Tiare agreed and helped to fix it.

And when John said maybe it would be better not to mention it in case anybody fussed, they agreed again, though this time a little uneasily. Still, Edie was John's aunt. It was almost as good as Edie's permission when John said sailing around the point was all right when he was with them.

If Mrs. Bennett had not come for the knitting patterns, if Les hadn't telephoned, Edie would have noticed the abrupt change in the weather and gone to the end of the path to call the children. As it was, there was time for John to hoist the sail and run on a sudden gust of offshore wind well out to the point before Edie saw them.

She saw the ridiculous sail flap uncertainly, then fill as the wind veered. And then as she ran, stumbling and screaming down to the beach, the little flattie wavered and disappeared beyond the high rocks of the point.

By the time Edie reached the beach, sobbing and frantic with fear, the flattie and the children were out of sight.

"It's all right, Mrs. Con-

lon, the launchman called from the sheds. "Big Joe's gone after them." He pointed to the fishing launch, now nearly at the point. "Don't worry!"

She nodded, kicking off her shoes and running over the sand towards the point, her breath forcing her heart against her ribs, and nearly choking her as she scrambled up the rocks on the near side, her eyes straining for a sight of the flattie.

And then she saw it. Bobbing over the swirling kelp that heaved menacingly over the outer rocks of the point. She saw Anna and Tiare, taut and white-faced, straining to hold the manuka stick mast; saw John, scared but determined, making for the shingle strip between the rocks. Big Joe was manoeuvring his launch into the same strip. The flattie beached just ahead of him.

For a moment Edie felt her legs would not support her in the intensity of her relief. The wind whipped her dress around her, and sharp rocks cut into her bare feet.

"Tiare, Anna," she called, her voice a sobbing croak. "John—oh, how could you?"

Anna was being sick, tidily, unobtrusively in a rock-pool. Tiare, as befitted a twin, waited for her before she came to stand like John, abashed and silent, waiting for Edie's anger to break.

But Edie was beyond anger. She was aware of wild, heart-rending thankfulness, that blurred her eyes and shook in her voice as she said: "We'll pull the flattie up and leave it till later. Come on, John. And Anna and Tiare—you start running on up to the house. I'll come when I've thanked Big Joe."

"I'll wait for you," John said. He kicked at the rocks with his sudden sandshoe. "I'm sorry, Honest, Aunt Edie. I'm sorry."

"They might have drowned," she said slowly. "All of you."

"Honest," John said, his throat working. "I never would again." He followed her up the hill path.

Edie was in the living-room sewing when Les came home. He seemed to recognise the blue woolly material that was strewn around as some she had bought last winter for a housecoat. He kissed her, vaguely thinking how quiet the place was. "No children?" he asked. "Where are they?"

"In bed," she said, and told him why.

He sighed. "I suppose you'll be glad when next week comes," he remarked thoughtfully. "Children are a great responsibility, there's no mistake."

"They are," Edie agreed. "Though," he continued, "Anna and Tiare would never have gone beyond the little pool of the lagoon. Not by themselves. I suppose John seems almost grown-up to them."

Edie held up one piece of the blue material and fitted it to another.

"So you're getting on to your winter sewing," Les asked, pushing away the heaviness of heart that engulfed him and trying to show an interest as he had always done in Edie's sewing.

"They'll want warm dressing-gowns," Edie said. "They didn't need them in the islands."

"Auckland can be cold in winter, too," Les said. "They'll notice it when they go there."

Edie raised her head and looked at him, then, her eyes brilliant. "Who says they're going to Auckland?" she demanded. "They're staying right here. They're ours. Just let anybody try to take them."

Les watched her wonderingly. Then he pulled the sewing out of her hands and put his arms around her. "Just let them," he said fiercely. "Just let 'em try."

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Dental Cream

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CLEANS  
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TEETH



and stops tooth decay BEST!

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MO6D



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CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK, 4/6  
CUTEX NAIL POLISH, 2/11 REGULAR

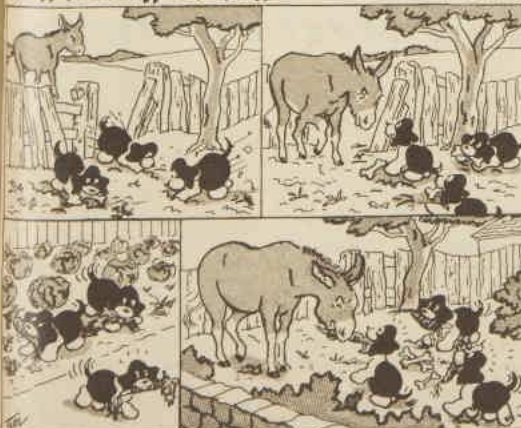


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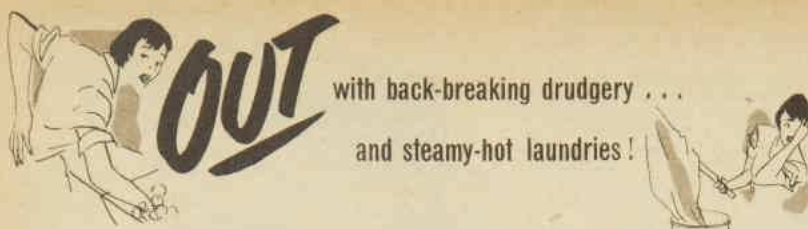
### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM







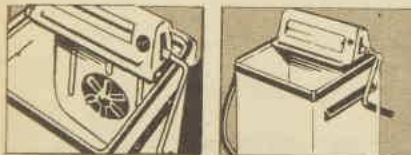
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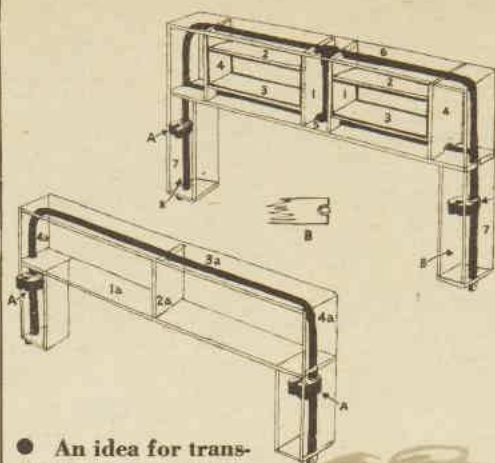
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The washer that  
husbands prefer to buy  
... because they know  
and trust the name of  
**HOOVER**

HW 27, WW 1432

## NEW BED FROM OLD



● An idea for transforming an old iron bedstead into a modern piece of bedroom furniture wins this week's prize in our "Something new from something old" contest.

THE £3/3/- prize goes to Mr. K. Downey, Bank of N.S.W., Bourke, N.S.W.

The bedstead has roomy shelves for books and bedside needs.

Any home handyman can adapt an unwanted bedstead in the same way from the easy-to-follow diagrams above.

### Materials

YOU will need wallboard and timber, according to the size of the bedstead to be covered. The timber should be 1 in. thick, the width depending on the depth you wish to make the shelves.

To assemble the headboard: Study the diagram (top), then cut 1 (two pieces), to fit between top and bottom rail. Chisel out spaces for bedstead rail as shown (B).

Now cut 2 and 3 (four pieces). Cut 4 (two pieces) the same as 1.

Nail 1 to 2 and 3. Then slip them into position and nail 4 to 2 and 3. Now cut 5 the width of the bed, gouged out either end as illustrated, B. Nail 5 to the two 1's and 4's.

Cut 6, giving the ends a 45-degree mitre, and nail to the assembled unit. Now cut two 7's with a 45-degree mitre at top and just long enough

to reach the top of the casters. Nail to the ends of 5 and 6. Now box in the legs.

To assemble the footboard: Cut 1a gouged out as illustrated in B. Allow it to rest on the lugs of the bed A.

Now cut 2a to fit between 1a and the rail, gouged as illustrated in B. Now cut 3a and fit as 6 (top), and cut and fit 4a (two pieces) as 7 (top). Box in the legs.

The frame is covered with wallboard as illustrated. Alternatively the footboard could be completely covered. To do this, nail a strip of 1 in. thick timber about 2 in. wide between the legs as support.

When fitting the wallboard, cut one piece as long as the bed is wide and width equal to the distance between the outer edges of 5 and 6. Tack this on and then mark from the other side the two pieces that are to be cut out for the shelves, e.g., up 1, along 2, down 4, and along 3.

Then cut pieces for front of legs.

Using panel pins, nail masonite on the front and back and plane down flush with timber. The footboard is treated in the same way.

Fill any joints with spackle, then paint.



### End of contest

OUR homemakers' contest "Something new from something old" will be temporarily suspended from this week.

Next week we will begin a new feature called "An Architect's Diary," which will be of great interest to all homemakers.

The articles will give helpful hints on some of the problems facing the modern homebuilder.

### 1955 KNITTING BOOK

● Copies of our 1955 Family Knitting Book are still available from newsagents, booksellers, and from our head office. The price is only 1/6.

It contains new and exciting designs for every member of the family.

Twenty-two charming patterns for babies and toddlers are featured. They include a cosy romper suit, cardigans, a lace dress and matching matinee jacket, and dainty booties, bonnet, and mittens.

## Weight and Development

By  
SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

In a baby's gains at different stages of development. Usually the biggest are made in the first three months when baby is growing very rapidly. As this early growth slows down the rate of gain decreases with it.

A small baby (six pounds and under at birth) usually makes much bigger gains in the first three months than a larger baby.

During teething or weaning there are often times when gains in weight are smaller. At this time any physical upset can mean a temporary loss of weight.

Unless the baby is really sick he will soon make up this lost weight as he recovers.

A leaflet giving the important points about baby's weight and development can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request.



FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 400, G.P.O. Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

# Fashion PATTERNS



**F3820.**—Softly styled one-piece with a draped capelet collar top and gathered skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

**F3822.**—Sleeveless one-piece has form-fitting bodice and moderate skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

**F3821.**—Pretty three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material, 12yds. 1 1/4in. lace, and 5yds. 1in. lace. Price, 4/9.

**F3824.**—Cool, bare-shouldered sun frock and matching stole. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.



F3822



F3825

F3821

F3823

F3824

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

**F3823.**—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-made shortie pyjamas. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 4yds. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 967.—CHILD'S DRESS.

Attractively styled girl's dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in square-printed gingham. The style features a white trim. The color choice includes pink and white, mauve and white, green and white, blue and white, red and white, and black and white. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 17/8; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years, 17/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 22in. for 6 years, 18/3; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 24in. for 8 years, 18/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

### No. 968.—TEA-TOWELS.

Days-of-the-week tea-towels set obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Each towel has a red or blue border. Price: Set of seven towels, 4/6; postage and registration, 2/9 extra. Single towel, 6/11; postage, 6d. extra.

### No. 969.—LUNCHEON SET.

Unusual leaf motif luncheon mats are obtainable cut out ready to make, and clearly traced to embroider. Table napkins are obtainable to match. The color and material choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, pink, lemon, and green. Sizes: Large mats, 13in. x 15in., place mats, 13in. x 11in. Five-piece set, including 1 large mat and four place mats, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Seven-piece set, including 1 large mat and 6 place mats, 21/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Serviettes 11in. x 11in., 1/11. Postage, 3d. extra.

### No. 970.—BOY'S PYJAMAS.

Boy's two-piece sleeping pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton in blue and white and fawn and white. Sizes 32in. for 4 years, 29/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 37in. for 6 years, 30/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 41in. for 8 years, 31/6; postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 45in. for 10 years, 32/11; postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

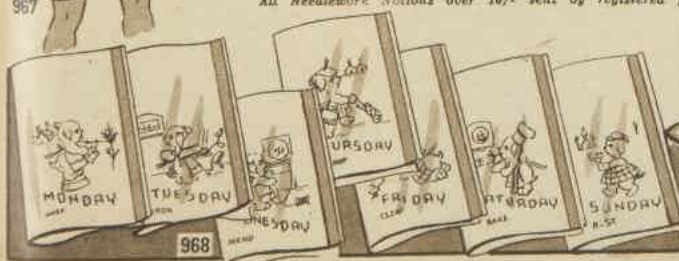
• Note.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



967



970



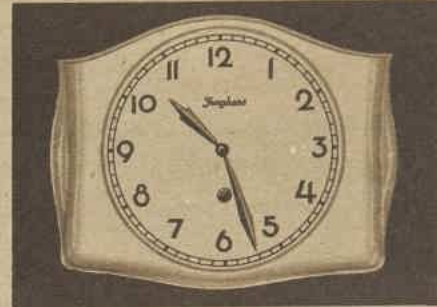
968

969

**F3825.**—Empire-line bodice top and belled-out skirt combined in a smart summer daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and 7-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

IT LIVES IN THE KITCHEN . . . IT TELLS YOU RELIABLY

## the time of day



### Junghans KITCHEN WALL CLOCK

An eight-day clock that's never out of place in any kitchen. Available with plain cream earthenware dial, also with red or green trim — brown figures and hands. From £2.19.6 to £3.7.0

# Junghans

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Also available! A new Junghans clock with bezel and laminex case to match your kitchen furniture. £5.15.0

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### ends stomach upsets



refreshes you while it does you good!

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset, but gives quick, positive relief from acid indigestion, flatulence and heartburn. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid action. When someone overeats—or eats something that doesn't "agree"—Eno helps to put things right again. And Eno is so exhilarating and refreshing to drink! It does you good just to see it sparkle in the glass! In 8 seconds it makes you feel better. Not just your stomach, your mouth, too!



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by Colgate

## A NEW KIND OF SOAP

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# Beauty Cream

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Pure, white Softasilk is the only soap that actually contains a beauty cream to replace natural skin oils every time you wash. The fragrant, cream-laden lather silken your skin as it cleanses, making it smoother, softer, younger. Change to Softasilk Cream Mild Soap to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look.



New Beauty Partner for  
Softasilk Hand Beauty Cream



Pure white Softasilk Cream Mild Soap

## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are on a world sea cruise with their friend, Sir Harry. While visiting port a confidence man, Sayed, shows Sir Harry a picture of a centaur. Without telling Mandrake, Sir

Harry rushes off with the con-man to an isolated island and there sees two centaurs. Eager to buy the island with its odd inhabitants, Sir Harry then goes with Sayed to meet the "owner" of the extraordinary island Baron Burle. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



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plexion. Use as a make-up base too.

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the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regu-  
larly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell  
Tannalite, but, if you have any difficulty in  
securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief  
note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725,  
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on genuine

## PHILIPS



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Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks  
of asthma and bronchitis poison your  
system, sap your energy, ruin your  
health, and weaken your heart.  
Mendoc, a new American scientific  
medicine, starts immediately to cir-  
culate through the blood, quickly  
dissolving the attacks. The very first  
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,  
giving free, easy breathing and letting  
you sleep the night through in com-  
fort. Get Mendoc from your chemist  
or store to-day under positive guar-  
antee to stop your Asthma coughing  
and to give you free, easy breathing  
the first day of Mendoc.

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Does every move you make  
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Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause  
leg-pains, aching joints, dis-  
turbed nights, rheumatic pain,  
headaches, etc., because they  
are neglecting their essential job  
of cleansing and purifying the  
blood. Doan's is a famous stimu-  
lant-diuretic, promoting healthy  
kidney action, which has brought  
relief to sufferers all over the  
world. No need to put up with  
discomfort—get Doan's today!

## IT SEEMS TO US...

It seems to us that everybody  
likes Dorothy Drain's column.  
"It Seems to Me." And you can  
read it every week in The Aus-  
tralian Women's Weekly.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 31, 1955

## TEENA



THERE'S EVELYN...MINDING  
HER LITTLE SISTER  
AGAIN.



SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME  
WE SEE HER, SHE'S MINDING  
THAT BABY...



I DON'T THINK  
SHE HAS A MINUTE  
TO HERSELF ALL  
DAY...



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or  
cut out ready to  
make.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on  
page 62. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at  
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

"DELYSE."—Pretty low-necked short-sleeved smock is ob-  
tainable in check gingham. The color choice includes blue  
and white, red and white, black and white, pink and  
white, green and white, and mauve and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust,  
\$8/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, \$9/11. Postage  
and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust,  
\$8/6; 36in. and 38in.  
bust, \$9/11. Postage  
and registration, 1/9  
extra.

"ANTONIA."—Glam-  
orous three-piece  
lace-trimmed lin-  
gerie set is ob-  
tainable in a beau-  
tiful allover satin.  
The color choice in-  
cludes white, mag-  
nolia, pink, and blue.

Ready to Wear:  
Complete set. Sizes  
32in. and 34in. bust,  
\$11/5/6; 36in. and  
38in. bust, \$11/10/6.  
Postage and registra-  
tion, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in.  
and 34in. bust, \$8/10/11;  
36in. and 38in. bust,  
\$9/5/6. Postage and registra-  
tion, 2/6 extra.

Ready to Wear: Nightdress.  
Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust,  
\$5/13/11; 36in. and 38in.  
bust, \$5/15/6. Postage  
and registration, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, \$4/13/11; 36in.  
and 38in. bust, \$4/15/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Ready to Wear: Slip. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36in.  
and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, \$6/6; 36in. and  
38in. bust, \$6/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.



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## TOFF-O-MINTS



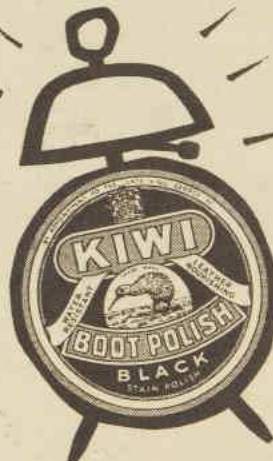
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For BOYS &  
GIRLS  
EVERY  
THURSDAY





*Antique Silver by courtesy of Myers*

*Put in QUALITY*

*Pour out FLAVOR*

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**The Tea of Flavor**